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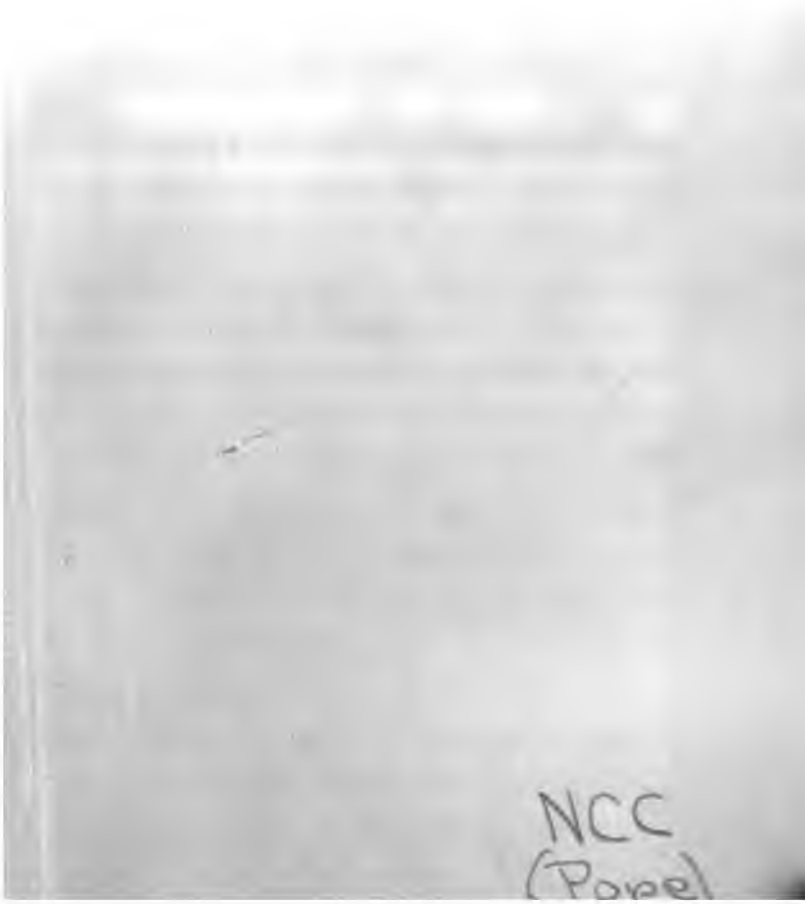
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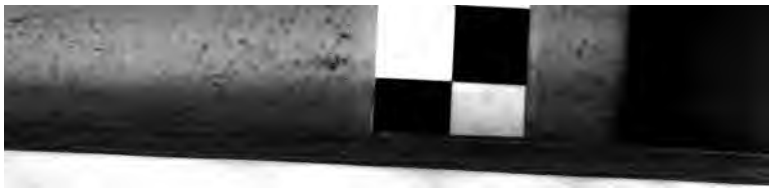

AN

ESSAY

ON THE

GENIUS

AND

WRITINGS

OF

POPE.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

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IN order to account for the anachroniſms that appear in this eſſay, it is neceſſary and reſpectful to inform the reader, that this volume was printed, as far as the 201ſt page, above twenty years ago. The author begs leave to add, that he flatters himſelf, that no obſervations in this work can be ſo perverſely miſinterpreted and tortured, as to make him inſinuate, contrary to his opinion and inclination, that POPE was not a *great* poet: he only ſays and thinks, he was not the *greateſt*. He imagined his meaning would have been perceived, and his motives for compoſing this eſſay would have been clearly known, from the paſſage of Quintilian, prefixed to the firſt volume of it; which paſſage implies, that as there were readers at Rome,

who inverted the order of poetical excellence, and who preferred Lucilius to Virgil; ſo there might be readers in England, ſo devoted to POPE, as to prefer him to Milton; and the author thought and knew there were actually many ſuch readers and judges; who ſeemed not to recollect, that, in every language, he is the trueſt and moſt genuine poet, whoſe works moſt powerfully ſtrike the imagination with what is Great, Beautiful, and New,

AN

ESSAY

ON THE

WRITINGS and GENIUS

OF

POPE.

SECT. VII.

Of the TEMPLE *of* FAME.

FEW diſquiſitions are more amuſing, or perhaps more inſtructive, than thoſe which relate to the riſe and gradual increaſe of literature in any kingdom: And among the various ſpecies of literature, the origin progreſs of poetry, however ſhallow reaſoners may deſpiſe it, is a ſubject of no ſmall utility. For the manners and cuſ-

toms, the different ways of thinking and of living, the favorite paſſions, perſuits, and pleaſures of men, appear in no writings ſo ſtrongly marked, as in the works of the poets in their reſpective ages; ſo that in theſe compoſitions, the hiſtorian, the moraliſt, the politician, and the philoſopher, may, each of them, meet with abundant matter for reflection and obſervation.

POETRY made it's firſt appearance in Britain, as perhaps in moſt other countries, in the form of chronicles, intended to perpetuate the deeds both of civil and military heroes, but moſtly the latter. Of this ſpecies is the chronicle of Robert of Gloceſter; and of this ſpecies alſo was the ſong, or ode, which William the Conqueror, and his followers, ſung at their landing in this kingdom from Normandy. The mention of which event, will naturally remind us of the check it gave to the native ſtrains of the old Britiſh poetry, by an introduction of foreign manners, cuſtoms, images, and language.

language. Theſe ancient ſtrains were, however, ſufficiently harſh, dry, and uncouth. And it was to the *Italians* we owed any thing that could be called poetry: from whom Chaucer copied largely, as *they* are ſaid to have done from the bards of Provence; and to which Italians he is perpetually owning his obligations, particularly to Boccace and Petrarch. But Petrarch had great advantages, which Chaucer wanted, not only in the friendſhip and advice of Boccace, but ſtill more in having found ſuch a predeceſſor as Dante. In the year 1359, Boccace ſent to Petrarch a copy of Dante, whom he called his father, written with his own hand. And it is remarkable, that he accompanied his preſent with an apology for ſending this poem to Petrarch, who, it ſeems, was jealous of Dante, and in the anſwer ſpeaks coldly of his merits. This circumſtance, unobſerved by the generality of writers, and even by Fontanini, Creſcembini, and Muratori, is brought forward and related at large, in the third volume, page 507, of the very entertaining

Memoirs of the life of Petrarch. In the year 1363, Boccace, driven from Florence by the plague, viſited Petrarch at Venice, and carried with him Leontius Pilatus, of Theſſalonica, a man of genius, but of haughty, rough, and brutal manners; from this ſingular man, who periſhed in a voyage from Conſtantinople to Venice, 1365, Petrarch received a Latin tranſlation of the Iliad and Odyſſey. Muratori, in his 1. book, Della Perfetta Poeſia, p. 18, relates, that a very few years after the death of Dante, 1321, a moſt curious work on the Italian poetry, was written by a M. A. di Tempo, of which he had ſeen a manuſcript in the great library at Milan, of the year 1332, and of which this is the title: Incipit Summa *Artis Ritmici vulgaris* dictaminis. Ritmorum *vulgarium* ſeptem ſunt genera. 1. Eſt Sonetus. 2. Ballata. 3. Cantio extenſa. 4. Rotundellus. 5. Mandrialis. 6. Serventeſius. 7. Motus confectus. But whatever Chaucer might copy from the Italians, yet the artful and entertaining plan of his Canterbury Tales,

was purely original and his own. This admirable piece, even excluſive of it's poetry, is highly valuable, as it preſerves to us the livelieſt and exacteſt picture of the manners, cuſtoms, characters, and habits of our fore-fathers, whom he has brought before our eyes acting as on a ſtage, ſuitably to their different orders and employments. With theſe portraits the drieſt antiquary muſt be delighted; by this plan, he has more judiciouſly connected theſe ſtories which the gueſts relate, than Boccace has done his novels: whom he has imitated, if not excelled, in the variety of the ſubjects of his tales. It is a common miſtake, that Chaucer's excellence lay in this manner of treating light and ridiculous ſubjects; but whoever will attentively conſider the noble poem of Palamon and Arcite, will be convinced that he equally excels in the pathetic and the ſublime. It would be matter of curioſity to know with certainty, who was the firſt author of this intereſting tale. It is plain, by a paſſage in Boccace, that it was in being before his time. It

has

has been by ſome aſcribed to a writer almoſt unknown, called Alanus de Inſulis. I have lately met with an elegy in Joannes Secundus occaſioned by this Story; it is in his third book, and is thus intitled: * "In Hiſtoriam de rebus a Theſeo geſtis duorumque rivalium certamine, Gallicis numeris ab illuſtri quadam Matrona ſuaviſſime conſcriptam." Perhaps this compliment was addreſſed to Madam de Scudery, who is ſaid to have tranſlated Chaucer into modern French. Among other inſtances of vanity, the French are perpetually boaſting, that they have been our maſters in many of the polite arts, and made earlier improvements in literature. But it may be aſked, what cotemporary poet can they name to ſtand in competition with Chaucer? In carefully examining the curious work of the preſident Fauchet, on the characters of the ancient French poets, I can find none of this age, but barren chroniclers, and harſh romancers in rhime, without the elegance, elevation, invention, or harmony of Chaucer.

* Eleg. 15.

Paſquiere

Paſquiere informs us, that it was about the time of Charles VI. 1380, that les chants royaux, balades, rondeaux, and paſtorales, began to be in vogue; but theſe compoſitions are low and feeble, in compariſon of the venerable Engliſh bard. Froiſſart the valuable hiſtorian, about the ſame time wrote very indifferent verſes. Charles of Orleans, father of Lewis XII. left a manuſcript of his poems. At his death Francis Villon was thirty-three years old; and John Marot, the father of Clement, was then born. According to Boileau, whoſe teſtimony ſhould be regarded, Villon was the firſt who gave any form and order to the French poetry.

Villon ſceut le premier, dans ces ſiecles groſſieurs,
D' ebroüiller l' art confus de nos vieux Romanciers *.

But Villon was merely a pert and inſipid ballad-monger, whoſe thoughts and diction were as low and illiberal, as his life.

THE HOUSE of FAME, as Chaucer entitled his piece, gave the hint of the poem before

* L' Art Poet. chan. i.

us,

us, though the deſign is in truth improved and heightened by the maſterly hand of POPE. It is not improbable, that this ſubject was ſuggeſted to our author, not only by Dryden's tranſlations of Chaucer, of which POPE was ſo fond, but likewiſe, by that celebrated paper of Addiſon, in the Tatler, called the Tables of Fame, to which the great worthies of antiquity are introduced, and ſeated according to their reſpective merits and characters; and which was publiſhed ſome years before this poem was written. Chaucer himſelf borrowed his deſcription from Ovid, in the beginning of the twelfth book of his Metamorphoſes, from whence he has cloſely copied the ſituation and formation of the edifice.

Orbe locus medio eſt inter terraſque freturnque,
Cœleſteſque plagas, triplicis confinia mundi,
Unde quod eſt uſquam, quamvis regionibus abſit,
Inſpicitur, penetratque cavas vox omnis ad aures *.

Ovid has introduced ſome allegorical perſonages, but has not diſtinguiſhed them with any pictureſque epithets;

Illic

* Ver. 40.

Illic CREDULITAS, illic temerarius ERROR,
Vanaque LÆTITIA eſt, conſternatique TIMORES,
SEDITIOQUE recens, dubioque auctore SUSURRI*.

Dryden tranſlated this paſſage of Ovid; and POPE, who evidently formed himſelf upon Dryden, could not but have frequently read it with pleaſure, particularly the following harmonious lines.

'Tis built of braſs, the better to diffuſe
The ſpreading ſounds, and multiply the News;
Where echos in repeated echos play:
A mart for ever full, and open night and day.
Nor ſilence is within, nor voice expreſs,
But a deaf noiſe of ſounds that never ceaſe,
† Confus'd, and chiding, like the hollow roar
Of tides, receding from th' inſulted ſhore:
Or like the broken thunder, heard from far,
When Jove to diſtance drives the rolling war.

* Ver. 63.

† Confus'd, &c.

This is more poetically expreſſed than the ſame image in our author.

Sudden I heard a wild promiſcuous ſound,
Like broken thunders that at diſtance roar,
Or billows murm'ring on the hollow ſhore.

Dryden's lines are ſuperior to the original.

Qualia de pelagi, ſiquis procul audiat, undis

IT is time to proceed to ſome remarks on particular paſſages of this Viſion; which I ſhall do in the order in which they occur, not cenſuring or commending any, without a reaſon aſſigned.

1. Nor was the work impair'd by ſtorms alone,
But felt th' approaches of too warm a ſun;
For fame, impatient of extremes, decays
Not more by envy, than exceſs of praiſe.

DOES not this uſe of the heat of the ſun, appear to be a puerile, and far-fetched conceit? What connection is there betwixt the two ſorts of exceſſes here mentioned? My purpoſe in animadverting ſo frequently, as I have done, on this ſpecies of falſe thoughts, is to guard the reader, eſpecially of the younger ſort, from being betrayed by the authority of ſo correct a writer as POPE, into ſuch ſpecious and falſe ornaments of ſtile. For the ſame reaſon, the oppoſition of ideas in the three

Eſſe ſolent, qualemve ſonum, cum Jupiter atras
Increpuit nubes, extrema tonitrua reddunt.
B. xii. V. 57.

In this paſſage of Dryden are many inſtances of the alliteration, which he has managed beautifully.

laſt

laſt words of the following line, may be condemned.

And legiſlators ſeem to think in ſtone *.

2. So Zembla's rocks, the beauteous work of froſt,
Riſe white in air, and glitter o'er the coaſt,
Pale ſuns, unfelt, at diſtance roll away,
And on th' impaſſive ice the light'nings play;
Eternal ſnows the growing maſs ſupply,
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent ſky;
As Atlas fix'd each hoary piſe appears,
The gather'd Winter of a thouſand years †.

A REAL lover of painting, will not be contented with a ſingle view and examination of this beautiful ‡ winter-piece, but will return to it again and again, with freſh delight. The images are diſtinct, and the epithets lively and appropriated, eſpecially the words, *pale, unfelt, impaſſive, incumbent, gathered.*

3. There great Alcides, ſtooping with his toil,
Reſts on his club, and holds th' Heſperian ſpoil §.

* Ver. 74. † Ver. 52.
‡ The reader may conſult Thomſon's WINTER, v. 905.
§ Ver. 81.

It were to be wiſhed, that our author, whoſe knowledge and taſte of the fine arts were unqueſtionable, had taken more pains in deſcribing ſo famous a ſtatue as that of the Farneſian Hercules, to which he plainly refers; for he has omitted the characteriſtical excellencies of this famous piece of Grecian workmanſhip, namely, the uncommon breadth of the ſhoulders, the knottyneſs and ſpaciouſneſs of the * cheſt, the firmneſs and protuberance of the muſcles in each limb, particularly the legs, and the majeſtic vaſtneſs of the whole figure, undoubtedly deſigned by the artiſt to give a full idea of Strength, as the Venus de Medicis of Beauty. Theſe were the "invicti membra Glyconis," which, it is probable, Horace proverbially alluded to in his firſt epiſtle †. The name of Glycon is to this day preſerved on the baſe of the figure, as the maker of it; and as the virtuoſi, cuſtomarily in ſpeaking of a picture, or

* Luxuriatque toris animoſum pectus. — — —
Virg. Georg. lib. iii. ver. 81.

† Ver. 30.

ſtatue,

ſtatue, call it their RAPHAEL or BERNINI, why ſhould not Horace, in common ſpeech, uſe the name of the workman, inſtead of the work? To mention the Heſperian apples, which the artiſt flung backwards, and almoſt concealed as an inconſiderable object, and which therefore ſcarcely appear in the ſtatue, was below the notice of POPE,

4. Amphion there the loud creating lyre
Strikes, and beholds a ſudden Thebes aſpire.
Cythæron's echos anſwer to his call,
And half the mountain rolls into a wall:
There might you ſee the lengthening ſpires aſcend,
The domes ſwell up, the widening arches bend,
The growing tow'rs like exhalations riſe,
And the huge columns heave into the ſkies *.

IT may be imagined, that theſe expreſſions are too bold; and a phlegmatic critic might aſk, how it was poſſible to ſee, in ſculpture, Arches *bending*, and Towers *growing?* But the beſt writers, in ſpeaking of pieces of painting and ſculpture, uſe the preſent tenſe, and

* Ver. 85.

talk

talk of the thing as really doing, to give a force to the deſcription. Thus Virgil,

——— Gallos in limine adeſſe canebat *.

— Incedunt victæ longo ordine gentes,
Quam variæ linguis, habitu tam veſtis et armis †.

As Pliny ſays, that, Cleſilochus painted, "Jovem muliebriter ingemiſcentem." And Homer, in his beautiful and lively deſcription of the ſhield;

— — — — — εν δ' αρα τοισιν
Αυλοι φορμιγγες τε βοην ειχον ‡. — — —

And again,

Μνησθην δ' απο κοπρου επισσευοιλο νομον δε,
Παρ' ουλαμοι κελαδοιλα §. — — —

In another place,

— — — — Λινον υπο καλον αειδε ‖.

Upon which Clarke has made an obſervation that ſurpriſes me: "ſed quomodo in ſcuto DEPINGI potuit, quem CANERET citharista?"

* Lib. viii. v. 656. † Lib. viii. v. 656. ‡ Iliad, lib. xviii. v. 494. § Ver. 575. ‖ Ver. 570.

THIS

THIS paſſage muſt not be parted with, till we have obſerved the artful reſt upon the firſt ſyllable of the ſecond verſe,

Amphion there the loud creating lyre
Strikes |.

THERE are many inſtances of ſuch judicious pauſes in Homer.

Αὐλαὶ τε στυφ' αὐλοισι βιλος ἐχεπευκὲς ἀφυσσὸ
Βαλλ'*. — — — —

As likewiſe in the great imitator of Homer, who always accommodates the ſound to the ſenſe,

And over them triumphant death his dart
Shook †. — — — — —

— — — — — Others on the graſs
Couch'd ‡. — — — —

And of his blindneſs,

— — — — But not to me returns
Day! — — — — —

* Lib. i. v. 51. † Milton, b. ii. v. 491.
‡ B. iv. v. 356.

In

In the ſpirited ſpeech of Satan,

— — — — All good to me becomes
Bane *. — — — — —

Theſe monoſyllables have much force and energy. The Latin language does not admit of ſuch. Virgil therefore, who ſo well underſtood and copied all the ſecret arts and charms of Homer's verſification, has afforded us no examples; yet, ſome of his pauſes on words of more ſyllables are emphatical,

Vox quoque per lucos vulgo exaudita ſilentes,
Ingens †. — — — —

— — — Hærent infixi pectore vultus
Verbaque ‡. — — — —

Sola domo mæret vacua, ſtratiſque relictis
Incubat §. — — — —

— — — — Pecudeſque locutæ,
Infandum ‖! — — — —

5. Theſe ſtopp'd the moon, and call'd th'unbody'd ſhades
To midnight banquets in the glimm'ring glades;

* Book ix. v. 122. † Georg. i. v. 476. ‡ Æn. iv. v. 4. § Æn. iv. v. 82. ‖ Georg. i. v. 478.

Made

Made viſionary fabrics round them riſe,
And airy ſpectres ſkim before their eyes;
Of Taliſmans and Sigils knew the pow'r,
And careful watch'd the planetary hour *.

THESE ſuperſtitions of the Eaſt, are highly ſtriking to the imagination. Since the time that poetry has been forced to aſſume a more ſober, and perhaps a more rational air, it ſcarcely ventures to enter theſe fairy regions. There are ſome however, who think it has ſuffered by deſerting theſe fields of fancy, and by totally laying aſide the deſcriptions of magic and enchantment. What an exquiſite picture has Thomſon given us in his CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

As when a ſhepherd of the Hebrid iſles,
Plac'd far amid the melancholy Main,
(Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles,
Or that aerial beings ſometimes deign
To ſtand, embodied, to our ſenſes plain)
Sees on the naked hill or valley low,
The whilſt in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
A vaſt aſſembly moving to and fro,
Then all at once in air diſſolves the wonderous ſhow †.

* Ver. 101. † Caſtle of Indolence, Stan. 30. B. 1.

I cannot at preſent recollect any ſolitude ſo romantic, or peopled with beings ſo proper to the place, and the ſpectator. The mind naturally loves to loſe itſelf in one of theſe wilderneſſes, and to forget the hurry, the noiſe, and ſplendor of more poliſhed life.

6. But on the South, a long majeſtic race
Of Ægypt's prieſts the gilded niches grace *.

I WISH POPE had enlarged on the rites and ceremonies of theſe Ægyptian prieſts, a ſubject finely ſuited to deſcriptive poetry. Milton has touched ſome of them finely, in an ode not ſufficiently attended to.

Nor is Oſiris ſeen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unſhower'd graſs with lowings loud:
Nor can he be at reſt
Within his ſacred cheſt,
Nought but profoundeſt hell can be his ſhroud;
In vain with timbrel'd anthems dark,
The ſable-ſtoled ſorcerers bear his worſhip'd ark †.

* Ver. 109.
† Milton's Poems, Vol. II. Pag. 30. Newton's Edit. Oct.

7. High

7. High on his car Seſoſtris ſtruck my view,
Whom ſceptred ſlaves in golden harneſs drew,
His hands a bow and pointed jav'lin hold;
His giant arms are arm'd in ſcales of gold *.

THIS coloſſal ſtatue of the celebrated Eaſtern tyrant is ſtrongly imagined. As Phidias is ſaid to have received his ideas of majeſty in his famous Jupiter, from a paſſage in Homer, ſo, it is not impoſſible but our author's imagination was inflamed and enlarged by Milton's picture of Satan. It is well known, that the Ægyptians, in all their productions of art, miſtook the gigantic for the ſublime, and greatneſs of bulk for greatneſs of manner.

8. Of Gothic ſtructure was the Northern ſide,
O'erwrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride †.

"THOSE who have conſidered the theory of Architecture, tell us the proportions of the three Grecian orders, were taken from the Human Body, as the moſt beautiful and perfect production of nature. Hence were de-

* Ver. 113. † Ver. 119.

rived thoſe graceful ideas of columns, which had a character of ſtrength without clumſineſs, and of delicacy without weakneſs. Thoſe beautiful proportions were, I ſay, taken originally from nature, which, in her creatures, as hath been already obſerved, referreth to ſome uſe, end or deſign. The Gonfiezza alſo, or ſwelling, and the diminution of a pillar, is it not in ſuch proportion as to make it appear ſtrong and light at the ſame time? In the ſame manner, muſt not the whole entablature, with its projections, be ſo proportioned, as to ſeem great, but not heavy; light, but not little; inaſmuch as a deviation into either extreme, would thwart that reaſon and uſe of things, wherein their beauty is founded, and to which it is ſubordinate? The entablature and all its parts and ornaments, architrave, freeze, cornice, triglyphs, metopes, modiglions, and the reſt, have each an uſe, or appearance of uſe, in giving firmneſs and union to the building, in protecting it from the weather, in caſting off the rain, in repreſenting the ends of the beams with their intervals,

intervals, the production of the rafters, and ſo forth. And if we conſider the graceful angles in frontiſpieces, the ſpaces between the columns, or the ornaments of the capitals, ſhall we not find that their beauty ariſeth from the appearance of uſe, or the imitation of natural things, whoſe beauty is originally founded on the ſame principle? Which is indeed, the grand diſtinction between Grecian and Gothic architecture, the latter being fantaſtical and for the moſt part founded neither in nature nor reaſon, in neceſſity nor uſe, the appearance of which, accounts for all the beauties, graces, and ornaments of the other.*"

9. There ſat Zamolxis with erected Eyes,
And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
There on rude iron columns, ſmear'd with blood,
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes ſtood,
Druids and bards (their once loud harps unſtrung)
And youths that died to be by poets ſung †.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE, always a pleaſing, though not a ſolid writer, relates the follow-

* ALCIPHRON, Vol. I. Dial. III. † Ver. 123.

ing

ing anecdote.——" In diſcourſe upon this ſubject, and confirmation of this opinion, having been general among the Goths of thoſe countries, count Oxenſtiern the Swediſh embaſſador, told me, there was ſtill in Sweden, a place which was a memorial of it, and was called Odin's hall: that it was a great bay in the ſea, encompaſſed on three ſides with ſteep and ragged rocks; and that in the time of the Gothic paganiſm, men that were either ſick of diſeaſes they eſteemed mortal or incurable, or elſe grown invalid with age, and thereby paſt all military action, and fearing to die meanly and baſely, as they eſteemed it, in their beds, they uſually cauſed themſelves to be brought to the neareſt part of theſe rocks, and from thence threw themſelves down into the ſea, hoping by the boldneſs of ſuch a violent death, to renew the pretence of admiſſion into the hall of Odin, which they had loſt by failing to die in combat, and by arms *."

* Temple's Works, Vol. III. pag. 238.

In theſe beautiful verſes we muſt admire the poſtures of Zamolxis and Odin, which exactly point out the characters of theſe famous legiſlators, and inſtructors, of the Northern nations.

As expreſſive, and as much in character, are the figures of the old heroes, druids and bards, which are repreſented as ſtanding on iron pillars of barbarous workmanſhip: they remind one of that group of perſonages, which Virgil, a lover of antiquity, as every real poet muſt be, has judiciouſly placed before the palace of Latinus.

Quinetiam veterum effigies ex ordine avorum,
Antiqua e cedro, Italuſque, paterque Sabinus
Vitiſator, curvam ſervans ſub imagine falcem;
Saturnuſque ſenex, Janique bifrontis imago,
Veſtibulo aſtabant *.—

Consider alſo the deſcription of Evander's court, and the picture of ancient manners it affords, one of the moſt ſtriking parts of the

* Ver. 177. Æn. l. 7.

Æneid.

Æneid. The mind delights to be carried backward into thoſe primitive times when

— — — Paſſimque *armenta* videbant
Romanoque *foro* & *lautis mugire* carinis.

And the view of thoſe places and buildings in their firſt rude and artleſs ſtate, which became afterwards ſo magnificent and celebrated, forms an amuſing contraſt.

Hinc ad Tarpeiam ſedem, & Capitolia ducit
AUREA *nunc*, *olim* ſylveſtribus HORRIDA dumis *.

I HAVE frequently wondered that our modern writers have made ſo little uſe of the druidical times, and the traditions of the old bards, which afford ſubjects fruitful of the moſt genuine poetry, with reſpect both to imagery and ſentiment. Mr. Gray however has made amends by his laſt noble ode on the expulſion of the bards from Wales.

Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hufh'd the ſtormy main:
Brave Urien ſleeps upon his craggy bed:

* Æn. VIII. 346.

Mountains,

Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whoſe magic Song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top'd head.
On dreary Arvon's ſhore they lie,
Smear'd with gore, and ghaſtly pale!
Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens ſail;
The famiſh'd eagle ſcreams, and paſſes by *.

THE ancients conſtantly availed themſelves of the mention of particular mountains, rivers, and other objects of nature; and indeed almoſt confine themſelves to the tales and traditions of their reſpective countries: whereas we have been ſtrangely neglectful in celebrating our own SEVERN, THAMES, or MALVERN, and have therefore fallen into trite repetitions of claſſical images, as well as claſſical names. Our muſes have ſeldom been

— — — — playing on the ſteep
Where our old bards, the famous Druids, lie †,

* Dodſley's Miſcellanies, Vol. VI. p. 327.

† Suppoſed to be a place in the mountains of Denbighſhire, called *Druids ſtones*, becauſe of the many ſtone cheſts and coffins found there.

Nor on the ſhaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva ſpreads her wiſard ſtream *.

Milton, we ſee, was ſenſible of the force of ſuch imagery, as we may gather from this ſhort, but exquiſite paſſage; and ſo were Drayton and Spenſer. What pictures would a writer of the fancy of Theocritus, have drawn from the ſcenes and ſtories of the iſle of Angleſey!

Yet ſtill enamour'd of their ancient haunts,
Unſeen of mortal eyes, they hover round
Their ruin'd altars, conſecrated hills
Once girt with ſpreading oaks, myſterious rows
Of rude enormous obeliſks, that riſe
Orb within orb, ſtupendous monuments
Of artleſs architecture, ſuch as now
Oft-times amaze the wandering traveller,
By the pale moon diſcern'd on Sarum's plain †.

I CANNOT conclude this article without inſerting two ſtanzas of an old Runic *ode* ‡ preſerved by Olaus Wormius, containing the

* Lycidas, Ver. 55.

† See a fine dramatic poem, by Mr. Weſt, entitled The Inſtitution of the Order of the Garter.

‡ Cited in Dr. Hickes's Theſaurus.

dying

dying words of Ludbrog, who reigned in the north above eight hundred years ago, and who is ſuppoſed to be juſt expiring by the mortal bite of a ſerpent.

XXV.

Pugnavimus enſibus.
Hoc ridere me facit ſemper,
Quod Balderi Patris Scamna,
Parata ſcio in aula.
Bibemus cereviſiam
Ex concavis crateribus craniorum.
Non gemit vir fortis contra mortem!
Magnifici in Odini domibus,
Non venio deſperabundus,
Verbis ad Odini aulam.

XXIX.

Fert animus finire:
Invitant me Dyſæ,
Quas ex Odini aula
Odinus mihi miſit.
Lætus cereviſiam, cum Aſis,
In ſumma ſede bibam.
Vitæ elapſæ ſunt horæ!
Ridens moriar!

THESE ſtanzas breathe the true ſpirit of a barbarous old warrior. The abruptneſs and brevity of the ſentences are much in charac-

ter; as is the noble diſdain of life expreſſed by the two laſt words; *Ridens moriar.* To this brave and valiant people is mankind indebted for one of the moſt uſeful deliverances it ever received; I mean, the deſtruction of the univerſal empire of Rome. The great prerogative of Scandinavia, and which ought to place the nations which inhabit it, above all the people of the world, is, that this country has been the reſource of the liberty of Europe; that is to ſay, of almoſt all the liberty that is to be found among men. Jornandes the Goth, has called the North of Europe the magazine or work-ſhop of human kind: I ſhould rather call it the magazine of thoſe inſtruments which broke in pieces the chains, which were forged in the South. There thoſe heroic nations were formed, who iſſued from their country, to deſtroy the tyrants and ſlaves of the earth, and to teach men that nature having made them equal, reaſon could not make them dependent, but only for the ſake of their own happineſs *.

* See L'Eſprit de Loix, liv. XIV. and liv. XVII.

LIBERTY and courage are the offspring of the northern, and luxury and learning of the ſouthern nations.

10. But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
Six pompous columns o'er the reſt aſpire;
Around the ſhrine itſelf of FAME they ſtand,
Hold the chief honours, and the ſane command *.

THE ſix perſons POPE thought proper to ſelect, as worthy to be placed on theſe pillars as the higheſt ſeats of honour, are HOMER, VIRGIL, PINDAR, HORACE, ARISTOTLE, TULLY ‡. It is obſervable, that our author has omitted the great dramatic poets of Greece. Sophocles and Euripides deſerved certainly an honourable niche in the Temple of FAME, in preference to Pindar and Horace. But the truth is, it was not faſhionable in POPE's

* Ver. 178.

‡ Chaucer has mentioned Statius in this place, in a manner that ſuits his character.

Upon an iron pillar ſtrong,
That painted was all endilong,
With tyger's blood in every place,
The Tholoſan that hight y Stace.

time,

time, nor among his acquaintance, attentively to ſtudy theſe poets. By a ſtrange fatality they have not in this kingdom, obtained the rank they deſerve amongſt claſſic writers. We have numberleſs treatiſes on Horace and Virgil, for inſtance, who in their different kinds do not ſurpaſs the authors in queſtion; whilſt hardly a critic among us, has profeſſedly pointed out their excellencies. Even real ſcholars think it ſufficient to be acquainted and touched with the beauties of Homer, Heſiod, and Callimachus, without proceeding to enquire,

> —— What the lofty grave tragedians taught,
> In chorus or iambic, teachers beſt
> Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd
> In brief ſententious precepts *.

I own, I have ſome particular reaſons for thinking that our author was not very converſant, in this ſort of compoſition, having no inclination to the drama. In a note on the third book of his Homer, where Helen points out to Priam the names and characters of the

* Paradiſe Regained, b. IV. ver. 264.

Grecian

Grecian leaders from the walls of Troy, he obſerves, that ſeveral great poets have been engaged by the beauty of this paſſage, to an imitation of it. But who are the poets he enumerates on this occaſion? Only Statius and Taſſo; the former of whom in his ſeventh book, and the latter in his third, ſhews the forces and the commanders that inveſted the cities, of Thebes, and Jeruſalem. * Not a ſyllable is mentioned of that capital ſcene in the Phæniſſæ of Euripides, from the hundred and twentieth, to the two hundredth line, where the old man ſtanding with Antigone on the walls of Thebes, marks out to her the various figures, habits, armour,

* In the dedication to the *miſcellanies* he ſo much ſtudied and admired, he had read the following ſtrange words of his maſter Dryden, addreſſed to lord Radcliffe. "Though you have read the beſt authors in their own languages, and perfectly diſtinguiſh of their ſeveral merits, and in general prefer them to the Moderns, yet I know *you judge* FOR *the Engliſh tragedies* AGAINST *the Greek and Latin*, as well as againſt the French, Italian, and Spaniſh of theſe latter ages. Indeed there is a vaſt difference betwixt arguing like Perault in behalf of the French poets againſt Homer and Virgil, and betwixt giving the Engliſh poets their undoubted due of excelling Eſchylus, Euripides, and Sophocles." Miſcell. III. part, Lond. 1693.

and

and qualifications of each different warriour, in the moſt lively and pictureſque manner, as they appear in the camp beneath them *.

11. High on the firſt the mighty Homer ſhone;
Eternal adamant compos'd his throne;
Father of verſe! in holy fillets dreſt,
His ſilver beard wav'd gently o'er his breaſt;
Though blind, a boldneſs in his looks appears:
In years he ſeems, but not impair'd by years †.

A STRIKING and venerable portrait! The divine old man is repreſented here with ſuitable

* Among the reſt, Euripides makes Antigone enquire, which among the warriors is her brother Polynices; this is one of thoſe delicate and tender ſtrokes of nature, for which this feeling tragedian is ſo juſtly admired. When ſhe diſcovers him ſhe breaks out thus,

Στροφη ί.

Ανεμωκεος ειδε δρομον πτερας
Ποσιν εξαυσαιμι δ' αιθερος
Προς εμον ὁμογενετειρα.
Περι δ' ωλενας δερα φιλτατα
Βαλλοιμι, χρονω φυγαδα μελεον.

She ſtops a little, gazes earneſtly upon him, and exclaims with admiration at the ſplendor of his arms:

Ως οπλοισι κρυσειοισιν ευπρεπης, γερον,
Εωαις ομοια φλεγεθων
Βολαις αελιω. Ver. 166.

† Ver. 187.

dignity

dignity. In the Anthologia, is a deſcription of a ſtatue of Homer, which from its antiquity, and the minute enumeration of the features and attitudes of the figure, is curious and entertaining.

——— Πατηρ δ' ἐμος, ισοθεος φως,
Ιστατο θειος Ομηρος, εϊκτο μεν ανδρι νοησαι
Γηραλεω, το δε γηρας εην γλυκυ τουτο γαρ αυτῳ
Πλειστιρην ιταξε χαριν· κεκειραται δε κοσμω
Αιδοιωτι φιλωτι, &c. *.

12. The wars of Troy were round the pillar ſeen:
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian queen;
Here Hector, glorious from Patroclus' fall,
Here dragg'd in Triumph round the Trojan wall;
Motion and Life did ev'ry part inſpire,
Bold was the work, and prov'd the maſter's fire †.

THE poems of Homer afford a marvellous variety of ſubjects proper for hiſtory and painting. A very ingenious French nobleman, the count de Caylus, has lately printed a valuable treatiſe, entituled, "Tableaux tires de L'Iliade, et de L'Odyſſe d'Homere," in

* Anthолog. ad calcem Callimachi Edit. Lond. 1741. pag. 88.

† Ver. 188.

which he has exhibited the whole ſeries of events contained in theſe poems, arranged in their proper order; has deſigned each piece, and diſpoſed each figure, with much taſte and judgement. He ſeems juſtly to wonder, that artiſts have ſo ſeldom had recourſe to this great ſtorehouſe of beautiful and noble images, ſo proper for the employment of their pencils, and delivered with ſo much force and diſtinctneſs, that the painter has nothing to do, but to ſubſtitute his colours for the words of Homer. He complains that a Raphael, and a Julio Romano ſhould copy the crude and unnatural conceptions of Ovid's metamorphoſes, and Apuleius's aſs: and that ſome of their ſacred ſubjects were ill choſen. Among the few who borrowed their ſubjects from Homer, he mentions Bouchardon with the honour he deſerves; and relates the following anecdote. "This great artiſt having lately read Homer in an old and deteſtable French tranſlation, came one day to me, his eyes ſparkling with fire, and ſaid, 'Depuis que j'ai

j'ai lu ce livre, les hommes 'ont quinze pieds, & la Nature s'eſt accrue pour moi.—" Since I have read this book, men ſeem to be fifteen feet high, and all nature is enlarged in my ſight *."

13. A ſtrong expreſſion moſt he ſeem'd t'affect,
And here and there diſclos'd a brave Neglect.

In the ſublime, as in great affluence of fortune, ſome minute articles will unavoidably eſcape obſervation. But it is almoſt impoſſible for a low and groveling Genius to be guilty of error, ſince he never endangers himſelf by ſoaring on high, or aiming at eminence; but ſtill goes on in the ſame uniform, ſecure track, whilſt its very height and grandeur expoſes the ſublime to ſudden falls. " Ουδεν πτιον οιμαι τας μειζονας αρετας, ει και μη εν πασι διεμαλιζοιεν, την τυ πρωτειυ ψηφον μαλλον αει φερεσθαι, και ει μη δι ενος ετερυ, της μεγαλοφροσυνης αυτης ενεκα †". This noble ſentiment of Longinus, is a ſufficient anſwer to an outrageous paradox lately

* Pag. 227.

† Longinus, Sect. 33. Edit. Tollii, pag. 184.

advanced by Voltaire, in direct contradiction to his *former* critical opinions; and which is here ſet down, for the entertainment of the reader. "If we would weigh, without prejudice, the Odyſſey of Homer with the Orlando of Arioſto, the Italian muſt gain the preference in all reſpects. Both of them are chargeable with the ſame fault, namely, an intemperance and luxuriance of imagination, and a romantic fondneſs of the marvellous. But Arioſto has compenſated this fault by allegories ſo true, by touches of ſatire ſo delicate, by ſo profound a knowledge of the human heart, by the graces of the comic, which perpetually ſucceed the ſtrokes of the terrible, in ſhort, by ſuch innumerable beauties of every kind, that he has found out the ſecret of making an agreeable monſter *. Let every

* However M. de Voltaire might laugh at the quoting to him a father of the church, yet the following ſenſible obſervation on Homer, might be worth his conſideration.

Ομηρος δε μεσος και υστατος, και πρωτος παντι παιδι, και ανδρι και γεροντι, τοσουτον αφ' αυλου διδυς οσον εκαστος δυναται λαβειν.

Dion. Chryſoſtom. Orat. 18. Περι λογυ ασκησεως.

reader

reader aſk himſelf what he would think, if he ſhould read for the firſt time, the Odyſſey, and Taſſo's poem, without knowing the names of their authors, and the times when their works were compoſed, and determine of them merely by the degree of pleaſure they each of them excited; would he not give the entire preference to Taſſo? Would he not find in the Italian more conduct and œconomy; more intereſting circumſtances; more variety and exactneſs; more graces and embelliſhments; and more of that ſoftneſs which eaſes, relieves, and adds a luſtre to, the ſublime? I queſtion whether they will even even bear a compariſon a few ages hence*".

14. A golden column next in ſight appear'd,
On which a ſhrine of pureſt gold is rear'd;
Finiſh'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part
With patient touches of unwearied art:
The Mantuan there in ſober triumph ſate,
Compos'd his poſture, and his look ſedate,
On Homer ſtill he fix'd a reverend eye,
Great without pride, in modeſt majeſty †.

* Collection complette des Œuvres de Mr. de Voltaire. Tom. XIII. a Geneve, pag. 46. † Ver. 196.

* Il ſuo carrattere e per tutto grande, e maeſtoſo: e, per poterlo ſempre ſoſtenere, ſi trattiene il poeta, perlo più, ſul generale, s'fugendo, a ſuo potere, tutte le coſe minute, e particolari: alle quali Omero, che a voluto mutar corde, e varior tuono, e liberamente andanto all' incontro. E ſiccome ſtimeremmo gran ſallo biaſimare percio Vergilio, che á ſaputo coſe bene mantenere il carattere propoſtoſi; così non poſſiamo non maravigliarci del torto, ch'ad Omero fa Giullo Ceſare Scaligero, da cui e riputato baſſo, e vile, peraver voluto toccare i punti più fini del naturale: quaſiche la magnificenza foſſe poſta ſolamente nello ſtrepito delle parole——Nell' Egloghe pero

* Vincenzo Gravina was of Naples, had great learning, and a clear head; was an admirable civilian as well as critic. He wrote five tragedies on the model of the ancients, with choruſſes, Il' Palamede, L'Andromeda, L'Appio Claudio, Il Papiniano, Il' Servio Tullio. It is ſaid that he miſſed a cardinal's hat becauſe of his ſatyrical and ſevere turn of mind. When he was at Rome, he uſed to bow to coach horſes, becauſe, ſaid he, was it not for theſe poor beaſts, theſe great people would have men, and even philoſophers, to draw their coaches. Metaſtaſio poet laureat to the empreſs queen at Vienna, ſo famous for operas, was his diſciple. Gravina founds his critical opinions on the ſolid principles of Ariſtotle, that is, in other words, on nature and good ſenſe. See Barretti, pag. 308.

ſi

ſi preſe la liberta di rappreſentar coſtumi alle volte troppo civili, ed innalzo ſopra la ſemplicita paſtorale lo ſtile, trattenendoſi troppo ſul generale: onde quantò nella Georgica ſi laſciò addietro Eſiodo, tanto nell' Egloghe cede a Teocrito, da cui raccolſe i fiori: e nel poema eroico, ſiccome riman vinto da Omero coſi e ad ogn' altro ſuperiore *.

15. Four ſwans ſuſtain'd a car of ſilver bright,
With heads advanc'd, and pinions ſtretch'd for flight:
Here, like ſome furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And ſeem'd to labour with th' inſpiring God.
Acroſs the harp a careleſs hand he flings,
And boldly ſinks into the ſounding ſtrings †.

THE character of Pindar, as commonly taken, ſeems not to be well underſtood. We hear of nothing but the impetuoſity, and the ſublimity of his manner; whereas he abounds in ſtrokes of domeſtic tenderneſs. We are perpetually

* Gravina della Ragion poetica. In Napoli 1716. p. 308.
POPE ſpeaking to one of his friends concerning abſurd compariſons, mentioned, as ſuch, the comparing Homer with Virgil, Corneille with Racine, the little ivory ſtatue of Polyclete with the Coloſſus. Theſe, he added, are magis *pares* quam *ſimiles*.

† Ver. 210.

perpetually told of the boldneſs and violence of his tranſitions, whereas on a cloſe inſpection they appear eaſy and natural, are cloſely connected with, and ariſe appoſitely from, his ſubject. Even his ſtile has been repreſented as ſwelling and bombaſt; but carefully examined, it will appear pure and perſpicuous, not abounding with thoſe harſh metaphors, and that profuſion of florid epithets, which ſome of his imitators affect to uſe. One of Pindar's arts, in which they frequently fail who copy him, is the introduction of many moral reflections. Mr. Gray ſeems thoroughly to have ſtudied this writer. The following beautiful lines are cloſely tranſlated from the firſt Pythian Ode. They deſcribe the Power of muſic.

Oh ſovereign of the willing ſoul,
Parent of ſweet and ſolemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting ſhell! the ſullen cares,
And frantic paſſions hear thy ſoft controul.
On Thracia's hills the lord of war
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropp'd his thirſty lance at thy command.
Perching on the ſceptred hand

Of

Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king,
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of ſlumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightening of his eye *.

THE reader will doubtleſs be pleaſed, to ſee theſe ſtriking images copied by another maſterly hand.

— — — — With ſlacken'd wings,
While now the ſolemn concert breathes around,
Incumbent o'er the ſceptre of his lord
Sleeps the ſtern eagle; by the number'd notes
Poſſeſs'd; and ſatiate with the melting tone;
Sovereign of birds. The furious God of war
His darts forgetting, and the rapid wheels
That bear him vengeful o'er the embattled plains,
Relents †.———

IT is to be obſerved, that both theſe imitations have omitted a natural circumſtance, very expreſſive of the ſtrong feeling of the eagle; but very difficult to be tranſlated with becoming elegance.

* Dodſley's Collection, vol. VI. p. 322.

† Ibid. vol. VI. p. 23. HYMN to the Naiads, by Dr. Akenſide.

— — — ὁ δὲ κινησων

Ὑγρον νωτον ἀειρει, τειας

Ριπαισι κατασκιομενος *.

MAY I venture to add, that this ode of Mr. Gray, ends a little unhappily? That is, with an antitheſis unſuited to the dignity of ſuch a compoſition;

Beneath the *Good* how far, but far *above* the *Great*.

IT may be alſo queſtioned, whether his ode on the Druids might not have been better concluded without mentioning the manner

* Pindar, Pyth. I. Antiſtrophe 1. v. 5.

This image puts me in mind of a fine ſtroke in Apollonius Rhodius, who thus deſcribes the effects of Medea's enchantments on the dragon who watch'd the golden fleece.

— — — αυταρ ὅγ ηδη

Οιμη θελγομενῳ, δολιχην αναλυετ' ακανθαν

Σπειρεϊ σωειρης, μηκυνε δε μυρια κυκλα.

Lib. IV. ver. 150.

Few moderns have boldneſs enough to enter on circumſtances ſo MINUTELY NATURAL, and therefore highly expreſſive; they are afraid of being thought vulgar and flat. Apollonius has more merit than is uſually allowed him, and deſerves more conſideration among the learned: the whole behaviour and paſſion of Medea is movingly deſcribed. He particularly abounds in ſuch lively and delicate ſtrokes as that quoted above.

in

in which the bard died. There would have been a beautiful abruptneſs in finiſhing with—

Be thine deſpair, and ſceptred care,
To triumph and to die are mine.

The mind would have been left in a pleaſing and artful ſuſpenſe, at not knowing what became of ſo favourite a character. Lyric poetry eſpecially, ſhould not be minutely hiſtorical. When Juno had ended her ſpeech in Horace with that ſpirited ſtanza,

Ter ſi reſurgat murus aheneus
Auctore Phœbo, ter pereat meis
Exciſus Arvigis, ter uxor
Capta, virum, puerosque ploret.

What follows ſurely weakens the concluſion of this ode, and is comparatively flat.

Non hæc jocoſæ conveniunt lyræ:
Quo Muſa tendis * ?

The inſpiration, under which the poet ſeems to have laboured, ſuddenly ceaſes, and he deſcends into a cold and proſaic apology.

* Ode III. lib. iii. ver. 70.

16. Here happy Horace tun'd th' Auſonian lyre,
To ſweeter ſounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire:
Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuſe
The ſofter ſpirit of the Sapphic muſe *.

He might have ſelected ornaments more manly and characteriſtical of Horace, than—

The Doves, that round the infant poet ſpread
Myrtles and bays, hung hovering o'er his head †:

Surely his odes afford many more ſtriking ſubjects for the baſſo relievos about his ſtatue. In the preſent ones do we not ſee a littleneſs, or rather a prettineſs?

Our author alludes to the lyric part of Horace's works. Among the various views in which his numerous commentators have conſidered his odes, they have neglected to remark the DRAMATIC turn he has given to many of them. Of this ſort, is the excellent prophecy of Nereus, where Horace has artfully introduced the principal events and heroes of the Iliad, and ſpeaks in ſo

* Ver. 225. † Ver. 226.

lively

lively a manner of both, as to make the reader preſent at every action intended. Of this ſort alſo is the third ode of the third book, in which Juno is introduced, expreſſing herſelf with all that fury and indignation againſt the Trojans, which Homer hath aſcribed to her. She begins her ſpeech with an angry repetition of *Ilion, Ilion,* and will not ſo much as utter the names of Paris and Helen, but contemptuouſly calls him, the *inceſtus Judex,* and her, *Mulier peregrina**. The character of this revengeful goddeſs is all along ſupported with the ſame ſpirit and propriety. Equal commendation is due to the ſpeech of Regulus in the fifth ode, on his preparing to return to Carthage, which ends with an exclamation ſo ſuited to the temper of that inflexible hero.

— — — O Pudor!
O magna Carthago, probroſis
Altior Italiæ ruinis!

Nor muſt we forget the natural complaints of Europa, when ſhe has been carried away by

* This hath been obſerved by the old commentator, Acron.

the

the bull, and the ſhame that ariſes in her boſom, on her having been ſeduced from her father, friends and country.

Impudens liqui patrios Penates!
Impudens Orcum moror! O deorum
Si quis, hæc audis, utinam inter errem
Nuda leones *.

Immediately another Proſopopœia is introduced. She thinks ſhe hears her angry father, rebuking her,

Vilis Europe (pater urget abſens)
Quid mori ceſſas? &c.

Of this dramatic ſpecies alſo, is the concluſion of the eleventh ode of the third book, where one of the daughters of Danaüs, who is not baſe enough to comply with her father's commands, diſmiſſes her huſband with a ſpeech that is much in character. I cannot forbear adding, that, of this kind, likewiſe is the whole of the fifth Epode, upon which I beg leave to be a little particular, as I do not remember to have ſeen it conſidered as it ought to be. It ſuddenly breaks out with a beautiful and forcible abruptneſs.

* Ode XXXVII. lib. iij.

At

At O Deorum quiſquis in cœlo regis
Terras et humanum genus,
Quid iſte fert tumultus? aut quid omnium
Vultus in unum me truces?

It is a boy utters theſe words, who beholds himſelf ſurrounded by an horrible band of witches, with Canidia at their head, who inſtantly ſeize and ſtrip him, in order to make a love-potion of his body. He proceeds to deprecate their undeſerved rage by moving ſupplications, and ſuch as are adapted to his age and ſituation.

Per liberos te, ſi vocata partubus
Lucina veris adfuit;
Per hoc inane purpuræ decus, precor,
Per improbaturum hæc Jovem;
Quid ut noverca, me intueris, aut uti
Petita ferro bellua?

The poet goes on to enumerate, with due ſolemnity, the ingredients of the charm. Thoſe which * Shakeſpear in his Mackbeth has deſcribed, as being thrown into the magical

* It is obſervable, that Shakeſpear on this great occaſion, which involves the fate of a king, multiplies all the circumſtances

caldron, have a near reſemblance with theſe of Horace, but he has added others well calculated to impreſs the deepeſt terror, from his own imagination. Canidia having placed the victim in a pit where he was gradually to be ſtarved to death, begins to ſpeak in the following awful and ſtriking manner.

— — — O Rebus meis
Non infideles arbitræ,
Nox, & Diana, quæ ſilentium regis,
Arcana cum fiunt ſacra!
Nunc, nunc adeſte! nunc in hoſtiles domos
Iram atque numen vertite, &c.

But ſhe ſuddenly ſtops, ſurprized to ſee the incantation fail.

Quid accidit?——cur dira barbaræ minus
Venena Medeæ valent?

ſtances of horror. The babe, whoſe finger is uſed in the enchantment, muſt be ſtrangled in its birth, the greaſe muſt not only be human, but muſt have dropped from a gibbet, the gibbet of a murderer; and even the ſow, whoſe blood is uſed, muſt have offended nature by devouring her own farrow.

Johnſon's Obſervations on Mackbeth. Act IV. Scene 1.

In a few lines more, ſhe diſcovers the reaſon that her charms are inefficacious.

Ah, ah ſolutus ambulat veneficæ, &c.

She reſolves therefore to double them,

* Majus parabo: majus infundam tibi
Faſtidienti poculum.

And concludes with this ſpirited threat.

Priuſque cœlum ſidet inferius mari
Tellurem porrecta ſuper,
Quam non amore ſic meo flagres, uti
Bitumen atris ignibus.

The

* Sanadon has a remark in the true ſpirit of a faſtidious French critic. "Theſe deſcriptions of witchcraft muſt have been very pleaſing to ancient poets, ſince they dwell upon them ſo largely and frequently. But ſurely ſuch objects have ſo much horror in them, that they cannot be preſented with too much haſte and rapidity to the imagination."—Such falſe delicacy and refinement have rendered ſome of the French incapable of reliſhing many of the forcible and maſculine images with which the ancients ſtrengthened their compoſitions. The moſt natural ſtrokes in a poem that moſt abounds with them, the Odyſſey, is to ſuch judges a fund of ridicule. They muſt needs nauſeate the ſcenes that lie in Eumeus's cottage, and deſpiſe the coarſe ideas of ſo ill-bred a princeſs as Nauſicaa. Much leſs can ſuch effeminate judges bear the bold and ſevere ſtrokes, the terrible graces, of our irregular Shakeſpear, eſpecially in his ſcenes of magic and

The boy, on hearing his fate thus cruelly determined, no longer endeavours to ſue for mercy, but breaks out into thoſe bitter and natural execrations, mixed with a tender mention of his parents, which reach to the end of the ode. If we conſider how naturally the fear of the boy is expreſſed in the firſt ſpeech, and how

incantations. Theſe *gothic charms* are in truth more ſtriking to the imagination than the *claſſical*. The magicians of Arioſto, Taſſo, and Spencer, have more powerful ſpells, than thoſe of Apollonius, Seneca, and Lucan. The inchanted foreſt of Iſmeno is more awfully and tremendouſly poetical than even the Grove, which Cæſar orders to be cut down, in Lucan, l. iii. 400, which was ſo full of terrors, that at noonday or midnight, the Prieſt himſelf dared not approach it,

Dreading the Dæmon of the Grove to meet!

Who, that ſees the ſable *plumes* waving on the prodigious helmet, in the caſtle of Otranto, and the gigantic *arm* on the top of *the great ſtaircaſe*, is not more affected than with the paintings of Ovid and Apuleius? What a group of dreadful images do we meet with in the *Edda*? The Runic poetry abounds in them. 'Tis remarkable, that the idea of the Fatal Siſters weaving the Daniſh ſtandard, bears a marvellous reſemblance to a paſſage in Sophocles, Ajax, v. 1053. "Did not Erinnys herſelf make this ſword? and Pluto, that dreadful workman, this belt?"

the

the dreadful character of Canidia is ſupported in the ſecond, and the various turns of paſſion with which ſhe is agitated; and if we add to theſe the concluding imprecations: we muſt own that this ode affords a noble ſpecimen of the dramatic powers of Horace.

17. Here in a ſhrine that caſt a dazling light,
Sate fix'd in thought, the mighty Stagyrite;
His ſacred head a radiant zodiac crown'd,
And various animals his ſides ſurround;
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all Nature through *.

It may not be unpleaſing to obſerve the artful manner with which Addiſon has introduced each of his worthies at the Tables of Fame, and how nicely he has adapted the behaviour of each perſon to his character. Addiſon had great ſkill in the uſe of delicate and oblique alluſions.—— "It was expected that Plato would have taken a place next his maſter Socrates; but on a ſudden there was heard a great clamour of diſputants at the door, who appeared with Ariſtotle at the head

* Ver. 232.

of them. That philoſopher with ſome rudeneſs, but great ſtrength of reaſon, convinced the whole table that a fifth place at the table was his due, and took it accordingly." Thus in another paſſage.——" Julius Cæſar was now coming forward; and though moſt of the hiſtorians offered their ſervice to introduce him, he left them at the door, and would have no conductor but himſelf."—In the ſame ſpirit he tells us; That Q. Curtius intended to conduct Alexander the Great, to an apartment appointed for the reception of fabulous heroes; that Virgil hung back at the entrance of the door, and would have excuſed himſelf, had not his modeſty been overcome by the invitation of all who ſate at the table; that Lucan entered at the head of many hiſtorians with Pompey, and that ſeeing Homer and Virgil at the table, was going to ſit down himſelf, had not the latter whiſpered him, he had forfeited his claim to it, by coming in as one of the hiſtorians.

18. With equal rays immortal TULLY ſhone,
The Roman roſtra deck'd the Conſul's throne:

* Tatler, No. 81, ut ſup.

Gath'ring

Gath'ring his flowing robe he ſeem'd to ſtand,
In act to ſpeak, and graceful ſtretch'd his hand.

THIS beautiful attitude is copied from a ſtatue in that valuable collection, which Lady Pomfret had the goodneſs and generoſity lately to preſent to the univerſity of Oxford.—Cicero, ſays Addiſon, next appeared and took his place. He had enquired at the door for one Lucceius to introduce him; but not finding him there, he contented himſelf with the attendance of many other writers, who all, except Salluſt, appeared highly pleaſed with the office.

I CANNOT forbear taking occaſion to mention an ingenious imitation of this paper of Addiſon, called the Table of Modern Fame, at which the gueſts are introduced and ranged with that taſte and judgement which is peculiar to the author *. It may not be unentertaining to enumerate the perſons in the order he has placed them, by which his ſenſe of their merits will appear. Columbus, Peter the Great,

* Suppoſed to be Dr. Akenſide. Dodſley's Muſæum, No. 13.

Leo

Leo X. Martin Luther, Newton, Deſcartes, Lewis XIV. William the firſt Prince of Orange, Edward the Black Prince, Francis I. Charles V. Locke, Galileo, John Fauſt, Harvey, Machiavel, Taſſo, Arioſto, Pope, Boileau, Bacon *, Milton †, Cervantes, Moliere.

19. When on the Goddeſs firſt I caſt my ſight,
Scarce ſeem'd her ſtature of a cubit's height;
But ſwell'd to larger height the more I gaz'd,
Till to the roof her tow'ring height ſhe rais'd ‡.

* "The aſſembly with one accord invited Bacon forward, the Goddeſs beckoned him to draw near, and ſeated him on the higheſt throne." Muſæum, No. 13.

† "I was extremely diſcontented that no more honourable place had been reſerved for Milton. You forget, ſays my conductor, that the loweſt place in this aſſembly, is one of twenty, the moſt honourable gifts which Fame has to beſtow among the whole human ſpecies. Milton is now admitted for the firſt time, and was not but with difficulty admitted at all. But have patience a few years longer; he will be continually aſcending in the goddeſs's favour, and may perhaps at laſt obtain the higheſt, or at leaſt the ſecond place, in theſe her ſolemnities. In the mean time, ſee how he is received by the man who is beſt qualified here to judge of his dignity." I looked at him again, and ſaw Raphael making him the moſt affectionate congratulations." Muſæum, No. 13.

‡ Ver. 257.

This

This figure of Fame enlarging and growing every moment, which is copied from Virgil, is imagined with ſtrength and ſublimity of fancy.

Parva metu primo, mox ſeſe attollit in auras,
Ingrediturque ſolo, et caput inter nubila condit *.

There is another figure of this ſort in the Georgics of Virgil, as nobly conceived. Inſtead of ſaying that the peſtilence among the cattle encreaſed daily, what an exalted image has he given us!

Sævit et in lucem Stygiis emiſſa tenebris
Pallida TYSIPHONE. MORBOS agit ante METUMQUE,
Inque dies avidum ſurgens caput altius effert.

The ſybil in the ſixth Æneid is likewiſe repreſented as ſpreading to ſight, and growing larger and larger as the inſpiration came upon her.

— — Subito non vultus, non color unus,
Non comptæ manſere comæ; ſed pectus anhelum,
Et rabie fera corda tument; majorque videri,
Nec mortale ſonans †.———

* Book IV. ver. 175. † Ver. 47.

We

We have ſtill a fourth inſtance of Virgil's imagination, in the ſpirited picture he has drawn of the fury who appears to Turnus in the ſeventh Æneid *. Turnus at firſt, ſuitably to his character, treats her as an impertinent old prieſteſs, whoſe habit ſhe had indeed borrowed. Upon which ſhe inſtantly kindles into rage, aſſumes her own horrid ſhape in a moment; the ſerpents hiſs around her head, and her countenance ſpreads forth in all its terrors.

> At juveni oranti ſubitus tremor occupat artus;
> Diriguere oculi; tot Erinnys ſibilat hydris,
> Tantaque ſe facies aperit.———

In no part of Virgil's writings is there more true ſpirit and ſublimity, than in this interview between Turnus and the fury, both whoſe characters are ſtrongly ſupported. But to return to FAME. Virgil has repreſented her as a dreadful and gigantic monſter, in which conception, though he might have been aſſiſted by the DISCORD of Homer, yet his

* Ver. 448.

figure

figure is admirably deſigned to impreſs terror. She has innumerable tongues, mouths, eyes and ears; the ſound of her wings is heard at the dead of night, as ſhe flies through the middle of the air.

Nocte volat cœli medio, terræque per umbram
Stridens.———

In the day time ſhe ſits watchful on battlements, and on the higheſt towers, and terrifies great cities, who gaze at her huge and formidable appearance.

Luce ſedet cuſtos, aut ſummi culmine tecti,
Turribus aut altis, et magnas territat urbes.

It did not ſuit POPE's purpoſe, to repreſent FAME as ſo odious a monſter. He has therefore dropped theſe ſtriking circumſtances in Virgil, and ſoftened her features.

20. With her the Temple ev'ry moment grew,
And ampler viſtos opened to my view:
Upwards the columns ſhoot, the roofs aſcend,
And arches widen, and long iles extend *.

ANON out of the earth a fabric huge
Roſe like an exhalation, with the ſound

* Ver. 262.

Of dulcet ſymphonies and voices ſweet,
Built like a temple, whoſe pilaſters round
Were ſet, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave *.——

THIS circumſtance of the temple's enlarging with the growing figure of the goddeſs, is lively, new, and well imagined. The reader feels a pleaſure in having his eye carried through a length of building, almoſt to an immenſity. Extenſion is certainly a cauſe of the ſublime. In this view the following paſſage of Thompſon may be conſidered, where he ſpeaks of a lazar-houſe in his Caſtle of Indolence †.

Through the drear caverns ſtretching many a mile,
The ſick uprear'd their heads, and dropp'd their woes awhile.

21. Next theſe a youthful train their vows expreſs'd,
With feathers crown'd, and gay embroid'ry dreſs'd:
Hither, they cry'd, direct your eyes and ſee
The men of pleaſure, dreſs, and gallantry;
Ours is the place, at banquets, balls and plays,
Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days:

* Par. Loſt, b. i. ver. 712. † Stanza lxix. c. 2.

Of

Of unknown dutcheſſes lewd tales we tell,
Yet, would the world believe us, all were well *.

STROKES of pleaſantry and humour, and ſatirical reflections on the foibles of common life, are ſurely too familiar, and unſuited to ſo grave and majeſtic a poem as this hitherto has appeared to be. Such incongruities offend propriety; though I know ingenious perſons have endeavoured to excuſe them, by ſaying that they add a variety of imagery to the piece. This practice is even defended by a paſſage in Horace.

Et ſermone opus eſt modo triſti, ſæpe jocoſo,
Defendente vicem modo rhetoris atque poetæ,
Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas conſulto.——

But this judicious remark is, I apprehend, confined to ethic and preceptive kinds of writing, which ſtand in need of being enlivened with lighter images, and ſportive thoughts; and where ſtrictures on common

* Ver. 380.

life, may more gracefully be inſerted. But in the higher kinds of poeſy they appear as unnatural and out of place, as one of the burleſque ſcenes of Heemſkirk would do, in a ſolemn landſcape of Pouſſin. When I ſee ſuch a line as

"And at each blaſt a lady's honour dies"——

in the TEMPLE of FAME, I lament as much to find it placed there, as to ſee ſhops, and ſheds, and cottages, erected among the ruins of Diocleſian's Baths.

ON the revival of literature, the firſt writers ſeemed not to have obſerved any SELECTION in their thoughts and images. Dante, Petrarch, Boccacio, Arioſto, make very ſudden tranſitions from the ſublime to the ridiculous. Chaucer in his Temple of Mars, among many pathetic pictures, has brought in a ſtrange line,

The coke is ſcalded for all his long ladell *.

* Thus again;——"As Æſop's dogs contending for a bone."—— and many others.

No

No writer has more religiouſly obſerved the decorum here recommended than Virgil.

22. This having heard and ſeen, ſome pow'r unknown
Strait chang'd the ſcene, and ſnatch'd me from the throne;
Before my view appear'd a ſtructure fair,
Its ſite uncertain, if in earth or air *.

THE ſcene here changes from the TEMPLE of FAME to that of Rumour. Such a change is not methinks judicious, as it deſtroys the unity of the ſubject, and diſtracts the view of the reader; not to mention, that the difference between Rumour and Fame is not ſufficiently diſtinct and perceptible. POPE has however the merit of compreſſing the ſenſe of a great number of Chaucer's lines into a ſmall compaſs. As Chaucer takes every opportunity of ſatyrizing the follies of his age, he has in this part introduced many circumſtances, which it was prudent in POPE to omit, as they would not have been either reliſhed or underſtood in the preſent times.

* Ver. 417.

23. While

23. While thus I ſtood intent to ſee and hear,
One came, methought, and whiſper'd my ear:
What could thus high thy raſh ambition raiſe?
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praiſe?
'Tis true, ſaid I, not void of hopes I came,
For who ſo fond as youthful bards of Fame *?

THIS concluſion is not copied from Chaucer; and is judicious. Chaucer has finiſhed his ſtory inartificially, by ſaying he was ſurprized at the ſight of a man of great authority, and awoke in a fright. The ſucceeding lines give a pleaſing moral to the allegory, and the two laſt ſhew the man of honour and virtue, as well as the poet.

Unblemiſh'd let me live, or die unknown:
Oh grant an honeſt fame, or grant me none!

IN finiſhing this Section, we may obſerve, that POPE's alterations of Chaucer are introduced with judgment and art; that theſe alterations are more in number, and more important in conduct, than any Dryden has made of the ſame author. This piece was communicated to Steele, who entertained a

* Ver. 496.

high

high opinion of its beauties, and who conveyed it to Addiſon. POPE had ornamented the poem with the machinery of guardian angels, which he afterwards omitted. He ſpeaks of his work with a diffidence uncommon in a young poet, and which does him credit *. "No errors, ſays he to Steele, are ſo trivial, but they deſerve to be mended. I could point to you ſeveral, but it is my buſineſs to be informed of thoſe faults I do not know; and as for thoſe I do, not to talk of them, but mend them.—I am afraid of nothing ſo much as to impoſe any thing upon the world which is unworthy its acceptance."

IT would have been matter of curioſity to have known Addiſon's ſentiments of this viſion †. His own is introduced and carried on with that vein of propriety and poetry, for which this ſpecies of his writings is ſo juſtly celebrated, and which contribute to place him at the head of allegorical writers, ſcarce excepting Plato himſelf.

* Vol. VII. Letters, 8vo. p. 248.

† See Tatler, No. 81, referred to above.

SECT.

SECT. VIII.

Of JANUARY *and* MAY, *The Wife of* BATH, *and* TRANSLATIONS *of* STATIUS *and* OVID.

THE firſt dawnings of polite literature in Italy, appeared in tale-writing and fables. Boccaccio gave a currency and vogue to this ſpecies of compoſition. He collected many of the common tales of his country, and delivered them in the pureſt ſtile, enlivened with intereſting circumſtances. Sacchetti publiſhed tales before him, in which are many anecdotes of Dante and his cotemporaries. Boccacio was faintly imitated by ſeveral Italians, Poggio, Bandello, Cinthio, Firenzuola, Maleſpini, and others. * Machiavel himſelf did honour to this ſpecies of writing, by his Belphegor.

* Machiavel, who poſſeſſed the livelieſt wit with the profoundeſt reflection, wrote alſo two comedies, Mandragora and Clytia, the former of which was played before Leo X. with much magnificence; the latter is an imitation of the Caſſina

To produce, and carry on with probability and decorum, a ſeries of events, is the moſt difficult work of invention; and if we were minutely to examine the popular ſtories of every nation, we ſhould be amazed to find how few circumſtances have been ever invented. Facts and events have been indeed varied and modified, but totally new ones have not been created. The writers of the old romances, from whom Arioſto and Spencer have borrowed ſo largely, are ſuppoſed to have had copious imaginations: but may they not be indebted, for their invulnerable heroes, their monſters, their enchantments, their gardens of pleaſure, their winged ſteeds, and the like, to the Echidna, to the Circe, to the Medea, to the Achilles, to the Syrens, to the Harpies, to the Phryxus, and the Bellerophon

Caſſina of Plautus; "Indigna vero homine Chriſtiano (ſays Balzac) qui ſanctiores Muſas colit, et, in ludicris quoque, meminiſſe debet ſeveritatis." Epiſt. Select. pag. 202. I have been informed that Machiavel towards the latter part of his life grew religious, and that ſome pieces of aſcetic devotion, compoſed by him, are preſerved in the libraries of Italy. Lord Bacon ſays remarkably of Machiavel, that he teaches, quid homines facere ſoleant, non quid debeant.

of the ancients? The cave of Polypheme might furniſh out the ideas of their giants, and Andromeda might give occaſion for ſtories of diſtreſſed damſels on the point of being devoured by dragons, and delivered at ſuch a critical ſeaſon by their favourite knights. Some faint traditions of the ancients might have been kept glimmering and alive during the whole barbarous ages, as they are called; and it is not impoſſible, but theſe have been the parents of the Genii in the eaſtern, and the Fairies in the weſtern world. To ſay that Amadis and Sir Triſtan have a claſſical foundation, may at firſt ſight appear paradoxical; but if the ſubject were examined to the bottom, I am inclined to think, that the wildeſt chimeras in thoſe books of chivalry with which Don Quixote's library was furniſhed, would be found to have a cloſe connexion with ancient mythology.

We of this nation have been remarkably barren in our inventions of facts; we have been chiefly borrowers in this ſpecies of compoſition;

poſition; as the plots of our moſt applauded plays, both in tragedy and comedy, may witneſs, which have generally been taken from the novels of the Italians and Spaniards.

THE ſtory of JANUARY and MAY now before us, is of the comic kind, and the character of a fond old dotard betrayed into diſgrace by an unſuitable match, is ſupported in a lively manner. POPE has endeavoured, ſuitably to familiarize the ſtatelineſs of our heroic meaſure, in this ludicrous narrative; but after all his pains, this meaſure is not adapted to ſuch ſubjects, ſo well as the lines of four feet, or the French numbers of Fontaine *. Fontaine is, in truth, the capital and unrivalled writer of comic tales. He generally took his ſubjects from Boccaccio, † Poggius, and Arioſto; but adorned them

* It is to be lamented that Fontaine has ſo frequently tranſgreſſed the bounds of modeſty. Boileau did not look upon Fontaine as an original writer, and uſed to ſay he had borrowed both his ſtile and matter from Marot and Rabelais.

† "Poggius Florentinus in hoc numero eloquentium virorum ſingulare nomen obtinet. Scripſit de nobilitate, de avaritia,

them with ſo many natural ſtrokes, with ſuch quaintneſs in his reflections, and ſuch a dryneſs and archneſs of humour, as cannot fail to excite laughter.

OUR Prior has happily caught his manner, in many of his lighter tales; particularly in Hans Carvel, the invention of which, if its genealogy be worth tracing, is firſt due to Poggius. It is found in the hundred and thirty-third of his *Facetiæ*, where it is entitled Viſio Franciſci Philelphi; from hence Rabelais inſerted it, under another title, in his third book and twenty-eighth chapter; it was afterwards related in a book called the * HUNDRED NOVELS; Arioſto finiſhes his fifth ſatire with it; Maleſpini alſo made uſe of it; Fontaine who imagined Rabelais to be the in-

de principum infelicitate, de moribus Indorum, FACETIARUM quoque librum unum. Ab adverſariis exagitatus orationes pleraſque invectivas edidit. In epiſtolis etiam laudatur. Cyropædiam, quam Xenophon ille ſcripſit, latinam reddidit, atque Alphonſo regi dedicavit, pro qua a rege magnam mercedem accepit." Facius de viris illuſtribus, Florentiæ, 1745.

* See Menagiana, Vol. I. p. 368.

ventor

ventor of it, was the ſixth author who delivered it, as our Prior was the laſt; and perhaps not the leaſt ſpirited.

RABELAIS was not the inventor of many of the burleſque tales he introduced into his principal ſtory; the fineſt touches of which, it is to be feared, have undergone the uſual and unavoidable fate of ſatirical writings, that is, not to be taſted or underſtood, when the characters, the facts and the follies they ſtigmatize, are periſhed and unknown. Gulliver in the next century, will be as obſcure as Garagantua; and Hudibras and the ſatire Menippe cannot be read, without voluminous commentaries.

THE WIFE OF BATH, is the other piece of Chaucer which POPE ſelected to imitate: One cannot but wonder at his choice, which perhaps nothing but his youth could excuſe. Dryden, who is known not to be nicely ſcrupulous, informs us that he would not verſify it on account of its indecency.

indecency. POPE however has omitted or ſoftened the groſſer and more offenſive paſſages. Chaucer afforded him many ſubjects of a more ſerious and ſublime ſpecies; and it were to be wiſhed, POPE had exerciſed his pencil on the pathetic ſtory of the patience of Griſilda, or Troilus and Creſſida, or the complaint of the black knight; or, above all, on Cambuſcan and Canace. From the accidental circumſtance of Dryden and POPE's having copied the gay and ludicrous parts of Chaucer, the common notion ſeems to have ariſen, that Chaucer's vein of poetry was chiefly turned to the light and the ridiculous *. In a word, they who look into Chaucer, will ſoon be convinced of this prevailing prejudice, and will find his comic vein to be only like one of mercury, imperceptibly mingled with a mine of gold.

* Cowley is ſaid to have deſpiſed Chaucer. I am not ſurprized at this ſtrange judgment. Cowley was indiſputably a Genius, but his taſte was perverted and narrowed by a love of witticiſms.

CHAUCER is ſtill more highly magnified by Dryden, in the ſpirited and pleaſing preface to his Fables; for his prefaces, after all, are very pleaſing, notwithſtanding the oppoſite opinions they contain, becauſe his proſe is the moſt numerous and ſweet, the moſt *mellow* and *generous*, of any our language has yet produced. His digreſſions and ramblings, which he himſelf ſays he learned of honeſt Montaigne, are intereſting and amuſing. In this preface is a paſſage worth particular notice, not only for the juſtneſs of the criticiſm, but becauſe it contains a cenſure of *Cowley*. "Chaucer is a perpetual fountain of good ſenſe; learned in all ſciences; and therefore ſpeaks properly on all ſubjects: As he knew what to ſay, ſo he alſo knows where to leave off; a continence, which is practiſed by few writers, and ſcarcely by any of the ancients, excepting Virgil and Horace. *One of our late* great poets is ſunk in his reputation, becauſe he could never forgive any *Conceit* that came in his way; but ſwept, like a drag-net,

great and ſmall. There was plenty enough, but the diſhes were ill-ſorted; whole pyramids of ſweet-meats for boys and women; but little of ſolid meat, for men. All this proceeded not from any want of knowledge, but of judgment; neither did he want that, in diſcerning the beauties and faults of other poets; but only indulged himſelf in the luxury of writing; and perhaps knew it was a fault, but hoped the reader would not find it. For this reaſon, though he muſt always be thought a great poet, he is no longer eſteemed a good writer; and for ten impreſſions which his works have had in ſo many ſucceſſive years, yet at preſent a hundred books are ſcarcely purchaſed once a twelvemonth." It is a circumſtance of literary hiſtory worth mentioning, that Chaucer was more than 60 years old when he wrote Palamon and Arcite, as we know Dryden was 70, when he verſified it. The lines of POPE, in the piece before us, are ſpirited and eaſy, and have, properly enough, a free colloquial air. One paſſage,

I cannot

I cannot forbear quoting, as it acquaints us with the writers who were popular in the time of Chaucer. The jocoſe old woman ſays, that her huſband frequently read to her out of a volume that contained,

> Valerius whole: and of Saint Jerome part;
> Chryſippus, and Tertullian, Ovid's art,
> Solomon's proverbs, Eloiſa's loves;
> With many more than ſure the church approves *.

Pope has omitted a ſtroke of humour; for in the original, ſhe naturally miſtakes the rank and age of St. Jerome: the lines muſt be tranſcribed.

> Yclepid Valerie and Theophraſt,
> At which boke he lough alwey full faſt;
> And eke there was a clerk ſometime in Rome,
> A cardinal, that hightin St. Jerome,
> That made a boke agenſt Jovinian,
> In which boke there was eke Tertullian,
> Chryſippus, Trotula, and Helowis,
> That was an Abbeſs not ferr fro Paris.

* Ver. 359.

And eke the Parables of Solomon,
Ovid' is art, and bokis many a one *.

In the library which Charles V. founded in France about the year thirteen hundred and ſeventy ſix, among many books of devotion, aſtrology, chemiſtry and romance, there was not one copy of Tully to be found, and no Latin poet but Ovid, Lucan and Boethius; ſome French tranſlations of Livy, Valerius Maximus, and St. Auſtin's City of God. He placed theſe in one of the towers of the old Louvre, which was called the tower of the library. This was the foundation of the preſent magnificent royal library at Paris.

The tale to which this is the Prologue, has been verſified by Dryden; and is ſuppoſed to have been of Chaucer's own contrivance: as is alſo the elegant Vision of *the flower and the leaf*, which has received new graces from the ſpirited and harmonious Dryden. It is

* Ver. 671.

to

to his fables, though wrote in his old age *, that Dryden will owe his immortality, and among them, particularly, to Palamon and Arcite, Sigiſmunda and Guiſcardo, Theodore and Honoria; and to his muſic ode. The warmth and melody of theſe pieces, has never been excelled in our language, I mean in rhyme. As general and unexemplified criticiſm is always uſeleſs and abſurd, I muſt beg leave to ſelect a few paſſages from theſe three poems, and the reader muſt not think any obſervations on the character of Dryden, the conſtant pattern of POPE, unconnected with the main ſubject of this work. The picture of Arcite in the abſence of Emilia, is highly expreſſive of the deepeſt diſtreſs, and a compleat image of anguiſh.

He rav'd with all the madneſs of deſpair,
He roar'd, he beat his breaſt, he tore his hair.

* The falling off of his hair, ſaid a man of wit, had no other conſequence, than to make his laurels to be ſeen the more. A perſon who tranſlated ſome pieces after Dryden uſed to ſay,

——— Experto credite, quantus
In clypeum aſſurgat, quo turbine torqueat haſtam.

Crebillon was ninety when he brought his Catiline on the ſtage.

Dry ſorrow in his ſtupid eyes appears,
For wanting nouriſhment, he wanted tears:
His eye-balls in their hollow ſockets ſink,
Bereft of ſleep he loaths his meat and drink;
He withers at his heart, and looks as wan,
As the pale ſpectre of a murder'd man *.

THE image of the Suicide is equally picturesque and pathetic.

The ſlayer of himſelf yet ſaw I there
The gore congeal'd was clotted in his hair:
With eyes half-clos'd and gaping mouth he lay,
And grim, as when he breath'd his ſullen ſoul away.

This reminds me of that forcible deſcription in a writer whoſe fancy was eminently ſtrong. "Catilina vero, longe a ſuis, inter hoſtium ca-"davera repertus eſt, paululum etiam ſpirans; "ferociamque animi, quam habuerat vivus, in "vultu retinens." Nor muſt I omit that affecting image in Spenſer, who ever excels in the pathetic,

And him beſides there lay upon the graſs
A dreary corſe, whoſe life away did paſs,

* Palamon and Arcite, Book I.

All

All wallow'd in his own, yet lukewarm, blood,
That from his wound yet welled freſh, alas;
In which a ruſty knife faſt fixed ſtood,
And made an open paſſage for the guſhing flood *.

When Palamon perceived his rival had eſcaped,

— He ſtares, he ſtamps the ground;
The hollow tow'r with clamour rings around:
With briny tears he bath'd his fetter'd feet,
And dropp'd all o'er with agony of ſweat.

Nor are the feelings of Palamon leſs ſtrongly impreſſed on the reader, where he ſays,

The rage of Jealouſy then fir'd his ſoul,
And his face kindled like a burning coal:
Now cold deſpair ſucceeding in her ſtead,
To livid paleneſs turn'd the glowing red †.

If we paſs on from deſcriptions of perſons to thoſe of things, we ſhall find this poem

* Fairy Queen, Book I. Canto 9. Stanza 36.

† Theſe paſſages are chiefly of the pathetic ſort; for which Dryden in his tragedies is far from being remarkable. But it is not unuſual for the ſame perſon to ſucceed in deſcribing externally a diſtreſsful character, who may miſerably fail in putting proper words in the mouth of ſuch a character. In a word, ſo much more difficult is DRAMATIC than DESCRIPTIVE poetry!

equally

equally excellent. The temple of Mars, is ſituated with propriety, in a country deſolate and joyleſs; all around it,

The landſcape was a foreſt wide and bare;
Where neither beaſt nor human kind repair;
The fowl, that ſcent afar, the borders fly,
And ſhun the bitter blaſt, and wheel about the ſky.
A cake of ſcurf lies baking on the ground,
And prickly ſtubs inſtead of trees are found.

The temple itſelf is nobly and magnificently ſtudied; and, at the ſame time, adapted to to the furious nature of the God to whom it belonged; and carries with it a barbarous and tremendous idea.

The frame of burniſh'd ſteel that caſt a glare
From far, and ſeem'd to thaw the freezing air.
A ſtrait long entry to the temple led,
Blind with high walls and horror over-head:
Thence iſſued ſuch a blaſt and hollow roar,
As threaten'd from the hinge to heave the door,
In through the door a northern light there ſhone,
'Twas all it had, for windows there were none.
The gate of adamant, eternal frame,
Which hew'd by Mars himſelf from Indian quarries came.

This

This ſcene of terror is judiciouſly contraſted by the pleaſing and joyous imagery of the temples of Venus and Diana. The figure of the laſt goddeſs, is a deſign fit for GUIDO to execute.

> The graceful Goddeſs was array'd in green;
> About her feet were little beagles ſeen,
> That watch'd with UPWARD eyes the motions of their queen.

But above all, the whole deſcription of the entering the liſts *, and of the enſuing combat, which is told at length, in the middle of the third book, is marvellouſly ſpirited; and ſo lively, as to make us ſpectators of that intereſting and magnificent tournament. Even the abſurdity of feigning ancient heroes, ſuch as Theſeus and Lycurgus, preſent at the liſts and a modern combat, is overwhelmed and obliterated amidſt the blaze, the pomp, and the profuſion of ſuch animated poetry. Fri-

* The reader is deſired all along to remember, that the firſt delineation of all theſe images is in Chaucer, and it might be worth examining how much Dryden has added purely from his own ſtock

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gid and phlegmatic muſt be the critic, who could have leiſure dully and ſoberly to attend to the anachroniſm on ſo ſtriking an occaſion. The mind is whirled away by a torrent of rapid imagery, and propriety is forgot.

THE tale of Sigiſmonda and Guiſcardo is heightened with many new and affecting touches by Dryden. I ſhall ſelect only the following picture of Sigiſmonda, as it has the ſame attitude in which ſhe appears in a famous piece of CORREGGIO.

> Mute, ſolemn ſorrow, free from female noiſe,
> Such as the Majeſty of grief deſtroys:
> For bending o'er the cup, the tears ſhe ſhed
> Seem'd by the poſture to diſcharge her head,
> O'erfill'd before; and oft (her mouth apply'd
> To the cold heart) ſhe kiſs'd at once and cry'd.

There is an incomparable wildneſs in the viſion of Theodore and Honoria *, that repre-

* This is one of Boccace's moſt ſerious ſtories. "It is a curious thing to ſee at the head of an edition of Boccace's tales, printed at Florence in 1573, a privilege of Gregory XIII. who ſays, that in this he follows the ſteps of Pius V. his predeceſſor, of bleſſed memory, and which threatens with ſevere

ſents the furious ſpectre of "the horſeman ghoſt that came thundering for his prey," and of the gaunt maſtiffs that tore the ſides of the ſhrieking damſel he purſued; which is a ſubject worthy the pencil of Spagnoletti, as it partakes of that ſavageneſs which is ſo ſtriking to the imagination. I ſhall confine myſelf to point out only two paſſages, which relate the two appearances of this formidable figure: and I place them laſt, as I think them the moſt lofty of any part of Dryden's works.

> Whilſt liſt'ning to the murm'ring leaves he ſtood,
> More than a mile immers'd within the wood,
> At once the wind was laid—the whiſp'ring ſound
> Was dumb—a riſing earthquake rock'd the ground:
> With deeper brown the grove was overſpread,
> And his ears tingled, and his colour fled.

The ſenſations of a man upon the approach of ſome ſtrange and ſupernatural danger, can ſcarcely be repreſented more feelingly. All

ſevere puniſhments all thoſe, who ſhall dare to give any diſturbance to thoſe bookſellers to whom this privilege is granted. There is alſo a decree of the inquiſition in favour of this edition, in which the holy father cauſed ſome alterations to be made." LONGUERUANA, Tom. II. p. 62. a Berlin, 1754.

nature is thus ſaid to ſympathize at the ſecond appearance of

— — The felon on his ſable ſteed
Arm'd with his naked ſword that urg'd his dogs to ſpeed.

Thus it runs——

The fiend's alarm began; the hollow ſound
Sung in the leaves, the foreſt ſhook around,
Air blacken'd, roll'd the thunder, groan'd the ground.

But to conclude this digreſſion on Dryden. It muſt be owned, that his ode on the power of muſic, which is the chief ornament of this volume, is the moſt unrivalled of his compoſitions. By that ſtrange fatality which ſeems to diſqualify authors from judging of their own works, he does not appear to have valued this piece, becauſe he totally omits it in the enumeration and criticiſm he has given, of the reſt, in his preface to the volume. I ſhall add nothing to what I have already ſaid on this ſubject *; but only tell the occaſion and manner of his writing it. Mr. St. John, after-

* Vol. I. pag. 50.

wards

wards Lord Bolingbroke, happening to pay a morning viſit to Dryden, whom he always reſpected *, found him in an unuſual agitation of ſpirits, even to a trembling. On enquiring the cauſe, "I have been up all night, replied the old bard; my muſical friends made me promiſe to write them an ode for their feaſt of St. Cæcilia: I have been ſo ſtruck with the ſubject which occurred to me, that I could not leave it till I had completed it; here it is, finiſhed at one ſitting." And immediately he ſhewed him this ode, which places the Britiſh lyric poetry above that of any other nation. This anecdote, as true as it is curious, was imparted by lord Bolingbroke to POPE, by POPE to Mr. Gilbert Weſt, by him to the ingenious friend who communicated it to me *. The rapidity, and yet the perſpi-

* See his verſes to Dryden, prefixed to the tranſlation of Virgil. Lord Bolingbroke aſſured POPE, that Dryden often declared to him, that he got more from the Spaniſh critics alone, than from the Italian, French, and all other critics put together. This appears ſtrange. Lord Bolingbroke learned Spaniſh in leſs than three weeks.

† Richard Berenger, Eſq;

cuity of the thoughts, the glow and the expreſſiveneſs of the images, thoſe certain marks of the firſt ſketch of a maſter, conſpire to corroborate the truth of the fact.

THE TRANSLATION of the *firſt book of Statius*, is the next piece that belongs to this Section. It was in his childhood only, that he could make choice of ſo injudicious a writer. It were to be wiſhed that no youth of genius were ſuffered ever to look into Statius *, Lucan, Claudian, or Seneca the tragedian; authors, who by their forced conceits, by their violent metaphors, by their ſwelling epithets, by their want of a juſt decorum, have a ſtrong tendency to dazzle, and to miſlead inexperienced minds, and taſtes unformed, from the true reliſh of poſſibility, propriety, ſimplicity and nature. Statius had undoubt-

* Writers of this ſtamp are always on the ſtretch. They diſdain the natural. They are perpetually graſping at the vaſt, the wonderful, and the terrible. "Καν ἑκαστον αυτων προς αιγας ανασκοπης, εκ τυ φοβερυ κατ' ολιγον ὑπονοστει προς το ευκαταφρονητον.—Κακοι δε ογκοι, και επι σωματων και λογων, οι χαυνοι και αναληθεις, και μηποτε πειρωντες ὑμας εις τουναντιον ἐδειν γαρ. φασι, ξηροτερον ἁμαρτειν." Longinus, περι ὑψους τμ. γ. Sect. iii.

edly

edly invention, ability and ſpirit; but his images are gigantic and outrageous, and his ſentiments tortured and hyperbolical. It can hardly, I think, be doubted, but that Juvenal intended a ſevere ſatire on him, in theſe well known lines which have been commonly interpreted as a panegyric.

> Curritur ad vocem *jucundam* et carmen *amicæ*
> Thebaidos, *lætam* fecit cum Statius *urbem*,
> *Promiſitque diem*; tanta *dulcedine captos*
> Afficit ille animos, *tantaque libidine vulgi*
> Auditur: ſed, cum *fregit ſubſellia* verſu,
> Eſurit.———

In theſe verſes are many expreſſions, here marked with italics, which ſeem to hint obliquely, that Statius was the favourite poet of the vulgar, who were eaſily captivated with a wild and inartificial tale, and with an empty magnificence of numbers; the noiſy roughneſs of which, may be particularly alluded to in the expreſſion, *fregit ſubſellia verſu.* One cannot forbear reflecting on the ſhort duration of a true taſte in poetry, among the Romans.

From

From the time of Lucretius, to that of Statius, was no more than about one hundred and forty-ſeven years; and if I might venture to pronounce ſo rigorous a ſentence, I would ſay, that the Romans can boaſt of but eight poets who are unexceptionably excellent; namely, TERENCE, LUCRETIUS, CATULLUS, VIRGIL, HORACE, TIBULLUS, PROPERTIUS, PHÆDRUS. Theſe only can be called legitimate models of juſt thinking and writing. Succeeding authors, as it happens in all countries, reſolving to be original and new, and to avoid the imputation of copying, became diſtorted and unnatural: by endeavouring to open a new path, they deſerted ſimplicity and truth; weary of common and obvious beauties, they muſt needs hunt for remote and artificial decorations. Thus was it that the age of Demetrius Phalerëus ſucceeded that of Demoſthenes, and the falſe reliſh of Tiberius's court, the chaſte one of Auguſtus. Among the various cauſes however that have been aſſigned, why poetry and the arts have more eminently flouriſhed in ſome particular ages and nations,

than

than in others, few have been ſatisfactory and adequate. What ſolid reaſon can we give why the Romans, who ſo happily imitated the Greeks in many reſpects, and breathed a truly tragic ſpirit, could yet never excel in tragedy, though ſo fond of theatrical ſpectacles? Or why the Greeks, ſo fruitful in every ſpecies of poetry, yet never produced but one great epic poet? While on the other hand, modern Italy, can ſhew two or three illuſtrious epic writers, yet has no Sophocles, Euripides, or Menander. And France, without having formed a ſingle Epopëa, has carried dramatic poetry to ſo high a pitch of perfection in Corneille, Racine, and Moliere.

For a confirmation of the foregoing remark on Statius, and for a proof of the ſtrength and ſpirit of Pope's tranſlation, I ſhall ſelect the following paſſage.

He ſends a monſter horrible and fell,
Begot by furies in the depth of hell.
The peſt a virgin's face and boſom wears;
High on a crown a riſing ſnake appears,
Guards her black front, and hiſſes in her hairs:

About

About the realm ſhe walks her dreadful round
When night with ſable wings o'erſpreads the ground;
Devours young babes before their parent's eyes,
And feeds and thrives on public miſeries *.

Oedipus, in Statius, behaves with the fury of a bluſtering bully; in Sophocles †, with that patient ſubmiſſion, and pathetic remorſe, which are ſuited to his lamentable condition.

Art thou a father, unregarding Jove!
And ſleeps thy thunder in the realms above?
Thou, fury, then, ſome laſting curſe entail,
Which o'er their children's children ſhall prevail;
Place on their heads that crown diſtain'd with gore,
Which theſe dire hands from my ſlain father tore ‡.

Ovid is alſo another writer of a bad taſte, on whom Pope employed ſome of his youthful hours; in tranſlating the ſtories of Dryope, and Pomona. Were it not for the uſeful my-

* B. I. ver. 701.

† See his addreſs to the furies in the Œdipus Coloneus of Sophocles, beginning at the words, Ω ποτνιαι δειναπες, at verſe 85, down to verſe 117. And afterwards, when he becomes more particularly acquainted with the unnatural cruelty of his ſons, yet his reſentment is more temperate. See verſe 433 down to verſe 472, of the ſame tragedy.

thological

thological knowledge they contain, the works of Ovid ought not to be ſo diligently read. The puerilities and affectations with which they abound, are too well known to be here inſiſted on. I chuſe rather to account for Ovid's falling into ſo blameable a ſpecies of writing, in the words of a ſenſible critic*; who

* Franciſci Vavaſſoris de Epigrammate Liber. Pariſiis 1672. Pag. 47, edit. 8vo.

About this time it became faſhionable among the wits at Button's, the mob of gentlemen that wrote with eaſe, to tranſlate Ovid. Their united performances were publiſhed in form by Garth, with a preface written in a flowing and lively ſtyle, but full of ſtrange opinions. He declares, that none of the claſſic poets had the talent of expreſſing himſelf with more force and perſpicuity than Ovid; that the Fiat of the Hebrew law-giver is not more ſublime than the Juſſit et extendi campos, of the latin poet; that he excels in the propriety of his ſimiles and epithets, the perſpicuity of his allegories, and the inſtructive excellence of his morals. Above all, he commends him for his unforced tranſitions, and for the eaſe with which he ſlides into ſome new circumſtance, without any violation of the unity of the ſtory; the texture, ſays he, is ſo artful that it may be compared to the work of his own Arachne, where the ſhade dies ſo gradually, and the light revives ſo imperceptibly, that it is hard to tell where the one ceaſes and the other begins. But it is remarkable that Quintilian thought very differently on this ſubject, and the admirers of Ovid would do well to conſider his opinion. "Illa vero frigida et puerilis eſt in ſcholis affectatio, ut ipſe tranſitus efficiat aliquam utique ſententiam, et hujus velut præſtigiæ plauſum petat:

after he has cenſured, what he calls, the *pigmenta*, the *laſcivias*, and *aucupia ſermonum* of PATERCULUS, of VALERIUS MAXIMUS, of PLINY the naturaliſt, and PLINY the conſul, of FLORUS, and TACITUS, proceeds as follows: "Apud Ovidium, cum in Heroidum epiſtolis, tum vero præcipue in libris Metamorphoſeon, deprehendunt qui iſta curant, multa ſolerter et acute dicta. Sed advertit nemo, quod ſciam, unde exorta hæc ei præter cæteros libido, et quæ cauſa feſtivitatis novæ, et prioribus inuſitatæ poetis, eſſe potuerit. Natus Ovidius eodem, quo Cicero mortuus, anno, in hæc incidit tempora, ut ita dicam, declamatoria, hoc eſt, ea, quibus inductus primum eſt, et valere cæpit, et in honore eſſe, ſtrictior is habitus et comptior ſcrip-

petat: ut Ovidius laſcivire in Metamorphoſi ſolet, quem tamen excuſare neceſſitas poteſt, res diverſiſſimas in ſpeciem unius corporis colligentem." Garth was a moſt amiable, and benevolent man. It was ſaid of him, that "no Phyſician knew his Art more, nor his Trade leſs." Pope told Mr. Richardſon, "that there was hardly an alteration, of the innumerable, that were made throughout every edition of the Diſpenſary, that was not for the better." The vivacity of his converſation made him an univerſal favourite both with Whigs and Tories, when party-rage ran high.

turæ

turæ; ubi color ſententiarum, plurimi ac denſi ſenſus, et qui cum quodam lumine termina-rentur, non tarda nec inerti ſtructura. Sic enim nove loqui cæptum eſt de novo genere loquendi. Itaque ejus adoleſcentia iis maxime ſtudiis ac diſciplinis declamitandi traducta, exercitaque tunc, cum Portio Latroni et Arellio Fuſco rhetoribus daret operam, cumque ſeſe non ad forum, a quo laboris fuga abhorrebat, ſed ad poeticam, in quam erat natura propenſior, contuliſſet: detulit una ſecum figuram hanc et formam ſermonis, cui aſſueverat aliquandiu, et inſtitutum jam oratione ſoluta morem retinuit in verſibus."

We are now advanced, through many digreſſions, that I would hope are not wholly impertinent, to Pope's Imitations *of Seven Engliſh Poets*, ſome of which were done at fourteen or fifteen years old. His early bent to poetry has been already taken notice of in the firſt volume *, to which the following anecdote muſt be added, which I lately re-

* Pag. 77.

ceived from one of his intimate friends. "I wrote things, ſaid POPE, I am aſhamed to ſay how ſoon; part of my epic poem ALCANDER, when about twelve. The ſcene of it lay at Rhodes, and ſome of the neighbouring iſlands; and the poem opened under the water, with a deſcription of the court of Neptune. That couplet on the circulation of the blood, which I afterwards inſerted in the Dunciad,

"As man's meanders, to the vital ſpring
"Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring,

was originally in this poem, word for word."

THE firſt of theſe Imitations is of Chaucer; as it paints neither characters nor manners like his original, as it is the only piece of our author's works that is looſe and indecent, and as therefore I wiſh it had been omitted in the preſent edition, I ſhall ſpeak no more of it.

THE Imitation of Spenſer is the ſecond; it is a deſcription of an alley of fiſhwomen. He that was unacquainted with Spenſer, and

was

was to form his ideas of the turn and manner of his genius from this piece, would undoubtedly ſuppoſe that he abounded in filthy images, and excelled in deſcribing the lower ſcenes of life. But the characteriſtics of this ſweet and amiable allegorical poet, are, not only ſtrong and circumſtantial imagery, but tender and pathetic feeling, a moſt melodious flow of verſification, and a certain pleaſing melancholy in his ſentiments, the conſtant companion of an elegant taſte, that caſts a delicacy and grace over all his compoſitions. To imitate Spenſer on a ſubject that does not hold of the pathos, is not giving a true repreſentation of him, for he ſeems to be more awake and alive to all the ſoftneſſes of nature, than almoſt any writer I can recollect. There is an aſſemblage of diſguſting and diſagreeable ſounds, in the following ſtanza of POPE, which one is almoſt tempted to think, if it were poſſible, had been contrived as a contraſt, or rather burleſque, of a moſt exquiſite ſtanza in the FAERY QUEEN.

The ſnappiſh cur, (the paſſengers annoy)
Cloſe at my heel with yelping treble flies;
The whimp'ring girl, and hoarſer-ſcreaming boy,
Join to the yelping treble, ſhrilling cries;
The ſcolding quean to louder notes doth riſe,
And her full pipes thoſe ſhrilling cries confound;
To her full pipes the grunting hog replies;
The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,
And curs, girls, boys, in the deep baſe are drown'd.

The very turn of theſe numbers, have the cloſeſt reſemblance with the following, which are of themſelves a complete concert of the moſt delicious muſic.

The joyous birds ſhrouded in chearful ſhade,
Their notes unto the voice attempred ſweet;
Th' angelical, ſoft trembling voices made
To th' inſtruments divine reſpondence meet;
The ſilver-ſounding inſtruments did meet
With the baſe murmure of the water's fall;
The water's fall with difference diſcreet,
Now ſoft, now loud unto the wind did call;
The gentle-warbling wind low anſwered to all *.

Theſe images, one would have thought, were peculiarly calculated to have ſtruck the fancy

* Book II. Canto 12. Stanza 71.

of

of our young imitator with ſo much admiration, as not to have ſuffered him to make a kind of traveſty of them.

The next ſtanza of POPE repreſents ſome allegorical figures, of which his original was ſo fond.

> Hard by a ſty, beneath a roof of thatch
> Dwelt OBLOQUY, who in her early days,
> Baſkets of fiſh at Billinſgate did watch,
> Cod, whiting, oyſter, mackarel, ſprat or plaice:
> There learn'd ſhe ſpeech from tongues that never ceaſe.
> SLANDER beſide her, like a magpie chatters,
> With ENVY (ſpitting cat) dread foe to peace;
> Like a curs'd cur, MALICE before her clatters,
> And vexing every wight, tears cloaths and all to tatters.

But theſe perſonages of Obloquy, Slander, Envy and Malice, are not marked with any diſtinct attributes, they are not thoſe living figures *, whoſe attitudes and behaviour Spenſer

* Mr. Hume is of opinion, that the peruſal of Spenſer becomes tedious to almoſt all his readers. "This effect, ſays he, [Hiſtory of England, pag. 738.] of which every one is conſcious, is uſually aſcribed to the change of manners; but manners have more changed ſince Homer's age, and yet that poet remains

has minutely drawn with ſo much clearneſs and truth, that we behold them with our eyes, as plainly as we do on the cieling of the banquetting-houſe. For in truth the pencil of Spenſer is as powerful as that of Rubens, his brother allegoriſt; which two artiſts reſembled each other in many reſpects, but Spenſer had more grace, and was as warm a colouriſt. Among a multitude of objects delineated with the utmoſt force *, which we might ſelect

remains ſtill the favourite of every reader of taſte and judgment. Homer copied true natural manners, which, however rough and uncultivated, will always form an agreeable and pleaſing picture; but the pencil of the Engliſh poet was employed in drawing the affectations, and conceits, and fopperies of chivalry, which appear ridiculous as ſoon as they loſe the recommendation of the mode."

* Whence it came to paſs that Spenſer did not give his poem the due ſimplicity, coherence and unity of a legitimate Epopea, the reader may find in Mr. Hurd's entertaining letter to Mr. Maſon, on the Marks of imitation, pag. 19, and in Obſervations on the Faery Queen, pag. 2, 3, 4. "How happened it, ſays Mr. Hurd, that Sir Philip Sydney in his Arcadia, and afterwards Spenſer in his Faery Queen, obſerved ſo unnatural a conduct in thoſe works; in which the ſtory proceeds as it were by ſnatches, and with continual interruptions? How was the good ſenſe of thoſe writers, ſo converſant beſides in the beſt models of antiquity, ſeduced into

on this occaſion, let us ſtop a moment and take one attentive look at the allegorical figures that riſe to our view in the following lines;

By that way's ſide there ſate infernal Pain,
And faſt beſide him ſat tumultuous Striſe;
The one, in hand an iron whip did ſtrain,
The other brandiſhed a bloody knife,
And both did gnaſh their teeth, and both did threaten life *.

22.

But gnawing Jealouſie, out of their ſight
Sitting alone his bitter lips did bite;

this prepoſterous method? The anſwer, no doubt is, that they were copying the deſign, or diſorder rather of Arioſto, the favourite poet of that time."

A defence of Arioſto was lately publiſhed in Lettere Familiari e Critiche de Vincenzo Martinelli, two of which are addreſſed to lord Charlemont on this ſubject, pag. 290. Something curious on this head may be found in a remarkable letter of Bernardo Taſſo, the father of Torquato, in which there is this paſſage. " Ne ſò io s'Ariſtotele naſceſſe a queſta età, et vedeſſe il vaghiſſimo poema dell'Arioſto, conoſcendo la forza de l'uſo, et vedendo che tanto diletta, come l'eſperienza ci dimonſtra, mutaſſe opinione, et conſentiſſe che ſi poteſſe far poema heroico di piu attione: Con la ſua mirabil dottrina, et giudicio, dandogli nova norma, et preſcrivuendogli novi leggi."

Lettere di XIII. Huomini Illuſtri da Tomaſo Porcacchi. In Venetia, 1584. Libro XVII. pag. 422.

* Book II. c. 7. 21.

And trembling Feare ſtill to and fro did flie,
And found no place where ſafe he ſhroud him might.
Lamenting Sorrow did in darkneſſe lie,
And Shame his ugly face did hide from living eye.

To ſhew the richneſs of his fancy, he has given us another picture of Jealouſy, conceived with equal ſtrength in a ſucceeding book *.

Into that cave he creepes, and thenceforth there
Reſolv'd to build his baleful manſion
In dreary darkneſs, and continual feare
Of that rock's fall; which ever and anon
Threats with huge ruin him to fall upon,
That he dare never ſleep, but that one eye
Still ope he keeps for that occaſion;
Ne ever reſts he in tranquillity,
The roaring billows beat his bowre ſo boiſterouſly †.

Here all is in life and motion; here we behold the true Poet or MAKER; this is crea-

* Lord Somers was paſſionately fond of the Fairy Queen; it was his favourite work; in the laſt picture which he ſate for to Sir Godfrey Kneller, he deſired to be painted with a Spenſer in his hand. I was informed of this circumſtance by the Somers of the preſent age; I mean by a perſon who unites a profound knowledge of the laws and conſtitution of his country, with the trueſt taſte of polite literature.——Need I, after this, mention the Speaker of the Houſe of Commons?

† Book iii. c. 11.

tion;

tion; it is here, "might we cry out to Spenſer," it is here that you diſplay to us, that you make us feel the ſure effects of genuine poetry, ὁταν ἀ λεγῃς, ὑπ ενθυσιασμυ και παθυς βλεπειν δοκῃς, και ὑπ' οψιν τιθῃς τοις ακυυσιν. Longinus *.

It has been faſhionable of late to imitate Spenſer, but the likeneſs of moſt of theſe copies, hath conſiſted rather in uſing a few of his ancient expreſſions, than in catching his real manner. Some however have been executed with happineſs, and with attention to that ſimplicity, that tenderneſs of ſentiment, and thoſe little touches of nature, that conſtitute Spenſer's character. I have a peculiar pleaſure in mentioning two of them, † The School-mistress, by Mr. Shenſtone, and the Education of Achilles, by Mr. Bedingfield. To theſe muſt be added that exquiſite piece of wild and romantic imagery, Thompſon's Caſtle of Indolence; the firſt

* Περι υψ. Sect. 15.

† Dodſley's Miſcellanies, Vol. I. pag. 247, and Vol. III. pag. 119.

canto of which in particular, is marvellouſly pleaſing, and the ſtanzas have a greater flow and freedom than his blank-verſe.

POPE has * imitated WALLER in the third place, and has done it with elegance, eſpecially in the verſes on a fan of his own deſign, for he deſigned with dexterity and taſte. The application of the ſtory of Cephalus and Procris is as ingenious as Waller's Phœbus and Daphne. Waller abounds, perhaps to exceſs, in alluſions to mythology and the ancient claſſics. The French, as may be imagined, complain that he is too learned for the ladies. The following twelve lines contain three alluſions, delicate indeed, but ſome may deem them to be too far-fetched, too much crouded, and not obvious to the Lady to whom they were addreſſed, on her ſinging a ſong of his compoſing.

* Speaking of his imitations, POPE ſaid to a friend, "I had once a deſign of giving a taſte of all the Greek poets; I would have tranſlated a hymn of Homer, an ode of Pindar, an idyllium of Theocritus, &c. ſo that I would have exhibited a general view of their poeſie, throughout its different ages."

That

Chloris, yourſelf you ſo excell,
When you vouchſafe to breathe my thought,
That like a ſpirit with this ſpell
Of my own teaching I am caught.
That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which on the ſhaft that made him die,
Eſpy'd a feather of his own
Wherewith he wont to ſoar ſo high.
Had Echo with ſo ſweet a grace,
Narciſſus' loud complaints return'd,
Not for reflexion of his face,
But of his voice, the boy had burn'd.

Here * is matter enough compreſſed together for Voiture to have ſpun out into fifty lines. If I was to name my favorite among Waller's ſmaller pieces, it ſhould be his apology for having loved before. He begins by ſaying that "they who never had been uſed to the ſurpriſing juice of the grape, render up their reaſon to the firſt delicious cup:" this is ſufficiently gallant, but what he adds has much of the ſublime, and is like a thought of Milton's.

* Spenſer and Waller were POPE's great favourites, in the order they are named, in his early reading.

To man that was i' th' evening made,
Stars gave the firſt delight;
Admiring in the gloomy ſhade,
Thoſe little drops of light.
Then at Aurora, whoſe fair hand
Remov'd them from the ſkies,
He gazing tow'rds the Eaſt did ſtand,
She entertain'd his eyes.
But when the bright ſun did appear,
All thoſe he 'gan deſpiſe;
His wonder was determin'd there,
And could no higher riſe.

Which of the French writers has produced any thing at once ſo gallant and ſo loſty? The Engliſh verſification was much ſmoothed by Waller; who uſed to own that he derived the harmony of his numbers from Fairfax's Taſſo, who well-vowelled his lines, though Sandys was a melodious verſifier, and Spenſer has perhaps more variety of muſic than either of them. A poet who addreſſes his pieces to

* "Even little poems, ſaid POPE, ſhould be written by a plan. This method is evident in Tibullus, and Ovid's elegies, and almoſt all the pieces of the ancients. A poem on a ſlight ſubject requires the greater care to make it conſiderable enough to be read."

living

living characters, and confines himſelf to the ſubjects of his own times, like this courtly author, bids fairer to become popular, than he that is employed in the higher ſcenes of poetry, which are more remote from common manners. It may be remarked laſtly of Waller, that there is no paſſion in his love verſes, and and that one elegy of Tibullus, excels a volume of the moſt refined panegyric.

THE next imitation is of COWLEY, in two pieces, on a garden, and on weeping, in which POPE has properly enough, in conformity to his original, extorted ſome moral, or darted forth ſome witticiſm on every object he mentions: It is not enough to ſay that the laurels ſheltered the fountains from the heat of the day, but this idea muſt be accompanied with a conceit.

—— Daphne, now a tree, as once a maid,
Still from Apollo vindicates her ſhade.

The flowers that grow on the water-ſide could not be ſufficiently deſcribed without ſaying, that

> The pale Narciſſus on the bank, in vain,
> Transformed, gazes on himſelf again.

In the lines on a lady weeping, you might expect a touching picture of beauty in diſtreſs; you will be diſappointed. Wit on the preſent occaſion is to be preferred to tenderneſs; The babe in her eye is ſaid to reſemble Phaeton ſo much,

> That heav'n the threat'ned world to ſpare,
> Thought fit to drown him in her tears:
> Elſe might th' ambitious nymph aſpire,
> To ſet, like him, the world on fire.

Let not this ſtrained affectation of ſtriving to be witty upon all occaſions, be thought exaggerated, or a caricatura of Cowley. It is painful to cenſure a writer of ſo amiable a mind, ſuch integrity of manners, and ſuch a ſweetneſs of temper. His fancy was brilliant, ſtrong, and ſprightly; but his taſte falſe and

and unclaſſical, even though he had much learning. In his latin compoſitions, his ſix books on plants, where the ſubject might have led him to a contrary practice, he imitates Martial rather than Virgil, and has given us more Epigrams than Deſcriptions. I do not remember to have ſeen it obſerved, that Cowley had a moſt happy talent of imitating the eaſy manner of Horace's epiſtolary writings; I muſt therefore inſert a ſpecimen of this, his excellence.

Ergo iterum verſus? dices. O Vane! quid ergo
Morbum ejurafti toties, tibi qui inſidet altis,
Non evellendus, vi vel ratione, medullis?
Numne poetarum (merito dices) ut amantum
Deriſum ridere deum perjuria cenſes?
Parcius hæc, ſodes, neve inclementibus urge
Infelicem hominem dictis; nam fata trahunt me
Magna reluctantem, et velut equum in vincla minacem.
Helleborum ſumpſi, fateor, pulchreque videbar
Purgatus morbi; ſed Luna potentior herbis
Inſanire iterum jubet, et ſibi vendicat ægrum.

There is another epiſtle alſo, well worthy peruſal

ruſal, to his friend Mat. Clifford *, at the end of the ſame volume. POPE, in one of his imitations of Horace, has exhibited the real character of Cowley, with delicacy and candour.

> Who now reads Cowley? if he pleaſes yet,
> His moral pleaſes, not his pointed wit;
> Forgot his epic, nay Pindaric art,
> But ſtill I love the language of his heart.

His proſe works give us the moſt amiable idea both of his abilities and his heart. His Pindaric odes cannot be peruſed with common patience by a lover of antiquity. He that would ſee Pindar's manner truly imitated, may read Maſters's noble and pathetic ode on the Crucifixion; and he that wants to be convinced that theſe reflections on Cowley are not too ſevere, may read alſo his epigrammatic verſion of it.

* Settle was aſſiſted in writing the Anti-Achitophel by Clifford, and others the beſt wits of that time, who combined againſt Dryden.

† Another line likewiſe of POPE exactly characteriſes him.

The *penſive* Cowley's *moral* lay.——Vol. VI. p. 37.

His

Η ικ οραας ἁλοπορφυρον
Στιλβοντ' ω φλογι
Σιδονιης αλος, αλ-
-λ, αἱματι ϛαζομενω ———

Doſt thou not ſee thy prince in purple clad all o'er,
Not purple brought from the Sidonian ſhore?
But made at home with richer gore. COWLEY.

* Ανοιγ', ανοιγε
Πυλας σπωτων·
Και πηγας ϵλεφαρων
Λυσαι, ψιϰαζι, δυϛ γαιαν ———

Open, oh! open wide the fountains of thine eyes,
And let them call
Their ſtock of moiſture forth where e'er it lies,
For this will aſk it all.
'Twould all alas! too little be,
Though thy ſalt tears came from a ſea.

His general preface; his diſcourſe concerning Cromwell; his eſſays on liberty, on obſcurity, on agriculture, on greatneſs, and on himſelf, are full of pleaſing and virtuous ſentiments, expreſſed without any affectation, ſo that he appears to be one of the beſt proſe writers of his time.

* Compare Cowley's ode on preſenting his book to the Bodleian library, with one of Milton on the ſame ſubject, Ad Johannem Rouſeium, 1646, written in the true ſpirit of the ancient Lyrics, and an excellent imitation of Pindar. One alluſion to Euripides of whom Milton is known to have been ſo fond, I cannot omit.

COWLEY being early diſguſted with the perplexities and vanities of a court life, had a ſtrong deſire to enjoy the milder pleaſures of ſolitude and retirement; he therefore eſcaped from the tumults of London, to a little houſe at Wandſworth; but finding that place too near the metropolis, he left it for Richmond, and at laſt ſettled at Chertſey. He ſeems to have thought that the ſwains of Surry, had the innocence of thoſe of Sydney's Arcadia;

> Æternorum operum cuſtos fidelis,
> Quæſtorque gazæ nobilioris,
> Quam cui præfuit Ion,
> Clarus Erechtheides,
> Opulenta dei per templa parentis,
> Fulvoſque tripodas, doctaque Delphica,
> Ion Actea genitus Creuſa.

Nothing can more ſtrongly characterize the different manner and turn of theſe two writers, than the pieces in queſtion. It is remarkable, that Milton ends his ode with a kind of prophecy importing, that however he may be at preſent traduced, yet poſterity will applaud his works.

> At ULTIMI Nepotes,
> SERIQUE POSTERI,
> Judicia rebus ÆQUIORA forſitan
> Adhibebunt INTEGRO ſinu,
> Tum, livore ſepulto,
> Si quid MEREMUR, SERA POSTERITAS ſciet.

but

but the perverſeneſs and debauchery of his own workmen ſoon undeceived him, with whom, it is ſaid, he was ſometimes ſo far provoked, as even to be betrayed into an oath. His income was about three hundred pounds a year. Towards the latter part of his life, he ſhewed an averſion to the company of women, and would often leave the room if any happened to enter it whilſt he was preſent, but ſtill he retained a ſincere affection for Leonora. His death was occaſioned by a ſingular accident *; he paid a viſit on foot with his friend

* There is ſomething remarkable in the circumſtances that occaſioned the deaths of three others of our poets.

Otway had an intimate friend who was murdered in the ſtreet. One may gueſs at his ſorrow, who has ſo feelingly deſcribed true affection in his Venice Preſerved. He purſued the murderer on foot who fled to France, as far as Dover, where he was ſeized with a fever, occaſioned by the fatigue, which afterwards carried him to his grave in London.

Sir John Suckling was robbed by his Valet-de-Chambre; the moment he diſcovered it, he clapped on his boots in a paſſionate hurry, and perceived not a large ruſty nail that was concealed at the bottom which pierced his heel, and brought on a mortification.

Lee had been ſome time confined for lunacy, to a very low diet, but one night he eſcaped from his phyſician, and drank ſo immoderately, that he fell down in the Strand, was run over by a Hackney coach, and killed on the ſpot.

Sprat

Sprat to a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Chertſey, which they prolonged till midnight. On their return home they miſtook their way, and were obliged to paſs the whole night expoſed under a hedge, where Cowley caught a ſevere cold, attended with a fever, that terminated in his death.

THE verſes on Silence are a ſenſible imitation of the Earl of Rocheſter's on Nothing; which piece, together with his Satire on Man from Boileau, and the tenth Satire of Horace, are the only pieces of this profligate nobleman, which modeſty or common ſenſe will allow any man to read. Rocheſter had great energy in his thoughts and diction, and though the ancient ſatiriſts often uſe great liberty in their expreſſions; yet, as the ingenious hiſtorian * obſerves, "their freedom no more reſembles the licence of Rocheſter, than the nakedneſs of an Indian does that of a common proſtitute."

* Hume's Hiſtory of Great-Britain. Vol. II. pag. 434.

POPE

POPE in this imitation has diſcovered a fund of ſolid ſenſe, and juſt obſervation upon vice and folly, that are very remarkable in a perſon ſo extremely young as he was, at the time he compoſed it. I believe on a fair compariſon with Rocheſter's lines, it will be found, that although the turn of the ſatire be copied, yet it is excelled. That Rocheſter ſhould write a ſatire on Man, I am not ſurprized; it is the buſineſs of the Libertine to degrade his ſpecies, and debaſe the dignity of human nature, and thereby deſtroy the moſt efficacious incitements to lovely and laudable actions: but that a writer of Boileau's purity of manners, ſhould repreſent his kind in the dark and diſagreeable colours he has done, with all the malignity of a diſcontented HOBBIST, is a lamentable perverſion of fine talents, and is a real injury to ſociety. It is a fact worthy the attention of thoſe who ſtudy the hiſtory of learning, that the groſs licentiouſneſs and applauded debauchery of Charles the Second's court, proved almoſt as pernicious to the progreſs of polite literature and the fine arts that began

began to revive after the Grand Rebellion, as the gloomy ſuperſtition, the abſurd cant, and formal hypocriſy that diſgraced this nation, during the uſurpation of Cromwell *.

ARTEMISIA and PHRYNE are two characters in the manner of the Earl of Dorſet, an elegant writer, and amiable man, equally noted for the ſeverity of his ſatire, and the ſweetneſs of his manners, and who gave the faireſt proof that theſe two qualities are by no means incompatible. The greateſt wits, ſays Addiſon, I have ever converſed with, were perſons of the beſt tempers. Dorſet poſſeſſed the rare ſecret of uniting energy with eaſe, in his ſtriking compoſitions.

* Lord Bolingbroke uſed to relate, that his Great Grandfather Ireton, and Fleetwood, being one day engaged in a private drinking party with Cromwell, and wanting to uncork a bottle, they could not find their bottle-ſcrew, which was fallen under the table. Juſt at that inſtant, an officer entered to inform the protector, that a deputation from the preſbyterian miniſters attended without. "Tell them, ſays Cromwell, with a countenance inſtantly compoſed, that I am retired, that I cannot be diſturbed, for I am *ſeeking the Lord*," and turning afterwards to his companions, he added, "Theſe ſcoundrels think we are *ſeeking the Lord*, and we are only *looking for our bottle ſcrew*."

His

His verſes to Mr. Edward Howard, to Sir Thomas St. Serfe, his epilogue to the Tartuffe, his ſong written at ſea in the firſt Dutch war, his ballad on knotting, and on Lewis XIV. may be named as examples of this happy talent, and as confutations of a ſentiment of the judicious M. de Monteſquieu, who in his noble chapter on the Engliſh nation, ſpeaks thus of our writers. " La ſociete nous apprend a ſentir les ridicules; la retraite nous rend plus propres a ſentir les vices. LEUR ECRITS SATYRIQUES ſeroient ſanglans, et l'on verroit bien des JUVENALS chez eux avant d'avoir trouve un HORACE."

THE DESCRIPTION of the LIFE of a *Country Parſon* is a lively imitation of Swift *, and

* See a Pipe of Tobacco, p. 282. vol. 2. Dodſley's Miſcell. where Mr. Hawkins Brown has imitated ſix later Engliſh poets with ſucceſs, viz. Swift, POPE, Thompſon, Young, Phillips, Cibber. Some of theſe writers thinking themſelves burleſqued, are ſaid to have been mortified. But POPE obſerved on the occaſion, " Brown is an excellent copyiſt, and thoſe who take his imitations amiſs, are much in the wrong; they are very ſtrongly mannered, and few perhaps could write ſo well if they were not ſo."——In POPE's imitation of the ſixth epiſtle of

full of humour. The point of the likeneſs conſiſts in deſcribing the objects as they really exiſt in life, without heightening or enlarging them, and without adding any imaginary circumſtances. In this way of writing, Swift excelled; witneſs his deſcription of a morning in the city, of a city ſhower, of the houſe of Baucis and Philemon, and the verſes on his own death. Theſe are of the ſame ſpecies with the piece before us. In this alſo conſiſts the chief beauty of Gay's Trivia, a ſubject Swift deſired him to write upon, and for which he furniſhed him with many hints. The character of Swift has been ſcrutinized in ſo many late writings, that it is ſuperfluous to enter upon it, eſpecially as from many materials ju-

Horace, there were two remarkable lines, the ſecond of which was thought to contain a heavy anti-climax.

> Grac'd as thou art with all the power of words,
> Known to the Courts, the Commons and the Lords.

The unexpected flatneſs and familiarity of the laſt line was thus ridiculed by Mr. Brown with much humour.

> Perſuaſion tips his tongue whene'er he talks,
> And—*he has chambers in the King's-Bench walks.*

diciouſly

diciouſly melted down and blended together, Dr. Hawkſworth has ſet before the public, ſo complete a figure of him. I cannot however forbear to mention a fact lately publiſhed at Geneva, in the additions to Voltaire's works. He affirms, " that the famous Tale of a Tub is an imitation of the old ſtory of the three inviſible rings, which a father bequeathed to his three children. Theſe three rings were the Jewiſh, Chriſtian, and Mahometan religions. It is moreover, an imitation of the hiſtory of Mero and Enegu, by Fontenelle. Mero was the anagram of Rome, and Enegu of Geneva. Theſe two ſiſters claimed the ſucceſſion to the throne of their fathers. Mero reigned firſt, Fontenelle repreſents her as a ſorcereſs or jugler who could convey away bread, and perform acts of conjuration with dead bodies: This is preciſely the Lord Peter of Swift, who preſents a piece of bread to his two brothers, and ſays to them, ' This, my good friends, is excellent Burgundy, theſe partridges have an admirable flavour.' The ſame lord Peter in Swift, performs throughout the very part that Mero

Mero plays in Fontenelle. Thus all is imitation. The idea of the Perſian letters is taken from the Turkiſh Spy. Boiardo has imitated Pulci, Arioſto has imitated Boiardo. The geniuſes, apparently moſt original, borrow from each other *.'

I SHALL conclude this ſection with a ſtory, which POPE himſelf related, becauſe it is characteriſtical of his old friend, and I ſhall give it in the very words which POPE uſed, when he told it.—" Dr. Swift has an odd blunt way " that is miſtaken by ſtrangers for ill-nature; " it is ſo odd that there is no deſcribing † it " but by facts. I'll tell you one, the firſt that " comes into my head. One evening Gay and " I went to ſee him. On our coming in, " Hey-day, gentlemen, ſays the Dean, what " can be the meaning of this viſit? How came " you to leave all the great lords you are ſo

* Oeuvres de Voltaire a Geneve. Tom. 4 pag. 223. 1756.

† The late archbiſhop of Armagh, happening to object one day in Swift's company to an expreſſion of POPE, as not being the pureſt Engliſh, Swift anſwered with his uſual roughneſs— " I could never get the blockhead to ſtudy his grammar."

" fond

" fond of, to come hither to ſee a poor ſcurvey
" Dean?—Becauſe we would rather ſee you,
" than any of them.—Ay, any one that did
" not know you ſo well as I do, might poſſibly
" believe you; but ſince you are come I muſt
" get ſome ſupper for you I ſuppoſe.—No
" Doctor we have ſupped already—Supped
" already, that is impoſſible, why it is not
" eight o'clock—Indeed we have—That's
" very ſtrange; but if you had not ſupped,
" I muſt have got ſomething for you; let me
" ſee, a couple of lobſters would have done
" very well, two ſhillings; tarts, a ſhilling:
" but you will drink a glaſs of wine with me,
" though you ſupped ſo much before your
" time only to ſpare my pocket.—No, we
" had rather talk with you, than drink with
" you.—But if you had ſupped with me, as
" in all reaſon you ought to have done, you
" muſt then have drank with me.—A bottle
" of wine two ſhillings—two and two are
" four, and one is five; juſt two and ſixpence
" a-piece; there Pope, there's half a crown
" for you, and there's another for you, Sir;

" for

" for I won't ſave any thing by you, I am deter-
" mined. This was all ſaid and done with
" his uſual ſerioufneſs on ſuch occaſions: And
" in ſpite of every thing we could ſay to the
" contrary, he actually obliged us to take the
" money."

SECT. IX.

Of the ESSAY *on* MAN.

IF it be a true obſervation, that for a poet to write happily and well, he muſt have ſeen and felt what he deſcribes, and muſt draw from living models alone; and if modern times, from their luxury and refinement, afford not manners that will bear to be deſcribed; it will then follow, that thoſe ſpecies of poetry bid faireſt to ſucceed at preſent, which treat of things, not men; which deliver doctrines, not diſplay events. Of this ſort

ſort is didactic and deſcriptive poetry. Accordingly the moderns have produced many excellent pieces of this kind. We may mention the Syphilis of Fracaſtorius, the Silkworms and Cheſs of Vida, the Ambra of Politian, the Agriculture of Alamanni, the Art of Poetry of Boileau, the Gardens of Rapin, the Cyder of Phillips, the Chaſe of Somerville, the Pleaſures of Imagination, the Art of preſerving Health, the Fleece, the Religion of Racine the younger, the elegant Latin poem of Brown on the Immortality of the Soul, the Latin poem of STAY, and the philoſophical poem before us.

THE ESSAY ON MAN is as cloſe a piece of argument, admitting its principles, as perhaps can be found in verſe. POPE informs us in his FIRST preface, "that he choſe this epiſtolary "way of writing, notwithſtanding his ſubject "was high, and of dignity, becauſe of its be-"ing mixed with argument which of its na-"ture approacheth to proſe." He has not wandered into any uſeleſs digreſſions, has employed

ployed no fictions, no tale or ſtory, and has relied chiefly on the poetry of his ſtile, for the purpoſe of intereſting his readers. His ſtile is conciſe and figurative, forcible and elegant. He has many metaphors and images, artfully interſperſed in the drieſt paſſages, which ſtood moſt in need of ſuch ornaments. Nevertheleſs there are too many lines, in this performance, plain and proſaic. The meaner the ſubject is of a preceptive poem, the more ſtriking appears the art of the poet: It is even of uſe to chuſe a low ſubject. In this reſpect Virgil had the advantage over Lucretius; the latter with all his vigour and ſublimity of genius, could hardly ſatisfy and come up to the grandeur of his theme. POPE labours under the ſame caſe. If any beauty in this Eſſay be uncommonly tranſcendent and peculiar, it is, BREVITY OF DICTION; which, in a few inſtances, and thoſe pardonable, have occaſioned obſcurity. It is hardly to be imagined how much ſenſe, how much thinking, how much obſervation on human life, is condenſed together in a ſmall compaſs. He was ſo accuſtomed

tomed to confine his thoughts in rhyme, that he tells us, he could expreſs them more ſhortly this way, than in proſe itſelf. On its firſt publication, POPE did not own it, and it was given by the public to Lord Paget, Dr. Young, Dr. Deſaguliers, and others. Even Swift ſeems to have been deceived: There is a remarkable paſſage in one of his letters. "I confeſs I did never imagine you were ſo deep in morals, or that ſo many new and excellent rules could be produced ſo advantageouſly and agreeably in that ſcience, from any one head. I confeſs in ſome places I was forced to read twice; I believe I told you before what the Duke of D—— ſaid to me on that occaſion, how a judge here who knows you, told him, that on the firſt reading thoſe eſſays, he was much pleaſed, but found ſome lines a little dark: On the ſecond, moſt of them cleared up, and his pleaſure increaſed: On the third, he had no doubt remaining, and then he admired the whole *."

* Letters, vol. IX. pag. 140.

THE ſubject of this Eſſay is a vindication of providence, in which the poet propoſes to prove, that of all poſſible ſyſtems, infinite wiſdom has formed the beſt: That in ſuch a ſyſtem, coherence, union, ſubordination, are neceſſary; and if ſo, that appearances of evil, both moral and natural, are alſo neceſſary and unavoidable; That the ſeeming defects and blemiſhes in the univerſe, conſpire to its general beauty; That as all parts in an animal are not eyes, and as in a city, comedy, or picture, all ranks, characters, and colours, are not equal or alike; even ſo, exceſſes, and contrary qualities, contribute to the proportion and harmony of the univerſal ſyſtem; That it is not ſtrange, that we ſhould not be able to diſcover perfection and order in every inſtance; becauſe, in an infinity of things mutually relative, a mind which ſees not infinitely, can ſee nothing fully. This doctrine was inculcated by Plato and the Stoics, but more amply and particularly by the later Platoniſts, and by Antoninus and Simplicius. In illuſtrating his ſubject, POPE has been deeply indebted

to

to the Theodiceé of Leibnitz, to Archbiſhop King's Origin of Evil, and to the Moraliſts of Lord Shafteſbury, more than to the philoſophers abovementioned. The late Lord Bathurſt repeatedly aſſured me, that he had read the whole ſcheme of the Eſſay on Man, in the hand-writing of Bolingbroke, and drawn up in a ſeries of propoſitions, which Pope was to verſify and illuſtrate. In doing which, our poet, it muſt be confeſſed, left ſeveral paſſages ſo expreſſed, as to be favourable to fataliſm and neceſſity, notwithſtanding all the pains that can be taken, and the turns that can be given to thoſe paſſages, to place them on the ſide of religion, and make them coincide with the fundamental doctrines of revelation.

1. Awake*, my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings;
Let us (ſince life can little more ſupply
Than juſt to look about us, and to die)

* Johnſon begins a poem thus
Wake! friend, from forth thy lethargy——

Expatiate free o'er all this ſcene of man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan.
EPIST. I. V. 1.

THIS opening is awful, and commands the attention of the reader. The word *awake* has peculiar force, and obliquely alludes to his noble friend's leaving his political, for philoſophical purſuits. May I venture to obſerve, that the metaphors in the ſucceeding lines, drawn from the field ſports of ſetting and ſhooting, ſeem below the dignity of the ſubject; eſpecially,

EYE nature's walks, SHOOT folly as it flies,
And CATCH the manners living as they RISE.

2. But vindicate the ways of god to man.

This line is taken from Milton;

And juſtify the ways of god to man *.

POPE ſeems to have hinted, by this alluſion to the Paradiſe Loſt, that he intended his poem for a defence of providence, as well as

* Paradiſe Loſt, b. i. ver. 26.

Milton;

Milton: but he took a very different method in purſuing that end.

3. But of this frame the bearings, and the ties *,
The ſtrong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations juſt, has thy pervading ſoul
Look'd thro'? Or can a part contain the whole?

"Imagine only ſome perſon entirely a ſtranger to navigation, and ignorant of the nature of the ſea or waters, how great his aſtoniſhment would be, when finding himſelf on board ſome veſſel anchoring at ſea, remote from all land-proſpect, whilſt it was yet a calm, he viewed the ponderous machine firm and motionleſs in the midſt of the ſmooth ocean, and conſidered it's foundations beneath, together with it's cordage, maſts, and ſails above. How eaſily would he ſee the Whole one regular ſtructure, all things depending on one another; the uſes of the rooms below, the lodgements, and the conveniencies of men and ſtores? But being ignorant of the

* Τα μερη προς αυτο το ὁλον δει σκοπειν, ει συμφωνα και ἁρμοττοντα εστιν. Plotinus.

intent

intent or deſign of all above, would he pronounce the maſts and cordage to be uſeleſs and cumberſome, and for this reaſon condemn the frame, and deſpiſe the architect? O my friend! let us not thus betray our ignorance; but conſider where we are, and in what an univerſe. Think of the many parts of the vaſt machine, in which we have ſo little inſight, and of which it is impoſſible we ſhould know the ends and uſes: when inſtead of ſeeing to the higheſt pendants, we ſee only ſome lower deck, and are in this dark caſe of fleſh, confined even to the hold and meaneſt ſtation of the veſſel*." I have in-

* Characteriſtics, vol. ii, pag. 188. edit. 12mo.—There is a cloſe reſemblance in the following lines with another paſſage of Shafteſbury's Moraliſts.

What would this man? Now upward will he ſoar,
And little leſs than angel, would be more;
Now looking downwards, juſt as griev'd appears
To want the ſtrength of bulls, the fur of bears.

"Aſk not merely, why man is naked, why unhoofed, why ſlower footed than the beaſts: Aſk, why he has not wings alſo for the air, fins for the water, and ſo on: that he might take poſſeſſion of each element, and reign in all. Not ſo, ſaid I, neither; this would be to rate him high indeed! As if he were by

ſerted this paſſage at length, becauſe it is a noble and poetical illuſtration of the foregoing lines, as well as of many other paſſages in this Eſſay.

4 Preſumptuous man! the reaſon would'ſt thou find,
Why form'd ſo weak, ſo little and ſo blind?
Firſt if thou can'ſt the harder reaſon gueſs,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no leſs *.

VOLTAIRE, in the late additions to his works, has the following remarkable words. "I own it flatters me to ſee that POPE "has fallen upon the very ſame ſentiment "which I had entertained many years ago." "Vous vous étonnez que Dieu ait fait l'homme ſi borné, ſi ignorant, ſi peu hereux. Que ne vous étonnez-vous, qu'il ne l'ait pas fait plus borné, plus ignorant, & plus malheureux? Quand un Francais & un Anglais penſent de meme, il faut bien qu'ils ayent raiſon †."

by nature, lord of all, which is more than I could willingly allow. 'Tis enough replied he, that this is yielded. For if we allow once, a *ſubordination* in his caſe, if nature herſelf be not for man, but man for nature; then muſt man, by his good leave, ſubmit to the elements of nature, and not the elements to him." Vol. ii. pag. 196, ut ſupra.

* V. 34. † Ouevres de Voltaire. Tom. iv. pag. 227.

5. The

5. The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to day,
Had he thy reaſon, would he ſkip and play?
Pleas'd to the laſt, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand juſt rais'd to ſhed his blood *.

The tenderneſs of this ſtriking image, and particularly the circumſtance in the laſt line, has an artful effect in alleviating the dryneſs in the argumentative parts of the Eſſay, and intereſting the reader.

6. The ſoul uneaſy, and confin'd from home,
Reſts and expatiates in a life to come †.

In former editions it uſed to be printed *at home*; but this expreſſion ſeeming to exclude a future exiſtence, it was altered to *from home*, not only with great injury to the harmony of the line, but perhaps alſo, to the reaſoning of the context.

7. Lo the poor Indian! whoſe untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His ſoul proud ſcience never taught to ſtray,
Far as the ſolar walk or milky way;
Yet ſimple nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topp'd hill an humbler heav'n:

* Ver. 81. † Ver. 97.

Some

Some ſafer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier iſland in the watry waſte,
Where ſlaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Chriſtians thirſt for gold.
To BE contents his natural deſire,
He aſks no angel's wing, no ſeraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal ſky,
His faithful dog ſhall bear him company. *

POPE has indulged himſelf in but few digreſſions in this piece; this is one of the moſt poetical. Repreſentations of undiſguiſed nature and artleſs innocence always amuſe and delight. The ſimple notions which uncivilized nations entertain of a future ſtate, are many of them beautifully romantic, and ſome of the beſt ſubjects for poetry. It has been queſtioned whether the circumſtance of the dog, although ſtriking at the firſt view, is introduced with propriety, as it is known that the animal is not a native of America. The notion of ſeeing God in clouds, and hearing him in the wind, cannot be enough applauded.

* Ver. 99.

8. From burning ſuns when livid deaths deſcend,
When earthquakes ſwallow, or when tempeſts ſweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep. *

I quote theſe lines as an example of energy of ſtile, and of POPE's manner of compreſſing together many images, without confuſion, and without ſuperfluous epithets. Subſtantives and verbs are the ſinews of language.

9. If plagues or earthquakes break not heav'ns deſign,
Why then a Borgia or a Catiline? †

"ALL ills ariſe from the order of the univerſe, which is abſolutely perfect. Would you wiſh to diſtruſt ſo divine an order, for the ſake of your own particular intereſt? What if the ills I ſuffer ariſe from malice or oppreſſion? But the vices and imperfections of men are alſo comprehended in the order of the univerſe.

If plagues &c.

Let this be allowed, and my own vices will be alſo a part of the ſame order."——Such is the commentary of the academiſt on theſe famous lines ‡.

* Ver. 142. † Ver. 156.
‡ Hume's Eſſays, quarto, pag. 106.

10. The

10. The general order, *ſince the whole began*,
Is kept in nature, and is kept in man *.

How this opinion is reconcileable with the orthodox doctrine of the lapſed condition of man, I have not yet been informed.

11. Why has not man a microſcopic eye?
For this plain reaſon, man is not a fly.
Say what the uſe, were finer optics giv'n,
T' inſpect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er
To ſmart and agonize at ev'ry pore? †

"If by the help of ſuch microſcopical eyes, if I may ſo call them, a man could penetrate farther than ordinary into the ſecret compoſition and radical texture of bodies, he would not make any great advantage by the change; if ſuch an acute ſight would not ſerve to conduct him to the market and exchange, if he could not ſee things he was to avoid at a convenient diſtance, nor diſtinguiſh things he had to do with by thoſe ſenſible qualities others do." ‡

* Ver. 171. † Ver. 193.
‡ Locke's Eſſay on Human Underſtanding, vol. I. pag. 256.

12. If nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
And ſtunn'd him with the muſic of the ſpheres,
How would he wiſh that heav'n had left him ſtill
The whiſpering zephyr, and the purling rill? *

IT is juſtly objected, that the argument required an inſtance drawn from real ſound, and not from the imaginary muſic of the ſpheres. Locke's illuſtration of this doctrine, is not only proper but poetical †. "If our ſenſe of hearing were but one thouſand times quicker than it is, how would a perpetual noiſe diſtract us; and we ſhould in the quieteſt retirement, be leſs able to ſleep or meditate, than in the middle of a ſea-fight."

13. From the *green* myriads in the *peopled* graſs—
The mole's *dim* curtain, and the lynx's beam;
Of ſmell the *headlong* lioneſs between,
And hound ſagacious on the *tainted* green:
The ſpider's touch how exquiſitely fine,
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line. §

THESE lines are ſelected as admirable patterns of forcible diction. The peculiar and

* Ver. 201.
† Eſſay on Human Underſtanding, vol. I. pag. 255.
§ Ver. 210.

diſcriminating

diſcriminating expreſſiveneſs of the epithets diſtinguiſhed above by italics will be particularly regarded. Perhaps we have no image in the language, more lively than that of the laſt verſe. "To live along the line" is equally bold and beautiful. In this part of this Epiſtle the poet ſeems to have remarkably laboured his ſtyle, which abounds in various figures, and is much elevated. POPE has practiſed the great ſecret of Virgil's art, which was to diſcover the very ſingle epithet that preciſely ſuited each occaſion.

14. Without this juſt gradation, could they be
Subjected, theſe to thoſe, or all to thee?
The pow'rs of all ſubdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy reaſon all theſe pow'rs in one? *

"Such then is the admirable diſtribution of nature, her adapting and adjuſting not only the ſtuff or matter to the ſhape and form, and even the ſhape itſelf and form, to the circumſtance, place, element, or region; but alſo the affections, appetites, ſenſations, mutually to

* Ver. 229.

each

each other, as well as the matter, form, action, and all beſides; all managed for the beſt, with perfect frugality and juſt reſerve: profuſe to none, but bountiful to all: never employing in one thing more than enough; but with exact œconomy retrenching the ſuperfluous, and adding force to what is principal in every thing. And is not thought and reaſon principal in man? Would we have no reſerve for theſe? No ſaving for this part of his engine *?"

15. Above, how high, progreſſive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vaſt chain of being! which from God began,
Natures ætherial, human, angel, man,
Beaſt, bird, fiſh, inſect, what no eye can ſee,
No glaſs can reach; from infinite to thee,
From thee to nothing. §

"THAT there ſhould be more ſpecies of intelligent creatures above us, than there are of ſenſible and material below us, is probable to me from hence; that in all the viſible corporeal world, we ſee no chaſms, or gaps. All quite

* The Moraliſts, vol. ii. pag. 199. §. Ver. 235.

down

down from us, the deſcent is by eaſy ſteps, and a continued ſeries of things, that in each remove differ very little from one another. — And when we conſider the infinite power and wiſdom of the maker, we have reaſon to think, that it is ſuitable to the magnificent harmony of the univerſe, and the great deſign and infinite goodneſs of the architect, that the ſpecies of creatures ſhould alſo, by gentle degrees, deſcend to us downwards: which if it be probable, we have reaſon then to be perſuaded, that there are far more ſpecies of creatures above us, than there are beneath; we being in degrees of perfection, much more remote from the infinite being of God, than we are from the loweſt ſtate of being, and that which approaches neareſt to nothing *."

16. From nature's chain whatever link you ſtrike,
Tenth, or ten thouſandth, breaks the chain alike. †

THIS doctrine is preciſely the ſame with that of the philoſophical emperor. " Πηγυται γαρ

* Locke's Eſſay on Human Underſtanding, vol. ii, pag. 49.

† Ver. 245.

TO

το ὁλοκληρον, εαν και ὁτι ϖν δ᾽ιακοψης της συναφειας και συνεχειας, ὡσπερ των μοριων, ϋτω δ᾽ε και των αιτιων· δ᾽ιακοπτεις δ᾽ε ὁσον επι σοι ὁταν δ᾽υσαρες᾽ης, και τροπον τινα αναιρης *."

17. Juſt as abſurd, to mourn the taſks or pains,
The great directing MIND of ALL ordains. §

HERE again we muſt tranſcribe another noble ſentiment of the ſame lofty writer. "Ὁποιον ες᾽ι το λεγομενον, ὁτι συνεταξεν ὁ Ασκληπιος τϋτω ἱππασιαν, η ψυχρολϋσιαν, η ανοποδ᾽ισιαν· τοιϋτον ες᾽ι και το, συνεταξεν τϋτο η των ὁλων φυσις νοσον, η πηρωσιν, η αποβολην, η αλλο τι των τοιϋτων· και γαρ εκει το συνεταξεν, τοιϋτον τι σημαινει, εταξε τϋτο προς τϋτο, ὡς καταλληλον εις ὑγιειαν· και ενταυθα το συμβαινον ἑκας᾽ω τετακ῾ι̂αι πως προς αυτω καταλληλον εις την ε῾ιμαρμενην·—Ολως γαρ αρμονια ες᾽ι μια †."

18. All are but parts of one ſtupendous whole,
Whoſe body nature is and God the ſoul;
That chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the ſame;
Great in the earth, as in th' ætherial frame;

* M. Antoninus, Lib. v. S. 8. § Ver. 265.
† M. Antoninus, Lib. v. S. 8.

Warms

Warms in the ſun, refreſhes in the breeze,
Glows in the ſtars, and bloſſoms in the trees;
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unſpent;
Breathes in our ſoul, informs our mortal part,
As full as perfect in a hair as heart;
As full as perfect in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt ſeraph that adores aud burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no ſmall;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all. *

WHILST I am tranſcribing this exalted deſcription of the omnipreſence of the Deity, I feel myſelf almoſt tempted to retract an aſſertion in the beginning of this work, that there is nothing tranſcendently ſublime in POPE. Theſe lines have all the energy and harmony that can be given to rhyme. They bear ſo marvellous a ſimilitude to the old Orphic verſes quoted in the valuable treatiſe Περι Κοσμυ, that I cannot forbear introducing them, as they are curious and ſublime.

Ζευς πρωτος γενετο, Ζευς υστατος αρχικεραυνος.
Ζευς κεφαλη, Ζευς μεσσα· Διος δ' εκ παντα τετυκται.

* Ver. 267.

Ζευς πυθμην γαιης τε και ερανυ ασιφοεντος:
Ζευς αρσην γενετο, Ζευς αμβροτος επλετο νυμφη.
Ζευς πνοιη παντων, Ζευς ακαμαντων πυρος ορμη.
Ζευς ποντυ ριζα, Ζευς ηλιος, ηδε σεληνη.
Ζευς βασιλευς, Ζευς αρχος απαντων αρχικεραυνος.
Παντας γαρ κρυψας αυτις φαος εις πολυγηθες,
Εξ ιερης κραδιης αναπεμπαζο μερμερα ριζων. *

Nor have we a leſs example of ſublimity in the three preceding lines, which deſcribe the univerſal confuſion that muſt enſue, upon any alteration made in the entire and coherent plan of the creation.

Let earth unbalanced from her orbit fly,
Planets and ſuns ruſh lawleſs thro' the ſky;
Let ruling angels from their ſpheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And nature tremble to the throne of God. †

It is very obſervable that theſe noble lines were added after the firſt edition. It is a pleaſing amuſement to trace out the alterations that a

* Αριστοτελης Περι Κοσμυ, pag. 52. edit. Glaſguæ, 1745.

† Ver. 251.

great

great writer gradually makes in his works. Many other parts of this epiſtle have been judiciouſly amended and improved. At firſt it ran,

> How inſtinct varies! what a hog may want
> Compar'd with thine, half-reas'ning elephant.

And again;

> What the advantage, if his finer eyes
> Study a mite, not comprehend the ſkies.

Which lines at preſent ſtand thus,

> How inſtinct varies in the grovling ſwine,
> Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine.
> Say what the uſe, were finer optics giv'n,
> T' inſpect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n.

Formerly it ſtood,

> No ſelf-confounding faculties to ſhare;
> No ſenſes ſtronger than his brain can bear.

At preſent,

> No pow'rs of body or of ſoul to ſhare,
> But what his nature and his ſtate can bear.

It appeared at firſt,

> Expatiate free o'er all this ſcene of man
> A mighty maze! of walks without a plan.

We read at preſent,

> A mighty maze! but not without a plan.

19. Submit. —— In this, or any other ſphere,
Secure to be as bleſt as thou canſt bear:
Safe in the hand of one diſpoſing pow'r
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour. *

I cannot reſiſt the pleaſure of illuſtrating this ſentiment in the words of a writer, whoſe friendſhip I eſteem to be no ſmall happineſs and honour. "Teach us each to regard himſelf, but as a part of this great whole; a part which for its welfare we are as patiently to reſign, as we reſign a ſingle limb for the welfare of our whole body. Let our life be a continued ſcene of acquieſcence and of gratitude, for what we enjoy; of acquieſcence, in what we ſuffer; as both can only be referable to that concatenated order of events, which cannot

* Ver. 285.

but

but be beſt, as being by thee approved and choſen *."

20. All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction which thou canſt not ſee;
All diſcord, harmony not underſtood;
All partial evil, univerſal good. †

THIS is the doctrine that reigns throughout the lofty hymn of Cleanthes the Stoic, particularly in theſe beautiful and maſculine verſes.

Ουδὲ τι γιγνέται ἔργον ἐπὶ χθονὶ σὺ δίχα Δαίμον,
Οὐδὲ κατ' αἰθέριον θεῖον πόλον, ὔτ' ἐπὶ πόντῳ,
Πλὴν ὁπόσα ῥέζουσι κακοὶ σφέτερῃσιν ἀνοίαις,
Ἀλλὰ σὺ καὶ τὰ περισσὰ ἐπισίδασαι ἄρμια θέσθαι,
Καὶ κοσμεῖν τὰ ἄκοσμα· καὶ οὐ φίλα σοὶ φίλα ἐσθλὰ.
Ὧ δὲ γαρ εἰς ἓν ἅπαντα συνηέρικας ἐσθλὰ κακοῖσιν,
Ὥσθ' ἓνα γίγνεσθαι πάντων λόγον αἰὲν ἐόντων §.

21. Chaos of thought and paſſion, all confus'd;
Still by himſelf abus'd, or diſabus'd;

* Three Treatiſes by James Harris, Eſq; pag. 231.

† Ver. 289.

§. Hymn. apud Hen. Steph. pag. 49.

Created

Created half to riſe, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endleſs error hurl'd:
The glory, jeſt and riddle of the world! ‡

It was remarked long ago in the Adventurer *, that theſe reflexions were minutely copied from Paſcal, who ſays; "What a chimera then is man! what a confuſed chaos! what a ſubject of contradiction! a profeſſed judge of all things, and yet a feeble worm of the earth! The great depoſitary and guardian of truth, and yet a mere huddle of uncertainty! the glory and the ſcandal of the univerſe."

22. Superior beings when of late they ſaw
A mortal man unfold all natures law,
Admir'd ſuch wiſdom in an earthly ſhape,
And ſhew'd a Newton as we ſhew an ape. †

The author of the letter on the Marks of imitation, is induced to think, from the ſingularity of this ſentiment, that the great poet had his eye on Plato; ὅτι ανθρωπων ὁ σοφωτατος προς θεον πιθηκος φανειται. But I am more in-

‡ Epiſt. ii. v. 13. * No. 63. † Ver. 34.

clined

clined to think that POPE borrowed it from a paſſage in the zodiac of Palingenius, which the abovementioned Adventurer has alſo quoted, and which POPE, who was a reader of the poets of Palingenius's age, was more likely to fall upon, than on this thought of Plato.

Simia cœlicolûm riſuſque jocuſque deorum eſt;
Tunc homo, quum temerè ingenio confidit, et audet
Abdita naturæ ſcrutari, arcanaque divûm.

23. Trace ſcience then, with modeſty thy guide;
Firſt ſtrip off all her equipage of pride;
Deduct what is but vanity, or dreſs,
Or learning's luxury, or idleneſs;
Or tricks to ſhew the ſtretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleaſure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excreſcent parts,
Of all our vices of created arts. *

THE abuſes of learning are enumerated with brevity and elegance, in theſe few lines. It was a favourite ſubject with our author; and it is ſaid, he intended to have written four epiſtles on it, wherein he would have treated

* Ver. 43.

of

of the extent and limits of human reaſon, of arts and ſciences uſeful and attainable, of the different capacities of different men, of the knowledge of the world, and of wit. Such cenſures, even of the moſt unimportant parts of literature, ſhould not, however, be carried too far; and a ſenſible writer obſerves, that there is not indeed any part of knowledge which can be called entirely uſeleſs." The moſt abſtracted parts of mathematics, and the knowledge of mythological hiſtory, or antient allegories, have their own pleaſures not inferior to the more gay entertainments of painting, muſic, or architecture; and it is for the advantage of mankind that ſome are found, who have a taſte for theſe ſtudies. The only fault lies, in letting any of thoſe inferior taſtes, engroſs the whole man to the excluſion of the nobler purſuits of virtue and humanity *." We may here apply an elegant obſervation of Tully, who ſays in his Brutus, " Credo, ſed Athenienſium quoque plus interfuit firma tecta

* Hutcheſon's Nature and Conduct of the Paſſions. pag. 174.

in

in domiciliis habere, quam Minervæ ſignum ex ebore pulcherrimum: tamen ego me Phidiam eſſe mallem quam vel optimum fabrum lignarium; quare non quantum quiſque proſit, ſed quanti quiſque ſit, ponderandum eſt; præſertim cum pauci pingere egregiè poſſint aut fingere, operarii autem aut bajuli deeſſe non poſſint."

24. Paſſions, tho' ſelfiſh, if their means be fair,
List under reaſon and deſerve her care;
Thoſe, *that imparted*, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take ſome virtue's name. *

We find an † obſcurity in theſe lines, ariſing from the uſe of the participle imparted;

* Ver. 97.

† When I am writing, ſays Fontenelle, I often ſtop and aſk; "Do I myſelf underſtand this ſentence?" And yet, Fontenelle, whom the French accuſe of introducing the abrupt, affected ſtyle, is frequently obſcure. "Non minus autem cavenda erit, ſays Quintilian, quæ nimium corripientes omnia ſequitur, obſcuritas: ſatiuſque eſt aliquid narrationi ſupereſſe, quam deeſſe. Nam cum ſupervacua cum tædio dicuntur, neceſſaria cum periculo ſubtrahuntur."

Inſtitut. Orat. Lib. iv. C. 2.

Happy is he who can unite brevity with perſpicuity.—— It is but of one writer that Quintilian ſays, Idem lætus ac preſſus, tum copiâ, tum brevitate mirabilis. Lib. x. C. 1.

a mode of ſpeaking of which POPE was fond, ſtudious as he was of brevity, and which often betrayed him into the ſame fault: as the uſe of the caſe abſolute does in the following lines;

Preſent to graſp, and future ſtill to find,
The *whole employ* of body and of mind. *

25. In lazy apathy let Stoics boaſt
Their virtue fix'd! 'tis fix'd as in a froſt;
Contracted all, retiring to the breaſt;
The ſtrength of mind is exerciſe, not reſt. †

PERHAPS a ſtronger example cannot be found, of taking notions upon truſt without any examination, than the univerſal cenſure that has been paſſed upon the Stoics, as if they ſtrenuouſly inculcated a total inſenſibility with reſpect to paſſion. He that would be convinced that this trite accuſation is ill-grounded, may conſult the notes Mr. Harris has added to his third treatiſe ‡. There he will find the genuine doctrines of the Stoics examined with accuracy and ſagacity, in a learned deduction

* Ver. 125. † Ver. 101.
‡ From note pag. 325, to pag. 331.

of

of paſſages, from all the beſt writers of that ſchool; the ſum of which quotations, in the nervous language of that critic, appears to be this; "That the Stoics, in their character of their virtuous man, included rational deſire, averſion, and exultation; included love, and parental affection; friendſhip, and a general charity or benevolence to all mankind: that they conſidered it as a duty, ariſing from our very nature, not to neglect the welfare of public ſociety, but to be ever ready, according to our rank, to act either the magiſtrate or the private citizen: that their apathy was no more than a freedom from perturbation, from irrational and exceſſive agitations of the ſoul: and conſequently that the ſtrange apathy, commonly laid to their charge, and in the demoliſhing of which there have been ſo many triumphs, was an imaginary apathy, for which they were no way accountable."

26. LOVE, HOPE, and JOY, fair PLEASURE's ſmiling train,
HATE, FEAR, and GRIEF, the family of PAIN.

THIS beautiful group of allegorical perſonages, ſo ſtrongly contraſted, how do they act? The proſopopeia is unfortunately dropped, and the metaphor changed immediately in the ſucceeding lines.

> Theſe mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
> Make, and maintain the balance of the mind. *
> 27. On different ſenſes different objects ſtrike. †

A didactic poet who has happily indulged himſelf in bolder flights of enthuſiaſm, ſupported by a more figurative ſtile, than our author uſed, has thus nobly illuſtrated this very doctrine.

> ——— Diff'rent minds
> Incline to diff'rent objects: one purſues,
> The vaſt alone, the wonderful, the wild;
> Another ſighs for harmony, and grace,
> And gentleſt beauty. Hence when lightning fires
> The arch of heav'n, and thunders rock the ground;
> When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
> And ocean groaning from the loweſt bed,
> Heaves his tempeſtuous billows to the ſky;
> Amid the mighty uproar, while below

* Ver. 120. † Ver. 127.

The

The nations tremble, Shakeſpear looks abroad
From ſome high cliff, ſuperior, and enjoys
The elemental war. But Waller longs
All on the margin of ſome flow'ry ſtream
To ſpread his careleſs limbs, amid the cool
Of plantane ſhades. ———

We have here a ſtriking example of that poetic ſpirit, that harmonious, and varied verſification and that ſtrength of imagery, which conſpire to excite our admiration of this beautiful poem *.

28. Proud of an eaſy conqueſt all along,
She but removes weak paſſions for the ſtrong. †

This is from the Duke de la Rochefoucault. Whenever we get the better of our paſſions it is more owing to their weakneſs than our our ſtrength. And again, there is in the heart of man a perpetual ſucceſſion of paſſions, inſomuch that the ruin of one is always the riſe of another ‡.

* The Pleaſures of Imagination, Book iii. v. 546.
† Ver. 157. ‡ Max. X.

29. Let

29. Let pow'r, or knowledge, gold or glory, pleaſe,
Or oft more ſtrong than all, the love of eaſe. §

AN acute obſervation plainly taken from Rochefoucault. " 'Tis a miſtake to believe that none but the violent paſſions, ſuch as ambition and love, are able to triumph over the other paſſions. Lazineſs, as languid as it is, often gets the maſtery of them all, uſurps over all the deſigns and actions of life, and inſenſibly conſumes, and deſtroys both paſſions and virtues *."

30. Virtuous and vicious ev'ry man muſt be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree:
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wiſe;
And ev'n the beſt, by fits, what they deſpiſe. †

A fine reflection, and calculated to ſubdue that petulant contempt and unmerited averſion men too generally entertain againſt each other, and which diminiſh and deſtroy the ſocial affections ‡. Our emulation ſays one of the beſt-natured philoſophers, our jealouſy or envy,

§ Ver. 170. * CCLXVI. Max. † Ver. 233.
‡ Hutcheſon's Nature and Conduct of the Paſſions, p. 190.

ſhould

ſhould be reſtrained in a great meaſure, by a conſtant reſolution of bearing always in our minds the lovely ſide of every character. The compleatly evil are as rare as the perfectly virtuous, there is ſomething amiable almoſt in every one, as Plato obſerves in his Phædon. "Ὁ ουν αδελφος εαν αδικη εντευθεν αυτο ϐ λαμϐανης, ὁτι αδικει· αυτη γαρ λαϐη εϛιν αυτϐ ϕορητη· αλλ' εκειθεν μαλλον, ὁτι αδελφος, ὁτι συντροφος †."

THIS charitable doctrine of putting candid conſtructions on thoſe actions that appear moſt blameable, nay moſt deteſtable and moſt deformed, is illuſtrated and enforced with great ſtrength of argument and benevolence by KING in his fifth chapter on the origin of evil; where he endeavours to evince the prevalence of moral good in the world, and teaches us to make due allowances for mens follies and vices.

‡ Epicteti Enchiridion.

† Many leſſons on this uſeful ſpecies of humanity, tending to ſoften the diſguſt that ariſes from a proſpect of the abſurdity and wickedneſs of human nature, are to be found in Marcus Antoninus; and many noble Precepts in the New Teſtament rightly underſtood have the ſame tendency, but are delivered with more dignity and force, and demand certainly a deeper attention and more implicit regard.

31. What

31. What crops of wit, and honeſty appear,
From ſpleen, from obſtinacy, hate or fear? *

Au Cid perſecuté Cinna doit ſa naiſſance,
Et peut-eſtre ta plume aux Cenſeurs de Pyrrhus
Doit les plus nobles traits dont tu peignis Burrhus. †

32. Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
A maſter, or a ſervant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for aſſiſtance call,
'Till one man's weakneſs grows the ſtrength of all.
Wants, frailties, paſſions, cloſer ſtill ally
The common intereſt, or endear the tie.
To theſe we owe true friendſhip, love ſincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here. §

It

* Ver. 185.

† Boileau, Epiſtre vii. a M. Racine, pag. 57.

§ "In rerum ſyſtemate vel optimè conſtituto, debent eſſe diverſa animantium genera ſuperiora, et inferiora, ut locus ſit præclaris animi virtutibus ubi ſe exerceant: excluderentur enim commiſeratio, beneficentia, liberalitas, fortitudo, æquanimitas, patientia, lenitas, et officia omnia gratuita et immerita, quorum ſenſus longe eſt omnium lætiſſimus, et memoria jucundiſſima; ſi nulla eſſet imbecillitas, nulla indigentia, nulla hominum vitia et errores."

Hutcheſon. Metaphyſicæ Synopſis, cap. ii. pag. 81. This reſembles the doctrine of the old Stoic Chryſippus as he is quoted by Aulus Gellius, lib. vi. cap. 1. "Nullum adeo contrarium ſine contrario altero. Quo enim pacto juſtitiæ ſenſus eſſe poſſet niſi eſſent injuriæ? Aut quid aliud juſtitia eſt quam injuſtitiæ privatio? Quid item fortitudo intelligi poſſet niſi

IT was an objection conſtantly urged by the ancient Epicureans, that man could not be the creature of a benevolent being, as he was formed in a ſtate ſo helpleſs and infirm: Montagne took it and urged it alſo. They never conſidered or perceived that this very infirmity and helpleſſneſs were the cauſe and cement of ſociety; that if men had been perfect and ſelf-ſufficient, and had ſtood in no need of each others aſſiſtance, there would have been no occaſion for the invention of the arts, and no opportunity for the exertion of the affections. The lines therefore in which Lucretius propoſes this objection, are as unphiloſophical

niſi ex ignaviæ oppoſitione? Quid continentia niſi ex intemperantia? Quo item modo prudentia eſſet, niſi foret ex contrario imprudentia?" ——— "To this purpoſe the elegant lyric poet.

Who founds in diſcord, beauty's reign,
Converts to pleaſure ev'ry pain,
Subdues the hoſtile forms to reſt,
And bids the univerſe be bleſt."

"This is that magic divine, which by an efficacy paſt comprehenſion, can transform every appearance, the moſt hideous, into beauty, and exhibit all things fair and good to thee! Eſſence Increate! who art of purer eyes than to behold iniquity." Three Treatiſes, by J. H. pag. 234.

and inconcluſive, as they are highly pathetic and poetical.

Tum porrò puer, ut ſævis projectus ab undis
Navita, nudus humi jacet, infans, indigus omni
Vitali auxilio, cum primum in luminis oras
Nixibus ex alvo matris natura profudit;
Vagituque locum lugubri complet, ut æquum eſt,
Cui tantum in vitâ reſtat tranſire malorum. †

THERE is a paſſage in the Moraliſts which I cannot forbear thinking POPE had in his eye, and which I muſt not therefore omit, as it ſerves to illuſtrate and confirm ſo many parts of the Eſſay on Man; I ſhall therefore give it at length without apology.

"THE young of moſt other kinds, are inſtantly helpful to themſelves, ſenſible, vigorous, know how to ſhun danger, and ſeek their good: A human infant is of all the moſt helpleſs, weak, infirm. And wherefore ſhould it not have been ſo ordered? Where is the loſs in ſuch a ſpecies? Or what is man the worſe for that defect, amidſt ſuch large ſupplies?

† Lib. v. ver. 223.

Does

Does not * this defect engage him the more ſtrongly to ſociety, and force him to own that he is purpoſely, and not by accident, made rational and ſociable; and can no otherwiſe increaſe or ſubſiſt, than in that ſocial intercourſe and community which is his natural ſtate? Is not both conjugal affection, and natural affection to parents, duty to magiſtrates, love of a common city, community, or country, with the other duties and ſocial parts of life, deduced from hence, and founded in theſe very wants? What can be happier than ſuch a deficiency, as it is the occaſion of ſo much good? What better than a want ſo abundantly made up, and anſwered by ſo many enjoyments? Now if there are ſtill to be found among mankind, ſuch as even in the midſt of theſe wants ſeem not aſhamed to af-

* A longer care man's helpleſs kind demands;
That longer care contracts more laſting bands.
Ep. iii. v. 131.

And again;

And ſtill new needs, new helps, new habits riſe,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Ep. iii. v. 137.

fect a right of independency, and deny themſelves to be by nature ſociable; where would their ſhame have been, had nature otherwiſe ſupplied theſe wants? What duty or obligation had been ever thought of? What reſpect or reverence of parents, magiſtrates, their country, or their kind? Would not their full and ſelf-ſufficient ſtate more ſtrongly have determined them to throw off nature, and deny the ends and author of their creation?" *

31. And pride beſtow'd on all a common friend. †

THE obſervation is from Rochefoucault; "Nature, who ſo wiſely has fitted the organs of our body to make us happy, ſeems likewiſe to have beſtowed pride on us, on purpoſe, as it were, to ſave us the pain of knowing our imperfections." ‡

Un ſot en ecrivant fait tout avec plaiſir.
Il n' a point en ſes vers l' embarras de choiſir,

* The Moraliſts, pag. 201.

† Ver. 272. ‡ Maxim. 36.

Et

Et toujours amoreux de ce qu' il vient d' ecrire,
Ravi d' etonnement en ſoi-meme il s' admire.
Mais un eſprit ſublime en vain veut s' elever,
A ce degré parfait qu' il tache de trouver;
Et toujours mecontent de ce qu' il vient de faire
Il plaiſt a tout le monde, & ne ſcauroit ſe plaire.

WHEN Boileau read theſe words to his friend Moliere to whom they are addreſſed, the latter, ſqueezing his hand with earneſtneſs, ſaid —— "This is one of the beſt truths you have ever uttered. I am not one of thoſe ſublime geniuſes of whom you ſpeak; but ſuch as I am, I muſt declare I have never wrote any thing in my life, with which I have been thoroughly ſatisfied *."

34. See matter next, with various life endu'd,
Preſs to one centre ſtill, the gen'ral good.
See dying vegetables life ſuſtain,
See life diſſolving vegetate again:
All forms that periſh other forms ſupply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath and die)
Like bubbles on the ſea of matter born,
They riſe, they break, and to that ſea return. †

* Sat. 2. 85. † Ep. 3. v. 13.

POPE

POPE has again copied Shafteſbury ſo cloſely in this paſſage, as to uſe almoſt his very words. "Thus in the ſeveral orders of terreſtrial forms, a reſignation is required, a ſacrifice and mutual yielding of natures one to another. The vegetables by their death, ſuſtain the animals; and the animal bodies diſſolved, enrich the earth, and raiſe again the vegetable world. The numerous inſects are reduced by the ſuperior kinds of birds and beaſts: And theſe again are checked by man; who in his turn ſubmits to other natures, and reſigns his form a ſacrifice in common to the reſt of things. And if in natures ſo little exalted or pre-eminent above each other, the ſacrifice of intereſt can appear ſo juſt; how much more reaſonably may all inferior natures be ſubjected to the ſuperior nature of the world!" *

35. Has God, thou fool! work'd ſolely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy paſtime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly ſpread the flowery lawn:
Is it for thee the lark aſcends and ſings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings †.

THE

* The Moraliſts, pag. 130. † Ver. 27.

THE poetry of theſe lines is as beautiful, as the philoſophy is ſolid. "They who imagine that all things in this world were made for the immediate uſe of man alone, run themſelves into inextricable difficulties. Man indeed is the head of this lower part of the creation, and perhaps it was deſigned to be abſolutely under his command. But that all things here tend directly to his own uſe, is, I think, neither eaſy nor neceſſary to be proved. Some manifeſtly ſerve for the food and ſupport of others, whoſe ſouls may be neceſſary to prepare and preſerve their bodies for that purpoſe, and may at the ſame time be happy in a conſciouſneſs of their own exiſtence. 'Tis probable they are intended to promote each others good reciprocally: Nay, man himſelf contributes to the happineſs, and * betters the condition of the brutes in ſeveral reſpects, by cultivating and improving the ground, by watch-

* That very life his learned hunger craves,
He ſaves from famine, from the ſavage ſaves;
Nay, feaſts the animal he dooms his feaſt,
And till he ends the being makes it bleſt.
Ep. iii. v. 63.

ing the ſeaſons, by protecting and providing for them, when they are unable to protect and provide for themſelves." Theſe are the words of Dr. Law, in his learned Commentary on King's Origin of Evil, firſt publiſhed in Latin, 1701, a work of penetration and cloſe reaſoning; which, it is remarkable, Bayle had never read, but only ſome extracts from it, when he firſt wrote his famous article of the Paulicians, in his Dictionary, where he has artfully employed all that force and acuteneſs of argument, which he certainly poſſeſſed, in promoting the gloomy and uncomfortable ſcheme of Scepticiſm or Manicheiſm.

36. And reaſon raiſe o'er inſtinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man.*

There is a fine obſervation of Monteſquieu†, concerning the condition of brutes. Les

* Ep. iii. 97.

† We ought not to be blind to the faults of this fine writer, whatever applauſe he deſerves in general. But it muſt be confeſſed, that his ſtyle is too ſhort, abrupt, and epigrammatic; he tells us himſelf, he was fond of Lucius Florus; and he believed too credulouſly, and laid too great a ſtreſs upon, the relations of voyage-writers and travellers; as indeed did Locke.

betes,

betes, n' ont point les ſupremes advantages que nos avons; elles en ont que nous n' avons pas. Elles n' ont point nos eſperances, mais elles n' ont pas nos craintes; elles ſubiſſent comme nous la mort, mais c' eſt ſans la connoître; la plupart meme ſe conſervent meiux que nous, & ne font pas un auſſi mauvais uſage de leurs paſſions."

37. Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To ſhun their poiſon, and to chuſe their food?
Preſcient, the tides or tempeſts to withſtand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the ſand? *

THIS paſſage is highly finiſhed; ſuch objects are more ſuited to the nature of poetry than abſtract ideas. Every verb and epithet has here a deſcriptive force. We find more imagery from theſe lines to the end of the epiſtle, than in any other parts of this Eſſay. The origin of the connexions in ſocial life, the account of the ſtate of nature, the riſe and effects of ſuperſtition and tyranny, and the re-

* Ver. 99.

ſtoration of true religion and juſt government, all theſe ought to be mentioned as paſſages that deſerve high applauſe, nay as ſome of the moſt exalted pieces of Engliſh poetry.

38. Man walk'd with beaſt, joint tenant of the ſhade. *

LUCRETIUS, agreeably to his uncomfortable ſyſtem, has preſented us with a different, and more horrid picture of this ſtate of nature. The calamitous condition of man is exhibited by images of much energy, and wildneſs of fancy.

——— Sæcla ferarum
Infeſtam miſeris faciebant ſæpe quietem:
Ejectique domo fugiebant ſaxea tecta
Setigeri ſuis adventu, validque Leonis,
Atque intempeſtâ cedebant nocte paventes
Hoſpitibus ſævis inſtrata cubilia fronde.

HE repreſents afterwards ſome of theſe wretched mortals mangled by wild beaſts, and running diſtracted with pain through the woods, with their wounds undreſſed and putrifying:

Ver. 152.

At

At quos effugium ſervârat, corpore adeſo,
Poſterius tremulas ſuper ulcera tetra tenentes
Palmas, horriferis accibant vocibus Orcum;
Donicum eos vita privârunt vermina ſæva,
Expertes opis, ignaros quid volnera vellent. *

Pain is forcibly expreſſed by the action deſcribed in the ſecond line, and by the epithet *tremulas*.

39. The ſhrine with gore unſtain'd, with gold undreſt,
Unbrib'd, *unbloody*, ſtood the blameleſs prieſt. †

The effect of alliteration is here felt by the reader. But at what period of time could this be juſtly ſaid, if we conſider the very early inſtitution of ſacrifice, according to the ſcripture-account of this venerable rite.

40. Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
Who, foe to nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
Murders their ſpecies, and betrays his own. ‡

Ovid, on the ſame topic, has nothing ſo manly and emphatical. "Hears the general

* Lib. v. ver. 991. † Ep. iii. 156. ‡ Ep. iii. 161.

" groan.", is nobly expreſſed, and the circumſtance of *betraying* his own ſpecies, is an unexpected and ſtriking addition to the foregoing ſentiment. Thomſon has enlarged on this doctrine, with that tenderneſs and humanity for which he was ſo juſtly beloved, in his Spring, at verſe one hundred and thirty. Our poet aſcribes the violence of the paſſions to the uſe of animal food.

But juſt diſeaſe to luxury ſucceeds,
And every death its own avenger breeds *.

41. Thus then to man the voice of nature ſpake,
" Go from the creatures thy inſtructions take;
" Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
" Learn from the beaſts the phyſic of the field †.

THE proſopopœia is magnificent, and the occaſion important, no leſs than the origin of the arts of life. NATURE is perſonified alſo by Lucretius, and introduced ſpeaking with ſuitable majeſty and elevation; ſhe is chiding her fooliſh and ungrateful children for their vain and impious diſcontent.

* Ver. 165. † Ep. 3. ver. 171.

Quid

Quid tibi tantopere 'ſt, mortalis, quod nimis ægris
Luctibus indulges? quid mortem congemis, ac fles?—
Aufer abhinc lacrymas, barathro et compeſce querelas.

THERE is an authoritative air in the brevity of this ſentence, as alſo in the concluding line of her ſpeech; and particularly in the very laſt word. "Æquo animoque, agedum, jam aliis concede: —— neceſſe 'ſt ‡."

42. Thy arts of building from the bee receive,
Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave §.

THE Romans have left us ſcarcely any piece of poetry ſo ſtriking and original, as the beginning and progreſs of arts at the end of the fifth book of Lucretius *. I ſhall at preſent confine myſelf to tranſcribe his beautiful account of the riſe of muſic.

‡ Lib. iii. ver. 975. § Ver. 175.

* The Perſians, it is ſaid, diſtinguiſh the different degrees of the ſtrength of fancy in different poets, by calling them, *painters* or *ſculptors*. Lucretius, from the force of his images, ſhould be ranked among the latter. He is, in truth, a SCULPTOR-POET. His images have a bold relief.

At

At liquidas avium voces imitarier ore
Ante fuit multo, quam lævia carmina cantu
Concelebrare homines poſſent, aureiſque juvare.
Et zephyri cava per calamorum ſibila primum
Agreſtes docuere cavas inflare acutas.
Inde minutatim dulceis didicere querelas,
Tibia quas fundit digitis pulſata canentum,
Avia per nemora, ac ſylvas ſaltuſque reperta,
Per loca paſtorum deſerta, atque otia dia *.

43. He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, controul the flood,
Draw forth the monſters of th' abyſs profound,
Or fetch the aerial eagle to the ground †.

A finer example can perhaps ſcarce be given of a compact and comprehenſive ſtile. The manner in which the four elements were ſubdued is compriſed in theſe four lines alone. POPE is here, as Quintilian ſays of another, denſus et brevis et inſtans ſibi. There is not an uſeleſs word in this paſſage; there are but three epithets, *wondering*, *profound*, *aerial*; and they are placed preciſely with the very ſubſtantive that is of moſt conſequence: if

* Lib. v. ver. 1378. † Ver. 219.

there

there had been epithets joined with the other ſubſtantives, it would have weakened the nervouſneſs of the ſentence. This was a ſecret of verſification POPE well underſtood, and hath often practiſed with peculiar ſucceſs.

44. Who firſt taught ſouls enſlav'd, and realms undone,
Th' ENORMOUS faith of many made for one *.

"QUAND les ſauvages de la Louiſiane veulent avoir du fruit, ils coupent l' arbre au piè & cueillent le fruit. Voilà le Gouvernement deſpotique." A ſentiment worthy of the free ſpirit of Demoſthenes, and an image worthy of the genius of Homer †.

45. Such is the world's great harmony, that ſprings
From order, union, full conſent of things ‡.

* Ver. 241.

† Chapit. 13, De L'Eſprit des Loix. Theſe few words are the whole chapter. Woe be to the liberty and ſcience of that country, where this noble and original work is prohibited to be read. Can that author be ſuſpected of irreligion, who in the ſixth chapter of his twenty-fourth book has entirely demoliſhed one of the moſt ſubtle objections againſt Chriſtianity, and that too urged by one of the ableſt adverſaries to our holy religion, M. Bayle; who aſſerts that a ſociety of men practiſing the rules of Chriſtianity, in their full rigour, could not long ſubſiſt.

‡ Ver. 295.

THERE

THERE is no where to be found ſo perfect an illuſtration of this doctrine, that the beauty and concord of the univerſe ariſe from contrarieties, as in the ſhort treatiſe of Ariſtotle, περι κοσμου, which, notwithſtanding the different form of its compoſition, ought to be aſcribed to this * philoſopher: I ſhall inſert it at length in its ſublime original, it being, as it were, a ſummary or compendium of the philoſophy of the poem before us. "Και τοι γε τις εθαυμασε, πως πολει εκ των εναντιων αρχων συνεστηκεν ὁ κοσμος, λεγω δε ξηρων τε

* The learned have been divided in their opinions concerning this piece. Muretus, both the Scaligers, Caſaubon, Heinſius, Menage, Voſſius, Naude, Alcyonius, and others, will not aſcribe it to Ariſtotle, and lay great ſtreſs on a paſſage of Proclus in his fifth book on the Timæus. On the other hand, Demetrius Phalereus, Stobæus, Apuleius, Juſtin Martyr, Beſſarion, Bradwardin, and our own truly learned Biſhop Berkley, unanimouſly give it to Ariſtotle. This opinion is confirmed by a ſenſible diſcourſe on the ſubject, cap. 19. Petiti Miſcell. Obſervation. Lib. 2. One of his obſervations I will not omit. "Scriptus quippe ad Alexandrum Regem, ut Titulus indicat, ideoque faciliore, quam alii, ſtilo; et aperto orationis plauſibilique filo: ut decet Regibus ſcribentem, ut illi univerſæ naturalis ſcientiæ compendium eſſet. Quo pacto et objectionem a ſtili diſcrepantiâ ductam removeo."

και ὑγρων, ψυχρων τε και θερμων, ϑ παλαι διεφθαρϑαι και απολωλεν· ὡς καν ει πολιν τινες θαυμαζοιεν, ὁπως διαμενη, συνεςηκυιαν εκ των εναντιων εθνων· Πενητων λεγω, και πλουσιων· νεων, και γεροντων, ασθενων, ισχυρων· πονηρων, χρηςων. Αγνοουσι δε, ὁτι τουτ' ην πολιτικης ὁμονοιας το θαυμασιωτατον· λεγω δε, ὁτι εκ πολλων μιαν, και ὁμοιαν εξ ανομοιων, αποτελει διαθεσιν, ὑποδεχομενη και πασαν φυσιν, και τυχην· ισως δε και των εναντιων η φυσις γλιχεται, και εκ τουτων αποτελει το συμφωνον, ϑκ εκ των ὁμοιων. ὡσπερ αμελει το αρρεν συνηγαγε προς το θηλυ, και ϑκ ἑκατερον προς το ὁμοφυλον, και την πρωτην ὁμονοιαν δια των εναντιων συνηψεν, ϑ δια των ὁμοιων· εοικε δε και ἡ τεχνη την φυσιν μιμουμενη, τουτο ποιειν· ζωγραφια μεν γαρ, λευκων τε και μελανων, ωχρων τε και ερυθρων χρωματων ἐγκερασαμενη φυσεις, τας εικονας τοις προηγουμενοις απετελεσεν συμφωνους· μουσικη δε, οξεις ἁμα και βαρεις φθογγους μιξασα, εν διαφοροις φωναις μιαν απετελεσεν ἁρμονιαν· γραμματικη δε, εκ φωνηεντων και ἀφωνων γραμματων κρασιν ποιησαμενη, την ὁλην τεχνην απ' αυτων συνεςησατο· ταυτο δε τουτο ην

και το παρα τω σκοτεινω, λεγομενον Ηρακλειτω· συναφειs ηλα, και ηχι ηλα· συμφερομενον, και διαφερομενον· συναδον, και διαδον· και εκ παντων εν και εξ ενος πανια." It is to be lamented that the preſent ſtate of literature in this kingdom, has rendered it neceſſary, to ſubjoin a Latin tranſlation of this beautiful and exalted paſſage, which to be able to read in its original is no vulgar happineſs. Take it therefore in the words of Budæus. "Tametſi extiterunt, qui ſeſe admirari addubitabundi dicerent, qui fieri tandem poſſet, ſi e principiis contrariis mundus conſtitit, ſiccis dico et humidis, frigidis et calidis, ut jam dici non diſſolutus fuerit atque interierit. Perinde quaſi mirari quiſquam debeat, quonam pacto civitas incolumis perduret, quæ e gentibus contrariis compoſita ſit, egenis inquam et divitibus, juvenibus et ſenio confectis, infirmis et valentibus, pravis atque innocentibus. Ignorantia eſt iſta utique hominum, hoc eſſe in concordia civili non videntium, longe admirabiliſſimum, quod ex multis ipſa unum efficit affectum, et e diſſimilibus ſimilem,

milem, omnis illa quidem naturæ ſuſceptrix et fortunæ. Atque haud ſcio an etiam contrariorum appetens ſit natura: ex eiſque conſona, non item e ſimilibus conficiat. Sic certe ipſa marem cum fœmina conjunxit, non etiam cum ſuo horum utrumque ſexu. Quin primam etiam concordiam per contraria, non per ſimilia devinxit. Adde quod ars naturæ æmulatrix hoc idem facit. Siquidem pictura, albo-rum nigrorumque colorum, luteorumque et rubrorum naturas inter ſe attemperans, effigies rerum efficit conſonas exemplaribus. Muſica acutis et gravibus ſonis, longiſque et brevibus una permixtis in diverſis vocibus unum ex illis concentum abſolutum reddidit. Grammatica, ex elementis vocalibus et mutis inventa temperatura artem omnem literaturæ ex illis compoſitam reliquit. Hocque nimirum illud eſt, quod apud Heraclitum legitur (Scotinum ab obſcuritate dictum) criſpa, inquit, et minime criſpa unà vinxeris, conſentiens et diſſentiens, conſonans et diſſonans, unum etiam ex omnibus, omniaque ex uno."

46. O Happineſs! our being's end and aim!
Good, Pleaſure, Eaſe, Content, whate'er thy name *.

He begins his addreſs to Happineſs after the manner of the ancient hymns †, by enumerating the titles and various places of abode of this goddeſs. He has undoubtedly perſonified her at the beginning, but he ſeems to have dropped that idea in the ſeventh line, where the deity is ſuddenly transformed into a plant; from thence this metaphor of a vegetable is carried on diſtinctly through the eleven ſucceeding lines, till he ſuddenly returns to conſider Happineſs again as a perſon, in the eighteenth line

And fled from monarchs, St. John, dwells with thee.

For to *fly* and to *dwell*, cannot juſtly be predicated of the ſame ſubject, that immediately

* Ep. iv. ver. 1.

† Παρα μεν τη Σαπφω και τω Αλκμανι πολλαχυ ευρισκομεν. Την μεν γαρ Αρτεμιν εκ μυριων ορεων, μυριων δε πολεων, ετι δε ποταμων αιακαλει. Της δε Αφροδιτην εκ Κυπρης, Κνιδυ, Συριας, και πολλαχοθεν αλλαχοθεν αιακαλει. Menander Rhetor. de Hymnis.

before

before was deſcribed as twining with laurels, and being reaped in harveſts.

47. When nature ſicken'd, and each gale was death *.

THIS is a verſe of a marvellous comprehenſion and expreſſiveneſs. The direfulneſs of this peſtilence is more emphatically ſet forth in theſe few words, than in forty ſuch odes as Sprat's on the plague at Athens †.

48. What makes all phyſical or moral ill?—
There deviates Nature, and here wanders will §.

POPE here accounts for the introduction of moral evil from the abuſe of man's free will. This is the ſcriptural ſolution of that grand and difficult queſtion, which in vain hath puzzled and bewildered the ſpeculatiſts of ſo many ages; ποθεν το κακον. Milton, in one of his ſmaller and neglected poems, has left us a ſublime paſſage founded on the Chriſtian doc-

* Ver. 108.

† Ταυθ' ὁτι μεν ἐστιν ισχυρα, και σιβαρα, και αξιωματικα. He elſewhere commends a writer, on account of his, πυκνοτητος, και σεμνοτητος. Dionyſ. Halicarnaſſ. περι συνθεσεως. τμ. κβ.

§ Ver. 111.

tr

trine of the Fall, and of the preceding harmony of all things.

> That we on earth with undiſcording voice
> May rightly anſwer that melodious noiſe;
> As once we did, till diſproportion'd ſin
> Jarr'd againſt Nature's chime, and with harſh din
> Broke the fair muſic that all creatures made
> To their great Lord, whoſe love their motion ſway'd
> In perfect diapaſon, whilſt they ſtood
> In firſt obedience, and their ſtate of good *.

49. ——— A better wou'd you fix?
Then give Humility a coach and ſix †.

> Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
> The reſt is all but leather or prunella §.

> Not one looks backward, onward ſtill he goes,
> Yet ne'er looks forward further than his noſe ‡.

> To ſigh for ribbands if thou art ſo ſilly,
> Mark how they grace Lord Umbra or Sir Billy ‖.

In a work of ſo ſerious and ſevere a caſt, in a work of reaſoning, in a work of theology

* At a Solemn Muſic. vol. ii. pag. 38.
† Ver. 17. § Ver. 204. ‡ Ver. 223.
‖ Ver. 276.

deſigned

deſigned to explain the moſt intereſting ſubject that can employ the mind of man, ſurely ſuch ſtrokes of levity, of ſatire, of ridicule, however poignant and witty, are ill placed and diſguſting, are violations of that propriety which POPE in general ſo ſtrictly obſerved. Lucretius preſerves throughout, the dignity he at firſt aſſumed; even his ſarcaſms and irony on the ſuperſtitious, have ſomething auguſt, and a noble haughtineſs in them; as in particular where he aſks how it come to paſs that Jupiter ſometimes ſtrikes his own temples with his thunderbolts; whether he employs himſelf in caſting them in the deſerts for the ſake of exerciſing his arm; and why he hurls them in places where he cannot ſtrike the guilty.

——— Tum fulmina mittat; et ædes
Sæpe ſuas diſturbet, et in deſerta recedens
Sæviat, exercens telum, quod ſæpe nocentes
Præterit, exanimatque indignos, inque merentes *.

* Lib. ii. ver. 1100.

He

He has turned the inſult into a magnificent image.

50. Heroes are much the ſame, the point's agreed
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede *.

The modern Alexander has been thus characterized by the Britiſh Juvenal, in lines as nervous and energetic as are to be found in any part of our author.

A frame of adamant, a ſoul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
O'er Love, o'er Fear extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd Lord of Pleaſure and of Pain.

And afterwards of his unexpected death.

Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hoſtile millions preſs him to the ground?
His fall was deſtin'd to a barren ſtrand,
A petty fortreſs and a dubious hand;
He left a name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale *.

51. Self-love but ſerves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the ſmall pebble ſtirs the peaceful lake †.

* Dodſley's Miſcellanies, vol. iv. The Vanity of Human Wiſhes, by Mr. Johnſon. † Ver. 363.

It is obſervable that this ſimilitude, originally in Shakeſpear, hath been uſed twice more in the writings of our poet; in the Temple of Fame in the four hundred and thirty-ſixth line, and in the Dunciad at the four hundred and fifth. This Eſſay is not decorated with many compariſons; two however ought to be mentioned on account of their aptneſs and propriety. The firſt is, where he compares man to the vine, that gains its ſtrength from the embrace it gives: the ſecond is conceived with peculiar felicity; all Nature does not perhaps afford ſo fit and cloſe an application. It is indeed equally new, philoſophical, and poetical.

> On their own axis as the planets run,
> Yet make at once their circle round the ſun;
> So two conſiſtent motions * *act* the ſoul;
> And one regards itſelf, and one the whole †.

52. Come then, my Friend! my Genius! come along;
Oh maſter of the poet and the ſong! §

* Should it not be *actuate*, or *act upon*?

† Ep. 3. ver. 301. § Ver. 373.

In this concluding addreſs of our author to Lord Bolingbroke *, one is at a loſs which to admire moſt, the warmth of his friendſhip or the warmth of his genius. Pope indeed idolized him: when in company with him, he appeared with all the deference and ſubmiſſion of an affectionate ſcholar. He uſed to ſpeak of him as a being of a ſuperior order, that had condeſcended to viſit this lower world; in particular, when the laſt comet appeared and approached near the earth, he told ſome of his acquaintance, "it was ſent only to convey Lord Bolingbroke, HOME AGAIN; juſt as a ſtage-coach ſtops at your door to take up a paſſenger." A graceful perſon, a flow of nervous eloquence, a vivid imagination, were the lot of this accompliſhed nobleman; but his ambitious views being fruſtrated in the early part

* Thoſe paſſages in Bolingbroke's poſthumous works, that bear the cloſeſt reſemblance to the tenets of this Eſſay are the following. Vol. iv. octavo edition, p. 223 & p. 324; p. 94 of vol. 5; p. 388 of vol. iv. & 389; and p. 49 of vol. iv. p. 5 & 6 of vol. v. p. 17 of vol. v. p. 316 of vol. iv. p. 36 of vol. v. p. 51 of vol. 5. p. 328 of vol iv. and more particularly than all p. 326 of vol. iv.

of

of his life, his diſappointments embittered his temper, and he ſeems to have † been diſguſted with all religions and all governments. I have been informed from an eye-witneſs of one of his laſt interviews with POPE, who was then given over by the phyſicians, that Bolingbroke, ſtanding behind POPE's chair, looked earneſtly down upon him, and repeated ſeveral times interrupted with ſobs, "O Great God, what is man! I never knew a perſon that had ſo tender a heart for his particular friends, or a warmer benevolence for all mankind." It is to be hoped that * Bolingbroke profited by thoſe

† His manner of reaſoning and philoſophiſing has been ſo happily caught in a piece entitled *A Vindication of Natural Society*; that many, even acute readers, miſtook it for a genuine diſcourſe of the author whom it was intended to expoſe; it is indeed a maſter-piece of irony. —— No writings that raiſed ſo mighty an expectation in the public as thoſe of Bolingbroke, ever periſhed ſo ſoon and ſunk into oblivion.

* It is aſſerted on good authority, that Bolingbroke was accuſtomed to ridicule POPE as not underſtanding the drift of his own principles in their full extent: It is plain from many of our author's letters, vol. ix. p. 324, that he was pleaſed to find ſuch an interpretation could be given to this poem as was conſiſtent with the fundamental principles of religion. *This alſo*

thoſe remarkable words that POPE ſpoke in his laſt illneſs to the ſame gentleman who communicated the foregoing anecdote; —— "I am

farther appears from ſome curious letters that paſſed in the year one thouſand ſeven hundred and forty-two, between Ramſay, Racine the younger, and our author. The former addreſſed a vindication of the principles of the Eſſay on Man to Racine, who had charged it with Spinoziſm and irreligion. This produced a letter from POPE to Racine, which concludes with theſe remarkable words. "I declare therefore loudly and with the greateſt ſincerity, that my ſentiments are diametrically oppoſite to thoſe of Spinoza, and even of Leibnitz. They are in truth perfectly agreeable to the tenets of Paſcal, and the Archbiſhop of Cambray: and I ſhall think it an honour to imitate the moderation and docility of the latter, in always ſubmitting all my private opinions to the deciſion of the church." London, Sep. 1. 1747.

There is a circumſtance in the letter of Ramſay above-mentioned, too remarkable to be omitted; and which perhaps ſome may be almoſt tempted to doubt the truth of. In a caſe of ſo delicate a nature I chuſe to quote the original. "M. le Chevalier Newton, grand Géométre & nullement Métaphyſicien, étoit perſuadé de la vérité de la Religion: mais il voulut rafiner ſur d' anciennes erreurs Orientales, & renouvella l'Arianiſme par l' organe de ſon fameux diſciple & intreprete M. Clarke; qui m' avoua quelque tems avant que de mourir après pluſieurs conférences que j' avois eues avec lui, combien il ſe repentoit d' avoir fait imprimer ſon Ouvrage: je fus témoin il y a douze ans, à Londres, des derniers ſentimens de ce modeſte & verteux Docteur."

Œuvres de Racine, tom. i. p. 233.

The

"I am ſo certain of the ſoul's being immortal that I ſeem even to feel it within me, as it were by intuition." After ſuch a declaration, and after writing ſo fervent and elevated a piece

The manner in which Ramſay explains the doctrine of the Eſſay is as follows. "POPE is far from aſſerting that the preſent ſtate of man is his *primitive* ſtate, and is conformable to order. His deſign is to ſhew that, *ſince the Fall*, all is proportioned with weight, meaſure, and harmony, to the condition of a *degraded* being, who ſuffers, and who deſerves to ſuffer, and who cannot be reſtored but by ſufferings; that phyſical evils are deſigned to cure moral evil; that the paſſions and the crimes of the moſt abandoned men are confined, directed, and governed by infinite wiſdom, in ſuch a manner, as to make order emerge out of confuſion, light out of darkneſs, and to call out innumerable advantages from the tranſitory inconveniences of this life; that this ſo gracious Providence conducts all things to its own ends, without ever hurting the liberty of intelligent beings, and without either cauſing or approving the effects of their deliberate malice; that All is *ordained* in the phyſical order, as All is *free* in the moral; that theſe two orders are connected cloſely without fatality, and are not ſubject to that neceſſity which renders us virtuous without merit, and vicious without crime; that, we ſee at preſent but a ſingle wheel of the magnificent machine of the univerſe; but a ſmall link of the great chain; and but an inſignificant part of that immenſe plan which will one day be unfolded. Then will God fully juſtify all the incomprehenſible proceedings of his wiſdom and goodneſs; and will vindicate himſelf, as Milton ſpeaks, from the raſh judgment of mortals."

Lettre De M. De Ramſay.
A Pontoiſe le 28 April, 1742.

of

of devotion, as the univerſal prayer, would it not be injuſtice to accuſe our author of libertiniſm and irreligion? Eſpecially, as I am told he had inſerted an addreſs to Jeſus Chriſt, in the Eſſay on Man, which he omitted at the inſtance of Biſhop Berkley, becauſe the Chriſtian diſpenſation did not come within the compaſs of his plan. Not that ſo pious and worthy a prelate could imagine, that this Platonic ſcheme, of the BEST, ſufficiently accounts for the introduction of moral and phyſical evil into the world; which in truth nothing but revelation can explain, and nothing but a future ſtate can compenſate *.

* The Eſſay on Man was elegantly, but unfaithfully, tranſlated into French verſe by M. Du Reſnel. It was more accurately rendered into French proſe by M. De Silhouete. Which tranſlation has been often printed; at Paris 1736; at London 1741, in Quarto; at the Hague, 1742. He has ſubjoined a defence of the doctrines of the Eſſay from Warburton's Letters: and has added a tranſlation alſo, with a large commentary, of the four ſucceeding epiſtles of POPE. This is the ſame M. De Silhouete, who has ſince been the famous Controller General of the Finances in France. He is well known is London, where he reſided a conſiderable time, attentive to the politics as well as poetry of England.

SECT.

SECT. X.

Of the Moral ESSAYS *in five* EPISTLES *to ſeveral perſons.*

THE patrons and admirers of French literature, uſually extol thoſe authors of that nation who have treated of life and manners: and five of them particularly are eſteemed to be unrivalled; namely, MONTAIGNE, CHARRON, ROCHFOUCAULT, LA BRUYERE, and PASCAL. Theſe are ſuppoſed to have penetrated deeply into the moſt ſecret receſſes of the human heart, and to have diſcovered the various vices and vanities that lurk in it. I know not why the Engliſh ſhould in this reſpect yield to their polite neighbours, more than in any other. BACON in his Eſſays, HOBBES in his treatiſes, and PRIOR in his elegant and witty Alma, have ſhewn a profound knowledge of man; and many pourtraits of Addiſon may be compared with the moſt finiſhed touches of La Bruyere. But the Epiſtles we are now entering

ing upon will place the matter beyond a diſpute; for the French can boaſt of no author who has ſo much exhauſted the ſcience of morals, as POPE has in theſe five Epiſtles. They indeed contain all that is ſolid and valuable in the above-mentioned French writers, of whom our author was remarkably fond: But whatever obſervations he has borrowed from them, he has made his own by the dexterity of his application.

1. Men may be read, as well as books, too much *.

"STUDY life;" cry the lettered men of the world: but that world cannot be known merely by that ſtudy alone. The dread of pedantry is a characteriſtic folly of the preſent age. We adopted it from the French, without conſidering the reaſons that give riſe to it among that people: the religious, and particularly the Jeſuits, perceiving that a taſte for learning began widely to diffuſe itſelf among the laity, could find no ſurer method of repreſſing it,

* Ep. 1. ver. 10.

than

than by treating the learned character as ridiculous. This ridicule was carried ſo far, that, to mention one inſtance out of ten thouſand, the publiſher of Rouchfoucault's maxims makes a grave apology in form, for quoting Seneca in Latin.

2. At half mankind, when gen'rous Manly raves,
All know 'tis virtue, for he thinks them knaves *.

The character alluded to is the principal one the Plain Dealer of Wycherly, a comedy taken from the Miſanthrope of Moliere, but much inferior to the original. Alceſtes has not that bitterneſs of ſpirit, and has much more humanity and honour than Manly. Writers transfuſe their own characters into their works: Wycherly was a vain and profligate libertine; Moliere was beloved for his candour, ſweetneſs of temper and integrity. It is remarkable that the French did not reliſh this incomparable comedy for the three firſt repreſentations. The ſtrokes of its ſatire were

* Ver. 57.

too delicate to be felt by the generality of the audience, who expected only the groſs diverſion of laughing; ſo that at the fourth time of its being acted, the author was forced to add to it one of his coarſeſt farces; but Boileau in the mean time affirmed that it was the capital work of their ſtage, and that the people would one time be induced to think ſo.

3. Unthought-of frailties cheat us in the wife †.

For who could imagine that Locke was fond of romances; that Newton once ſtudied aſtrology; that Dr. Clarke valued himſelf for his agility, and frequently amuſed himſelf in a private room of his houſe in leaping over the tables and chairs: and that our author himſelf was a great epicure? When he ſpent a ſummer with a certain nobleman, he was accuſtomed to lie whole days in bed on account of his head-achs, but would at any time riſe with alacrity, when his ſervant informed him there were ſtewed lampreys for dinner.

† Ver. 69.

On

On the evening of an important battle, the Duke of MARLBOROUGH was heard chiding his ſervant for having been ſo extravagant as to light four candles in his tent, when Prince Eugene came to confer with him. ELIZABETH was a coquet, and BACON received a bribe. Dr. BUSBY had a violent paſſion for the ſtage; it was excited in him by the applauſes he received in acting the Royal Slave before the King at Chriſt-Church; and he declared, that if the rebellion had not broke out, he had certainly engaged himſelf as an actor. LUTHER was ſo immoderately paſſionate, that he ſometimes boxed MELANCTHON's ears; and MELANCTHON himſelf was a believer in judicial aſtrology, and an interpreter of dreams. RICHLIEU and MAZARIN were ſo ſuperſtitious as to employ and penſion MORIN, a pretender to aſtrology, who caſt the nativities of theſe two able politicians. Nor was Tacitus himſelf, who generally appears ſuperior to ſuperſtition, untainted with this folly, as may appear from the twenty-

ſecond chapter of the ſixth book of his annals. Men of great genius have been ſomewhere compared to the pillar of fire that conducted the Iſraelites, which frequently turned a cloudy ſide towards the ſpectator.

4. See the ſame man, in vigour, in the gout;
Alone, in company, in place, or out;
Early at buſineſs, and at hazard late;
Mad at a fox-chaſe, wiſe at a debate;
Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball;
Friendly at Hackney, faithleſs at Whitehall *.

THE unexpected inequalities of our minds and tempers are here exhibited in a lively manner, and with a perfect knowledge of nature. I cannot forbear placing before the reader Tully's pourtrait of Cataline, whoſe inconſiſtencies and varieties of conduct are thus enumerated: "Utebatur hominibus improbis multis, et quidem optimis ſe viris deditum eſſe ſimulabat; erant apud illum illecebræ libidinum multæ: erant etiam induſtriæ quidam ſtimuli ac laboris; flagrabant libidinis vitia apud

* Ver. 71.

illum:

llum: vigebant etiam ſtudia rei militaris: ieque ego unquam fuiſſe tale monſtrum in erris ullum puto, tam ex contrariis diverſiſque inter ſe pugnantibus naturæ ſtudiis, cupilitatibus conflatum. Quis clarioribus viris quodam tempore jucundior? Quis turpioribus conjunctior? Quis civis meliorum partium aliquando? Quis tetrior hoſtis huic civitati? Quis in voluptatibus inquinatior? Quis in laboribus patientior? Quis in rapacitate avarior? Quis in largitione effuſior? *"

5. What made, ſay Montagne, or more ſage Charron †.

One of the reaſons that makes Montagne ſo agreeable a writer is, that he gives ſo ſtrong a picture of the way of life of a country gentleman in the reign of Henry the third. The deſcriptions of his caſtle, of his library, of his travels, of his entertainments, of his diet and dreſs, are particularly pleaſing. Malebranch and Paſcal have ſeverely and juſtly cenſured his ſcepticiſm. Peter Charron contracted a

* Orat. pro M. Cælio. Sect. 3. † Ver. 87.

very

very ſtrict friendſhip with him, inſomuch that Montagne permitted him by his will to bear his arms: in his book of Wiſdom which is publiſhed at Bourdeaux in the year one thouſand ſix hundred and one, he has inſerted a great number of Montagne's ſentiments; this treatiſe has been loudly blamed by many writers of France, and particularly GARASSE the Jeſuit. Our Stanhope, an orthodox Divine, tranſlated it. BAYLE has remarked in oppoſition to theſe cenſurers, that of a hundred thouſand readers, there are hardly three to be found in any age, who are well qualified to judge of a book, wherein the ideas of an exact and metaphyſical reaſoning are ſet in oppoſition to the moſt common opinions. POPE has borrowed many remarks from Charron.

6. A godleſs regent tremble at a ſtar *.

THE duke of Orleans here pointed at, was an infidel and libertine, and at the ſame time, as well as BOULANVILLIERS, was a bigotted

* Ver. 90.

believer

believer in judicial aſtrology; he is the author of many of thoſe flimſy ſongs, nugæ canoræ, to which the language and the manners of France ſeem to be peculiarly adapted. He knew mankind. "Quiconque eſt ſans honeur & ſans humeur, ſaid he frequently, eſt un courtiſan parfaite." Crebillon the father, during this regent's adminiſtration, wrote a ſet of odes againſt him of wonderful energy and keenneſs, and almoſt in the ſpirit of Alceus; if it be not a kind of profanation to ſpeak thus, of any production of a poet that writes under a deſpotic government.

7. Alas in truth the man but chang'd his mind
Perhaps was ſick, in love, or had not din'd *.

For the deſtruction of a kingdom, ſaid a man of wit, nothing more is ſometimes requiſite than a bad digeſtion of the prime miniſter.

8. Judge we by nature? Habit can efface,
Intereſt o'ercome, or policy take place:
By actions? thoſe uncertainty divides:
By paſſions? theſe diſſimulation hides;

* Ver. 127.

Opinions?

Opinions? they ſtill take a wider range:
Find if you can in what you cannot change.
Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times †.

We find here in the compaſs of eight lines, an anatomy of human nature; more ſenſe and obſervation cannot well be compreſſed and concluded in a narrower ſpace. This paſſage might be drawn out into a voluminous commentary, and be worked up into a ſyſtem concerning the knowledge of the world: There ſeems to be an inaccuracy in the uſe of the laſt verb; the natural temperament is by no means ſuddenly changed, or *turned* with a change of climate, though undoubtedly the humours are originally formed by it: *influenced by*, would be a more proper expreſſion than *turn with*, if the metre would admit it.

9. His paſſion ſtill, to covet gen'ral praiſe,
His life, to forfeit it a thouſand ways;
A conſtant bounty which no friend has made;
An angel tongue which no man can perſuade;

† Ver. 182.

A fool,

A fool with more of wit than half mankind,
Too raſh for thought, for action too refin'd:
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
A rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies an out-caſt of each church and ſtate,
And harder ſtill flagitious yet not great *.

THIS character of the Duke of Wharton is finiſhed with much force and expreſſiveneſs; the contradictions that were in it are ſtrongly contraſted. In an entertaining work lately publiſhed, which it is hoped will diffuſe a reliſh for biography, we have a remarkable anecdote relating to this nobleman's ſpeech in favour of the biſhop of Rocheſter. His Grace, then in oppoſition to Court, went to Chelſea the day before the laſt debate on that prelate's affair, where acting contrition, he profeſſed being determined to work out his pardon at Court by ſpeaking againſt the biſhop, in order to which he begged ſome hints. The miniſter was deceived, and went through the whole cauſe with him, pointing out where the

* Ver. 205.

ſtrength of the argument lay, and where it's weakneſs. The Duke was very thankful, returned to town, paſſed the night in drinking and without going to bed, went to the Houſe of Lords, where he ſpoke FOR the biſhop, recapitulating in the moſt maſterly manner, and anſwering all that had been urged againſt him *.

10. When Cataline by rapine ſwell'd his ſtore;
When Cæſar made a noble dame a whore;
In this the luſt, in that the avarice
Were means, not ends; ambition was the vice †.

THE ſame paſſion excited Richlieu to throw up the dyke at Rochelle, and to diſpute the prize of poetry with Corneille; whom to traduce was the ſureſt method of gaining the affection of this ambitious miniſter, who aſpired equally to excel in all things; nay, who formed a deſign to be canonized as a ſaint.

11. Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
Had roaſted turnips in the Sabin farm ‡.

* Catalogue of the Royal and Noble Authors of England, vol. ii. p. 133.

† Ver. 214. ‡ Ver. 218.

FEW

FEW writers of his country have diſplayed a greater energy of ſentiment than Crebillon *; in his Cataline we have a noble one that may illuſtrate this doctrine of POPE; "If, ſays this fierce and inflexible conſpirator, I had only Lentulus's of my party, and if it was filled only with men of virtue, I ſhould eaſily aſſume that character alſo, and be more virtuous than any of them."

Et s' il n' étoit rempli que d' hommes vertueux,
Je n' aurois pas de peine à l' être encor plus qu' eux.

12. In this one paſſion man can ſtrength enjoy,
As fits give vigour, juſt when they deſtroy §.

THE ſtrength and continuance of what our author calls the ruling paſſion, is finely exemplified in RIGHT characters; namely, the

* The creditors of Crebillon would have ſtopped the profits of this tragedy, but the ſpirited old bard appealed to the king in council, and procured an honourable decree in his favour, ſetting forth, that works of genius ſhould not be deemed Effects that were capable of being ſeized. This writer's works were lately printed in a magnificent manner at the Louvre, in two volumes, quarto.

§ Ver. 22.

POLITICIAN: the DEBAUCHEE, the GLUTTON, the OECONOMIST, the COQUET, the COURTIER, the MISER, and the PATRIOT. Of theſe characters, the moſt lively, becauſe the moſt dramatic, are the fifth and ſeventh. There is true humour alſo in the circumſtance of the frugal crone who blows out one of the conſecrated tapers in order to prevent it's waſting. Shall I venture to inſert another example or two? An old uſurer lying in his laſt agonies was preſented by the prieſt with the crucifix. He opened his eyes a moment before he expired, attentively gazed on it, and cried out, "Theſe jewels are counterfeit, I cannot lend more than ten piſtoles upon ſo wretched a pledge." To reform the language of his country was the ruling paſſion of Malherbe. The prieſt who attended him in his laſt moments, aſked him if he was not affected with the deſcription he gave him of the joys of heaven? By no means anſwered the incorrigible bard, I deſire to hear no more of them, if you cannot deſcribe them in a purer ſtyle.

ſtyle. Both theſe ſtories would have ſhone under the hands of POPE.

THIS doctrine of our author may be farther illuſtrated by the following paſſage of Bacon. "It is no leſs worthy to obſerve, how little alteration, in good ſpirits, the approaches of death make; for they appear to be the ſame men, till the laſt inſtant. Auguſtus Cæſar died in a compliment; Livia, conjugii noſtri memor, vive et vale. Tiberius in diſſimulation; as Tacitus ſaith of him: Jam Tiberium vires et corpus, non diſſimulatio deſerebant. Veſpaſian, in a jeſt, ſitting upon the ſtool, Ut puto Deus fio. Galba with a ſentence; Feri, ſi ex re ſit populi Romani; holding forth his neck. Septimius Severus, in diſpatch; Addeſte, ſi quid mihi reſtat agendum *."

THIS epiſtle concludes with a ſtroke of art worthy admiration. The poet ſuddenly ſtops the vein of ridicule with which he was flowing,

* Bacon's Eſſays. Eſſay ii.

and

and addreſſes his friend in a moſt delicate compliment, concealed under the appearance of ſatire.

> And you! brave Cobham to the lateſt breath
> Shall feel your ruling paſſion ſtrong in death:
> Such in thoſe moments as in all the paſt,
> "Oh ſave my country, heav'n, ſhall be your laſt."

13. Narciſſa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a waſh, would hardly ſtew a child;
Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a lover's pray'r;
And paid a tradeſman once to make him ſtare;
Gave alms at Eaſter, in a Chriſtian trim,
And made a widow happy for a whim *.

THE epiſtle on the characters of women, from whence this truly witty character is taken, is highly finiſhed, and full of the moſt delicate ſatire. Bolingbroke, a judge of the ſubject, thought it the maſter-piece of POPE. Pleaſantry reigns throughout it; and the bitterneſs of the ſatire is concealed in a laugh. The characters are lively, though uncommon. I ſcarcely remember one of them in our comic

* Epiſt. 2. v. 53.

writers

writers of the beſt order. The ridicule is heightened by many ſuch ſtrokes of humour, carried even to the borders of extravagance, as that in the ſecond line, here quoted. The female foibles have been the ſubject of perhaps more wit, in every language, than any other topic that can be named. The ſixth ſatire of Juvenal, though deteſtable for its obſcenity, is undoubtedly the moſt witty of all his ſixteen. POPE confines himſelf to paint thoſe inconſiſtencies of conduct, to which a volatile fancy is thought to incline the ſex. And this he exemplifies in the contrarieties that can be diſcovered in the characters of the AFFECTED, the SOFT-NATURED, the WHIMSICAL, the LEWD and VICIOUS, the WITTY and REFINED. In this comprehenſive view is perhaps included each ſpecies of female folly and abſurdity, which is the proper object of ridicule. If this Epiſtle yields, in any reſpect, to the tenth ſatire of Boileau on the ſame ſubject, it is in the delicacy and variety of the tranſitions, by which the French writer paſſes from one

character to another, connecting each with the foregoing. It was a common ſaying of Boileau, ſpeaking of Bruyere, that one of the moſt difficult parts of compoſition, was the art of tranſition. That we may ſee how happily POPE has caught the manner of Boileau, let us ſurvey one of his pourtraits: it ſhall be that of his learned lady.

Qui s'offrira d'abord? c'eſt cette Scavante,
Qu'eſtime Roberval, & que Sauveur frequente.
D'ou vient qu'elle a l'œil trouble, & le teint ſi terni?
C'eſt que ſur le calcal, dit-on, de Caſſini,
Un Aſtrolabe en main, elle a dans ſa goûtiere
Il faiſoit Jupiter paſſé la nuit entiere:
Gardons de la troubler. Sa ſcience, ſe croy,
Aura par s'occuper ce jour plus d'un employ.
D'un nouveau microſcope ou doit en ſa préſence
Tantoſt chez Dalancé faire l'experience;
Puis d'une femme morte avec ſon embryon,
Il faut chez Du Vernay voir la diſſection.*

* Which laſt line is a little groſs and offenſive: as it muſt be confeſſed are ſome of Pope. There is not a ſingle ſtroke of this ſort in Young's Satires on Women. I wiſh the delicacy and reſervedneſs of four or five Ladies now living, who have real learning and taſte, would permit me to inſert their names in this place, as a counterpart to this affected character in Boileau.

14. No thought advances, but her eddy brain
Whiſks it about, and down it goes again.
Full ſixty years the world has been her trade,
The wiſeſt fool much time has ever made.
From loveleſs youth to unreſpected age,
No paſſion gratify'd, except her rage.
So much the fury ſtill outran the wit,
The pleaſure miſs'd her, and the ſcandal hit *.

THESE ſpirited lines are part of a character deſigned for the famous Dutcheſs of Marlborough; whom SWIFT had alſo ſeverely ſatirized in the *Examiner*. Her beauty, her abilities, her political intrigues, are ſufficiently known †. The violence of her temper frequently broke out into wonderful and

* V. 125. Ep. 2.

† See the account of her own conduct, drawn up under her own eye and direction, by MR. HOOKE, author of the Roman Hiſtory, of the life of Fenelon, and of the tranſlation of the travels of Cyrus. DR. KING, of St. Mary Hall in Oxford, informed me, that this tranſlation was made at Dr. Cheyne's houſe at Bath, and that he himſelf had often been Hooke's Amanuenſis on this occaſion, who dictated his tranſlation to him with uncommon facility and rapidity. The Dutcheſs rewarded Hooke with 5,000 *l.* for his trouble; but quarrelled with him afterwards, becauſe,

and ridiculous indecencies. In the laſt i
neſs of the great Duke her huſband, wh
Dr. Mead left his chamber, the Dutche
diſliking his advice, followed him dow
ſtairs, *ſwore* at him bitterly, and was goi
to tear off his perriwig. Dr. Hoadly, t
late biſhop of Wincheſter, was preſent at t
ſcene. Theſe lines were ſhewn to her Gr
as if they were intended for the portrait
the Dutcheſs of Buckingham, but ſhe ſo
ſtopped the perſon that was reading them
her, and called out aloud—"I cannot
"ſo impoſed upon—I ſee plainly enou
"for whom they are deſigned;" and abu
POPE moſt plentifully on the ſubject; t
ſhe was afterwards reconciled to, and cour
him. This character, together with th
of PHILOMEDE and CLOE, were firſt pu

as ſhe affirmed, he attempted to convert her to Pop
Hooke was a Myſtic, and a Quietiſt, and a warm diſcipl
Fenelon. It was he who brought a Catholic prieſt to
our author's confeſſion on his death-bed. The prieſt
ſcarce departed, when Bolingbroke, coming over f
Batterſea, flew into a great fit of paſſion and indignatio
the occaſion.

lic

liſhed in this edition of POPE. They are all animated with the moſt poignant wit. That of Cloe is particularly juſt and happy, who is repreſented as content merely and only to *dwell in decencies*, and ſatisfied to avoid giving offence; and is one of thoſe many inſignificant and uſeleſs beings,

> Who want, as thro' blank life they dream along,
> Senſe to be right, and paſſion to be wrong;

as ſays the ingenious author of the *Univerſal Paſſion*; a work that abounds in wit, obſervation on life, pleaſantry, delicacy, urbanity, and the moſt well-bred raillery, without a ſingle mark of ſpleen and ill-nature. Theſe were the firſt *characteriſtical* ſatires in our language, and are written with an eaſe and familiarity of ſtyle, very different from this author's other works. The four firſt were publiſhed in folio, in the year 1725; * and the fifth and ſixth, incomparably

* In theſe, the characters of *Clarinda*, of *Zantippe* the *violent* lady, *Delia* the chaiot-driver, of *Maſter* Betty the huntreſs,

parably the beſt, on the characters of women, in the year 1727, that is, eight years before this epiſtle of POPE. Dr. Young was one of the moſt amiable and benevolent of men; moſt exemplary in his life, and ſincere in his religion *; nobody ever ſaid more

huntreſs, of *Daphne* the critic, of *Lemira* the ſick lady, the female *Philoſopher*, the *Theologiſt*, of the *languid* lady, of *Tibaleſtris* the *ſwearer*, of *Lyce* the old beauty, of *Lavinia*, of a *nymph* of *ſpirit*, of *Julia* the *manager*, of *Alicia* the *ſloven*, of *Clio* the *ſlanderer*, of the *affected Aſturia*, of the female *Atheiſt*, and of the female *Gameſter*; are all of them drawn with truth and ſpirit. And the introductions to theſe two ſatires, particularly the addreſs to the incomparable Lady Betty Germain, are as elegant as any thing in our language. After reading theſe pieces, one is at a loſs to know what Mr. POPE could mean by ſaying, that tho' *Young* was a man of genius, yet that *he wanted common ſenſe*.

* Mr. Walter Harte aſſured me, he had ſeen the preſſing letter that Dr. Young wrote to Mr. POPE, urging him to write ſomething on the ſide of Revelation, in order to take off the impreſſions of thoſe doctrines which the Eſſay on Man were ſuppoſed to convey. He alluded to this in the concluſion of his firſt Night-thought.

O had he preſs'd his theme, purſu'd the track
Which opens out of darkneſs into day!
O had he mounted on his wing of fire,
Soar'd where I ſink, and ſung *immortal* man!

brilliant

brilliant things in converſation. The late Lord MELCOMBE informed me, that when he and Voltaire were on a viſit to his Lordſhip at Eaſtbury, the Engliſh poet was far ſuperior to the French, in the variety and the novelty of his bon mots and repartees; and Lord Melcombe was himſelf a good judge of wit and humour, of which he himſelf had a great portion. If the friendſhip with which Dr. Young honoured me does not miſlead me, I think I may venture to affirm, that many high ſtrokes of character in his *Zanga*; many ſentiments and images in his *Night-thoughts*; and many ſtrong and forcible deſcriptions in his paraphraſe on *Job*, mark him for a ſublime and original genius. Tho' at the ſame time I am ready to confeſs, that he is not a * correct and equal writer,

* So little ſenſible are we of our own imperfections, that the very laſt time I ſaw Dr. Young, he was ſeverely cenſuring and ridiculing the falſe pomp of fuſtian writers, and the nauſeouſneſs of *bombaſt*. I remember he ſaid, that ſuch torrents of eloquence were *muddy* as well as *noiſy*; and that theſe *violent* and *tumultuous* authors, put him in mind of a paſſage in Milton, B. 2. v. 539.

Others,

writer, and was too often turgid and hyperbolical.

15. See how the world its veterans rewards,
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;
Fair to no purpoſe, artful to no end,
Young without lovers, old without a friend;
A fop their paſſion, but their prize a ſot,
Alive, ridiculous; and dead, forgot *.

THE antitheſis, ſo remarkably ſtrong in theſe lines, was a very favourite figure with our poet: he has indeed uſed it but in too many parts of his works; nay, even in his tranſlation of the Iliad †; where it ought not to have

Others, with vaſt Typhæan rage more fell,
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind. Hell ſcarce holds the wild uproar.

* V. 243.

† Voltaire ſpeaks thus of La Motte: ſo faſhionable a critic may, perhaps, be attended to.—Au-lieu d'échauffer ſon génie en tâchant de copier les ſublimes peintures d'Homére, il voulut lui donner de l'eſprit; c'eſt la Manie de la plûpart des François; une eſpéce de pointe qu'ils appellent un trait, une petite antithéſe, un lèger contraſte de mots leur ſuffit.—The following lines are inſtances:

have been admitted. Our author ſeldom writes many lines together without an antitheſis. It muſt be allowed ſometimes to add ſtrength to a ſentiment, by an oppoſition of images; but, too frequently repeated, it becomes tireſome, and diſguſting. Rhyme has almoſt a natural tendency to betray a writer into it. But the pureſt authors have deſpiſed it, as an ornament pert, and puerile, and epigrammatic. Seneca, Pliny, Tacitus, and later authors, abound in it. Quintilian has ſometimes uſed it, with much ſucceſs; as

On offenſe les dieux, mais par des ſacrifices
De ces dieux irrités on fait des dieux propices.

And again—

Tout le camp s'écria dans une joie extrême,
Que ne vaincra-t-il point, il s'eſt vaincu lui meme.

I muſt only juſt add, that La Motte, in all the famous diſpute about the ancients, never ſaid a thing ſo ill-founded, and ſo void of taſte, as the following words of the ſame Voltaire: "Homere n' a jamais fait répandre de pleurs." *Affectus* quidem vel illos *mites* vel hos *concitatos*, nemo erit *tam indoctus* qui non in ſuâ poteſtate hunc auctorem habuiſſe fateatur. Quintilian, lib. 10. cap. 1. Had Voltaire ever read Quintilian? or rather, had he ever read Homer—in the original?

when

when he ſpeaks of ſtyle; magna, non nimia; ſublimis, non abrupta; ſevera non triſtis; læta, non luxurioſa; plena, non tumida. And ſometimes Tully; as, vicit pudorem libido, timorem audacia, rationem amentia. But theſe writers fall into this mode of ſpeaking but ſeldom, and do not make it their *conſtant* and *general manner*. Thoſe moderns who have not acquired a true taſte for the ſimplicity of the beſt ancients, have generally run into a frequent uſe of *point*, *oppoſition*, and *còntraſt*.

They who begin to ſtudy painting, are ſtruck at firſt with the pieces of the moſt vivid colouring; they are almoſt aſhamed to own, that they do not reliſh and feel the modeſt and reſerved beauties of Raphael. 'Tis the ſame in writing; but, by degrees, we find that Lucan, Martial, Juvenal, Q. Curtius, and Florus, and others of that ſtamp, who abound in figures that contribute to the falſe florid, in luxuriant meta-

phors, in pointed conceits, in lively antitheſes, unexpectedly darted forth, are contemptible for the very cauſes which once excited our admiration. 'Tis then we reliſh Terence, Cæſar, and Xenophon.

16. Kept droſs for Ducheſſes, *the world ſhall know it*,
To you gave ſenſe, good-humour, and a poet *.

The world ſhall know it—is a bad expreſſion, and a poor expletive, into which our poet was forced by the rhyme †.

Maudit ſoit le premier, dont la verve inſenſée,
Dans les bornes d' un vers renferma ſa penſée,
Et donnant à ſes mots une étroite priſon,
Voulut avec la rime enchaîner la raiſon ‡.

RHYME alſo could alone be the occaſion

* V. 291.

† La Rime gêne plus qu'elle n' orne les vers. Elle les charge d'Epithétes; elles rend ſouvent la diction forcée, & pleine d' une vaine parure. En allongant les diſcours, elle les affoiblit. Souvent on a recours à un vers inutile; pour en amener un bon. FENELON to M. DE LA MOTTE. Lettres, p. 62. A Cambray, 26 Janvier 1719.

‡ Boileau. Sat. 2. v. 53.

of the following faulty expreſſions; taken too from ſome of his moſt finiſhed pieces.

Not Cæſar's Empreſs would *I deign to prove*—
If Queenberry to ſtrip *there's no compelling*—
Wrapt into future times the *bard begun*—
Know all the noiſe the buſy *world can keep*—
If true, a woful likeneſs, and *if lyes*—
Nothing ſo true as what you once *let fall*—
For virtue's ſelf may too much *zeal be had*—
——— can no *wants endure*—
Nay half in heav'n *except what's mighty odd*—
——— liſtening ears *employ*—
——— on ſuch a world *we fall*—
——— take ſcandal *at a ſpark*—
——— do *the knack*, and———do *the feat*.—

And more inſtances might be added, if it were not diſagreeable to obſerve theſe ſtraws in amber. But if rhyme occaſions ſuch inconveniences and improprieties in ſo exact a writer as our author, what can be expected from * inferior verſifiers? It is not my

* Our author told Mr. HARTE, that, in order to diſguiſe his being the author of the ſecond epiſtle of the Eſſay on Man,

my intention to enter into a trite and tedious diſcuſſion of the ſeveral merits of rhyme and blank verſe. Perhaps rhyme may be propereſt for ſhorter pieces; for didactic, lyric, elegiac, and ſatiric poems; for pieces where cloſeneſs of expreſſion, and ſmartneſs of ſtyle, are expected; but for ſubjects of a higher order, or for poems of a greater length, blank verſe may be preferable. An epic poem in rhyme appears to be ſuch a ſort of thing, as the Æneid would have been if it had been written, like Ovid's Faſti, in hexameter and pentameter verſes; and the reading it would have been as tedious as the travelling through that one,

Man, he made, in the firſt edition, the following bad rhyme:

A cheat! a whore! who ſtarts not at the *name*,
In all the inns of court, or Drury *Lane** ?

And HARTE remembered to have often heard it urged, in enquiries about the author, whilſt he was unknown, that it was impoſſible it could be POPE's, on account of this very paſſage.

* V. 205.

long, ſtrait, avenue of firs, that leads from *Moſcow* to *Peterſburg*. I will give the reader Mr. POPE's own opinion on this ſubject, and in his own words, as delivered to Mr. Spence. "I have *nothing* to ſay for "* rhyme; but that I doubt if a poem "can *ſupport* itſelf without it in our lan- "guage, unleſs it be ſtiffened with ſuch

* Boileau, whoſe practice it was to make the ſecond line of a couplet before the firſt, having written (in his ſecond ſatire) this line,

Dans mes vers recouſus mettre en pieces Malherbe,

it was thought impoſſible by La Fontaine and Moliere; and other critical friends, for him to find a proper rhyme for the word Malherbe: at laſt he hit upon the following;

Et tranſpoſant cent fois & le nom & le verbe.

Upon ſhewing which line to La Fontaine, he cried out—"Ah! how happy have you been, my friend! I would "give the very beſt of all my Tales to have made ſuch "a diſcovery." So important in the eyes of French poets is a lucky rhyme! The reader may judge what credit is due to the following anecdote of *Voltaire*. Queſtions ſur l'Encycloped Partie 5, 255 page. Je me ſouviendrai toûjours que je demandai au célebre POPE, pourquoi Milton n'avait pas rimé ſon Paradis perdu; & qu'il me répondit, *Becauſe he could not*; parce qu'il ne le pouvait pas.——But the moſt harmonious of rhymers has ſaid—"What rhyme "adds to ſweetneſs, it takes away from ſenſe." DRYDEN.

"ſtrange

" ſtrange words, as are likely to deſtroy our " language itſelf. The high ſtyle that is " affected ſo much in blank verſe, would " not have been ſupported even in Milton, " had not his ſubject turned ſo much on " ſuch *ſtrange* and *out of the world* things " as it does."—May we not, however, venture to obſerve, that more of that true harmony which will beſt *ſupport* a poem, will reſult from a *variety* of pauſes, and from an intermixture of thoſe different *feet* (iambic and trochaïc particularly) into which our language naturally falls, than from the uniformity of *ſimilar terminations*. " *There* " *can be no muſic*," ſays COWLEY, " *with* " *only one note*."

17. Bleſt paper-credit! laſt and beſt ſupply!
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly!
Gold, imp'd by thee, can compaſs hardeſt things,
Can pocket States, can fetch or carry Kings;
A ſingle leaf ſhall waft an army o'er,
Or ſhip off Senates to a diſtant ſhore;

A leaf,

A leaf, like Sibyls', ſcatter to and fro
Our fates and fortunes, as the winds ſhall blow;
Pregnant with thouſands * flits the ſcrap unſeen,
And ſilent ſells a King, or buys a Queen †.

"NOT one of my works" (ſaid POPE to Mr. Spence) "was more laboured than my "epiſtle on the Uſe of Riches." It does indeed abound in knowledge of life, and in the juſteſt ſatire. The lines above quoted have alſo the additional merit of touching on a ſubject that never occurred to former ſatiriſts. And tho' it was difficult to ſay any thing new about avarice, "a vice that "has been ſo pelted" (ſays COWLEY) "with "good ſentences," yet has our author done it ſo ſucceſsfully, that this epiſtle, together with Lord BACON's thirty-third *Eſſay*, contains almoſt all that can be ſaid on the uſe and abuſe of riches, and the abſurd extremes of avarice and profuſion. But our

* The word *flits* heightens the ſatire, by giving one the ſtrong idea of an obſcene and ill-omened bird.

† Of the uſe of Riches, v. 39.

poet has enlivened his precepts with ſo many various characters, pictures, and images, as may entitle him to claim the preference over all that have treated on this tempting ſubject, down from the time of the Plutus of Ariſtophanes. That very lively and amiable old nobleman, the late Lord BATHURST, told me, "that he was much ſurprized to ſee what he had with repeated pleaſure ſo often read as an *epiſtle* addreſſed to himſelf, in this edition converted into a *dialogue*; in which," ſaid he, "I perceive I really make but a ſhabby and indifferent figure, and contribute very little to the ſpirit of the *dialogue*, if it *muſt be* a *dialogue*; and I hope I had generally more to ſay for myſelf in the many charming converſations I uſed to hold with POPE and Swift, and my old poetical friends."

18. A Stateſman's ſlumbers how this ſpeech could ſpoil!
"Sir, Spain has ſent a thouſand jars of oil;
"Huge bales of Britiſh cloth blockade the door;
"A hundred oxen at your levee roar *."

* V. 55.

NOTHING

NOTHING can exceed this ridicule of the many inconveniences that would have *encumbered villainy*, by bribing and by paying *in kind*. The following examples carry the ſatire ſtill higher, and can hardly be thought to be excelled by any ſtrokes of irony and humour in the beſt parts of Horace, Juvenal, or Boileau.

His Grace will game; to White's a bull be led,
With * ſpurning heels, and with a butting head.
To White's be carry'd, as to ancient † games,
Fair courſers, vaſes, and alluring dames.
Shall then Uxorio, if the ſtakes he ſweep,
Bear home ſix whores, and make his lady weep?
Or ſoft Adonis, ſo perfum'd and fine,
Drive to St. James's a whole herd of ſwine ‡?

WE can only lament that our author did not live long enough to be a witneſs of the

* As a conſecrated beaſt to a ſacrifice; and alluding to Virgil, with much pleaſantry,

Jam cornu petat, & pedibus qui ſpargat arenam.

† Alluding to the prizes that Achilles beſtows in the games of Homer. Iliad. 23. b.

‡ V. 67.

midnight

midnight (or morning) *orgies* of the gamesters at BROOKS's. What a ſubject for the ſeverity of his ſatire! Perhaps we might have ſeen men,

Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Yet touch'd and ſham'd by *ridicule* alone!

For ſurely that vice deſerves the keeneſt invective, which, more than any other, has a natural and invincible tendency to narrow and to harden the heart, by *impreſſing* and *keeping* up *habits of ſelfiſhneſs*. "I foreſee," (ſaid MONTESQUIEU, one day, to a friend viſiting him at *La Brede*) "that *gaming* will "be the ruin of Europe. During play, "the body is in a ſtate of indolence, and "the mind in a ſtate of vicious activity."

19. Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides
The ſlave that digs it, and the ſlave that hides *.

† THIS is plainly taken from "the cauſes

* V. 109.

† See the Adventurer, N° 63, publiſhed 1753. The reflection with which CHARTRES's epitaph, in this epiſtle, concludes, is from LA BRUYERE.

" of the *decay* of *Chriſtian Piety*." It has always been held, ſays this excellent writer, the ſevereſt treatment of ſlaves and malefactors, damnare ad metalla, to force them to dig in the mines: now this is the covetous man's lot, from which he is never to expect a releaſe. And the character of Helluo the glutton, who exclaimed even in his laſt agonies (at the end of the firſt of theſe epiſtles)

—— then bring the jowl!

is clearly borrowed from the concluſion of one of the tales of FONTAINE:

Puis qu'il faut que je meure
Sans faire tant de façon,
Qu' on m' apporte tout à l' heure
Le reſte de mon poiſſon.

So true is that candid acknowledgment which our author makes in his ſenſible preface, " I fairly confeſs that I have ſerved " myſelf all I could by reading." But the noble paſſage I ſhall next quote, he has not borrowed

borrowed from any writer. It is intended to illuſtrate the uſefulneſs, in the hands of a gracious Providence, that reſults from the extremes of avarice and profuſion; and it recurs to the leading principle of our author's philoſophy, namely, that contrarieties and varieties, in the moral as well as the natural world, by counter-poizing and counter-working each other, contribute ultimately to the *benefit* and *beauty* of the *whole*.

Hear then the truth; "'tis Heav'n each paſſion ſends,
"And different men directs to different ends;
"Extremes in nature equal good produce,
"Extremes in man concur to gen'ral uſe.
"Aſk we what makes one keep, and one beſtow?
"That Pow'r who bids the ocean ebb and flow;
"Bids ſeed-time, harveſt, equal courſe maintain,
"Thro' reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain;
"Builds life on death, on change duration founds,
"And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds."

VOLTAIRE has, in many parts of his works, beſides his *Candide*, and his *Philoſo-*

phical Dictionary, exerted the utmoſt efforts of his wit and argument to depreciate and deſtroy the doctrine of *Optimiſm*, and the idea that,

Th' eternal art educes good from ill.

He imagines, abſurdly enough, that the only ſolid method of accounting for the origin of evil, conſiſtently with the other attributes of God, is not to allow his *omnipotence*. Sa puiſſance eſt très grande; mais qui nous a dit qu'elle eſt infinie, quand ſes ouvrages nous montrent le contraire? Quand la ſeule reſſource qui nous reſte pour le diſculper eſt d' avouer que ſon pouvoir n' a pu triompher du mal phyſique & moral? Certes, j'aime mieux l'adorer borné que mechant. Peutetre dans la vaſte machine de la nature, le bien l' a-t-il emporté neceſſairement ſur le mal, & l'eternel artiſan a été forcé dans ſes moyens, en feſant encore

encore (malgré tant de maux) ce qu'il avait de mieux *.

VOLTAIRE, after having run the full career of infidelity and ſcepticiſm, ſeems to have ſunk at laſt into abſolute fataliſm. The ſentiments are indeed put into the mouth of MEMMIUS, the friend and patron of LUCRETIUS, and addreſſed to CICERO: this was only the method the French philoſopher took to acquaint us with his own thoughts.

JE ſuis donc ramené malgré moi à cette ancienne idée que je vois être la baſe de tous les ſyſtémes, dans laquelle tous les philoſophes retombent aprés mille détours, & qui m'eſt démontrée par toutes les actions des hommes, par les miennes, par tous les événemens que j'ai lus, que j'ai vus, & auxquels j'ai eu part; c'eſt le fataliſme,

* Queſtions ſur l'Encyclopedie, 9 partie, p. 348. So inconcluſive and unphiloſophical an aſſertion, deſerves no ſerious confutation

c'eſt

c'eſt la néceſſité dont je vous ai déjà parlé *.

20. Like ſome *lone* Chartreux ſtands the good old hall,
Silence without, and faſts within the wall;
No *rafter'd* roofs with dance and tabor ſound,
No *noontide* bell invites the country round:
Tenants with ſighs the *ſmoakleſs* tow'rs ſurvey,
And turn th' unwilling ſteeds another way:
Benighted wanderers, the foreſt o'er,
Curs'd the *fav'd candle*, and *unop'ning* door;
While the *gaunt* maſtiff *growling* at the gate,
Affrights the beggar, whom he longs to eat †.

In the worſt inn's worſt room, with *mat half*-hung,
The floors of *plaiſter*, and the *walls of dung*,
On once a *flock*-bed, but repair'd with *ſtraw*,
With *tape-ty'd* curtains, never meant to draw,
The *George* and *Garter dangling* from that bed
Where *tawdry yellow* ſtrove *with dirty red*,
Great Villers lies ‡.——

THE uſe, the force, and the excellence

* "He muſt have a very good ſtomach," (ſays Mr. Gray) "that can digeſt the *Crambe recocta* of Voltaire. "Atheiſm is a vile diſh, tho' all the cooks of France "combine to make new ſauces for it." Letters, quarto, page 385.

† V. 187. ‡ V. 399.

of

of language, certainly conſiſts in raiſing, *clear*, *complete*, and *circumſtantial* images, and in turning *readers* into *ſpectators*. I have quoted the two preceding paſſages as eminent examples of this excellence, of all others the moſt eſſential in poetry. Every epithet, here uſed, *paints* its object, and *paints* it *diſtinctly*. After having paſſed over the moat full of creſſes, do you not *actually* find yourſelf in the middle court of this forlorn and ſolitary manſion, overgrown with docks and nettles? And do you not hear the dog that is going to aſſault you?— Among the other fortunate circumſtances that attended Homer, it was not one of the leaſt, that he wrote before *general* and *abſtract* terms were invented. Hence his Muſe (like his own Helen ſtanding on the walls of Troy) points out every *perſon*, and *thing*, *accurately* and *forcibly*. All the views and proſpects he lays before us, appear as *fully* and *perfectly* to the *eye*, as that which engaged

engaged the attention of Neptune, when he was ſitting (Iliad, b. 13. v. 12.)

Ὑψοῦ ἐπ' ακροτατης κορυφης Σαμου ὑληεσσης,
Θρηικιης· ενθεν γαρ ἐφαινετο πασα μεν Ἰδη,
Φαινετο δὲ Πριαμοιο πολις, και νηες Αχαιων.

THOSE who are fond of *generalities*, may think the number of *natural, little* circumſtances, introduced in the beautiful narration of the expedition of DOLON and DIOMED (Book the 10th) too *particular* and *trifling*, and below the dignity of Epic poetry. But every reader of a juſt taſte will always admire the *minute* deſcription of the helmet and creſt, at verſe the 257th; the clapping of the wings of the Heron which they could not ſee; the *ſquatting* down among the dead bodies till Dolon had paſſed; Ulyſſes *hiſſing* to Diomed as a ſignal; the ſtriking the horſes with his bow, becauſe *he had forgotten* to bring his whip with him; and the innumerable circumſtances

ſtances which make this narration ſo *lively*, ſo *dramatic*, and ſo *intereſting*. Half the Iliad and the Odyſſey might be quoted as examples of this way of writing. So different from the unfiniſhed, half-formed figures, preſented to us by many modern writers. How much is the pathetic heightened by Sophocles, when, ſpeaking of Deianira determined to deſtroy herſelf, and taking leave of her palace, he adds, a circumſtance that *Voltaire* would have diſdained!

—— Κλαιει δ' οργανων οτε
Ψαυσειεν, ὁις ιχνητο διηλασια πατρος *.

Among the Roman poets, *Lucretius* will furniſh many inſtances of this ſort of ſtrong painting. Witneſs his portrait of a jealous man; Book the 4th, v. 1130.

Aut quod in ambiguo *verbum jaculata* reliquit;
Aut nimium *jactare* oculos, aliumve *tueri*
Quod putat, in vultûque videt *veſtigia* riſûs.

* Trachiniæ, v. 922.

Of Iphigenia going to be ſacrificed, at the moment, when,

—— mæſtum ante aras aſtare parentem
Senſit, & hunc propter ferrum *celare* miniſtros *.

Of Fear, in book iii. v. 155.

Sudorem itaque & *pallorem* exiſtere toto
Corpore; & *infringi* linguam; vocemque aboriri;
Caligare oculos; *ſonere* aures; *ſuccidere* artus.

WITHOUT ſpecifying the various *ſtrokes* of nature, with which Virgil has deſcribed the prognoſtics of the weather in his firſt Georgic, let us only conſider with what energy he has *enumerated* and *particularized* the geſtures and attitudes of his dying Dido. No five verſes ever contained more images, or images more *diſtinctly* expreſſed.

Illa *graves oculos* conata *attollere*, rurſus
Deficit; infixum *ſtridet* ſub pectore vulnus:
Ter ſeſe *attollens*, *cubitoque innixa* levavit,
Ter revoluta toro eſt: *oculiſque errantibus*, alto
Quæſivit cælo lucem, *ingemuitque* repertâ †.

* Book ii. v. 21. † Æn. iv. 688.

The *words* of *Virgil* have here painted the *dying* Dido, as *powerfully* as the *pencil* of *Reynolds* has done, when ſhe is juſt *dead*.

But none of the Roman writers has diſplayed a greater force and vigour of imagination than Tacitus; who was in truth *a great poet*. With what an aſſemblage of maſterly ſtrokes has he exhibited the diſtreſs of the Roman army under *Cæcina*, in the firſt book of the Annals! Nox per diverſa inquies; cum barbari feſtis epulis, *læto cantu*, aut *truci* ſonore, ſubjecta vallium ac reſultantes ſaltus, complerent. Apud Romanos, *invalidi* ignes, *interruptæ* voces, atque ipſi paſſim *adjacerent* vallo, *oberrarent* tentoriis, inſomnes magis quam pervigiles, ducemque terruit *dira quies*. And what a ſpectre he then immediately calls up, in the ſtyle of Michael Angelo! Nam Quintilium Varum, *ſanguine oblitum*, & paludibus *emerſum*, *cernere* & *audire* viſus eſt, velut *vocantem*, non tamen *obſecutus*, & *manum intendentis* repuliſſe.

A CELEBRATED foreigner, the Count Algarotti, has paſſed the following cenſure on our poetry, as deficient in this reſpect.

"LA poeſia dei populi *ſettentrionali* pare a me, che, generalménte parlando, conſiſta più di *penſieri*, che d' *immagini*, ſi compiaccia delle rifleſſione equalmente che dei ſentimenti: non ſia coſi *particolareggiata*, e *pittoreſca* come e la noſtra. Virgilio a cagione d'eſempio rappreſentando Didone quando eſce alla caccio fa una tal deſcrizione del ſuo veſtimento, che tutti i ritrattiſti, leggendo quel paſſo, la veſtirebbono a un modo:

Tandem progreditur, magnâ ſtipante caterva,
Sidoniam picto chlamydem circumdata limbo;
Cui pharetra ex auro, crines nodantur in aurum,
Aurea purpuream ſubnectit fibula veſtem.

Non coſi il MILTONO quando deſcrive la nuda bellezza di Eva:

Grace was in all her ſteps, heav'n in her eye,
In every geſture, dignity and love.

Con quella parole generale, e *aſtratte* idee di

di grazia, cielo, amore, e maeſtà non pare a lei che ognuno ſi formi in mente una Eva a poſta ſua?" *

IT muſt indeed be granted, that this paſſage gives no diſtinct and particular idea of the perſon of Eve; but in how many others has Milton drawn his *figures*, and expreſſed his *images*, with *energy* and *diſtinctneſs*?

Under a coronet his flowing hair
In curls on either cheek play'd; wings he wore
Of many a colour'd plume ſprinkled with gold;
His habit fit for ſpeed ſuccinct, and held
Before his decent ſteps a ſilver wand †.

Dire was the toſſing, deep the groans; DESPAIR
Tended the ſick, buſieſt from couch to couch;
And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delay'd to ſtrike ‡.

From his ſlack hand the garland, wreath'd for Eve,
Down dropt, and all the faded roſes ſhed;
Speechleſs he ſtood, and pale! §

And SPENCER, the maſter of MILTON, ſo much abounds in portraits peculiarly mark-

* See his works. Leghorn. t. 8. † Par. Loſt, b. iii. v. 640.
‡ B. xi. v. 489. § B. ix. v. 892.

ed,

ed, and ſtrongly created, that it is difficult to know which to ſelect from this copious magazine of the moſt lively painting. The ſame may be ſaid of SHAKESPEARE; whoſe little touches of nature it is no wonder VOLTAIRE could not reliſh, who affords no example of this beauty in his *Henriade*, and gives no proofs of a *pictureſque fancy*, in a work that abounds more in *declamation*, in moral and political reflections, than in poetic images; in which there is little *character* and leſs *nature*, and in which the author himſelf *appears throughout the piece, and is himſelf the hero of his poem*.

I HAVE dwelt the longer on this ſubject, becauſe I think I can perceive many ſymptoms, even among writers of eminence, of departing from theſe *true* and *lively*, and *minute*, repreſentations of Nature, and of *dwelling in generalities*. To theſe I oppoſe the teſtimony of, perhaps the moſt judicious and elegant critic among the ancients. Proculdubio qui dicit *expugnatam* eſſe civi-

tatem,

tatem, complectitur omnia quæcunque talis fortuna recipit: ſed in affectus minus penetrat brevis hic velut nuntius. At ſi *aperias* hæc quæ verbo uno incluſa erant, *apparebunt* effuſæ per domos ac templa *flammæ*, & *ruentium* tectorum fragor, & ex diverſis clamoribus unus quidem ſonus; *aliorum* fuga incerta; *alii* in extremo *complexû* ſuorum cohærentes, & infantium fæminarumque ploratus, & malè uſque in illum diem ſervati fato ſenes; tum illa profanorum ſacrorumque *direptio*, *efferentium* prædas, *repetentiumque* diſcurſus, & *acti* ante ſuum quiſque prædonem *catenati*, & conata *retinere infantem* ſuum *mater*, & ſicubi majus lucrum eſt, pugna inter victores. Licet enim hæc omnia, ut dixi, complectatur *everſio*, MINUS EST TAMEN TOTUM DICERE, QUAM OMNIA *.

21. Who hung with woods yon mountain's ſultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?

* QUINTILIAN, lib. viii. cap. 3.

Not

Not to the * ſkies in uſeleſs columns toſt,
Or in proud falls magnificently loſt;
But clear and artleſs, pouring thro' the plain,
Health to the ſick, and ſolace to the ſwain.
Whoſe cauſeway parts the vale with ſhady rows?
Whoſe ſeats the weary traveller repoſe?
Who taught that heav'n-directed ſpire to riſe?
"The MAN of Ross," each liſping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erſpread!
The Man of Roſs divides the weekly bread.

* Has not the learned commentator, in his note on this paſſage, given an illuſtration rather hard and far-ſought, in the following words?

"The *intimation* in the firſt line well ridicules the *madneſs* of faſhionable magnificence; theſe columns aſpiring "to prop the ſkies, in a very different ſenſe from the "heaven-directed ſpire in the verſe that follows; as the "*expreſſion* in the ſecond line expoſes the *meanneſs* of it, in "*falling proudly*, to no purpoſe."—Perhaps the ſame may be ſaid of a note that follows, on verſe 333.

"Cutler and Brutus, dying, both exclaim,
"Virtue and wealth! what are ye but a name!

"There is a greater beauty in this compariſon than the "common reader is aware of. Brutus was, in morals at "leaſt, a *Stoic*, like his uncle.—Now *Stoical virtue* was, as "our author truly tells us, not *exerciſe* but *apathy*. Con-"tracted all, retiring to the breaſt. In a word, like Sir "J. Cutler's *purſe*, nothing for uſe, but kept cloſe ſhut, "and centered all within himſelf. Now *virtue* and *wealth*, "thus circumſtanced, are indeed no other than mere "names."

He

He feeds yon alms-houſe, neat, but void of ſtate,
Where AGE and WANT ſit ſmiling at the gate:
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans bleſt,
The young who labour, and the old who reſt *.

THESE lines, which are eminently beautiful, particularly one of the three laſt, containing a fine proſopopœia, have conferred immortality on a plain, worthy, and uſeful citizen of Herefordſhire, Mr. John Kyrle, who ſpent his long life in advancing and contriving plans of public utility. The HOWARD of his time: who deſerves to be celebrated more than all the heroes of PINDAR. The particular reaſon for which I quoted them, was to obſerve the pleaſing effect that the uſe of common and familiar words and objects, judiciouſly managed, produce in poetry. Such as are here the words, *cauſeway, ſeats, ſpire, market-place, alms-houſe, apprentic'd.* A faſtidious delicacy, and a falſe refinement, in order to avoid meanneſs, have deterred our writers from the introduc-

* V. 253.

tion of ſuch words; but DRYDEN often hazarded it, and it gave a ſecret charm, and a natural air to his verſes.

22. Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes:
"Live like yourſelf," was ſoon my Lady's word;
And lo! two puddings ſmok'd upon the board *.

THIS tale of Sir Balaam, his progreſs and change of manners, from being a plodding, ſober, plain, and punctual citizen, to his becoming a debauched and diſſolute courtier and ſenator, abounds in much knowledge of life, and many ſtrokes of true humour, and will bear to be compared with the exquiſite hiſtory of Coruſodes, in one of SWIFT's Intelligencers.

LORD BATHURST, Lord LYTTELTON, and Mr. SPENCE, and other of his friends, have aſſured me, that among intimates POPE had an admirable talent for telling a ſtory.

* V. 357.

In

In great companies he avoided ſpeaking much. And in his examination before the Houſe of Lords, in ATTERBURY's trial, he faultered ſo much as to be hardly intelligible.

23. You ſhow us, Rome was glorious, not profuſe,
And pompous buildings once were things of uſe:
Yet ſhall (my Lord) your juſt, your noble rules,
Fill half the land with imitating-fools *.

THUS our author addreſſes the EARL of BURLINGTON, who was then publiſhing the deſigns of Inigo Jones, and the Antiquities of Rome by Palladio. "Never was protection and great wealth †" (ſays an able judge of the ſubject) "more generouſly and judiciouſly diffuſed, than by this great perſon, who had every quality of a genius and artiſt, except envy. Though his own deſigns were more chaſte and claſſic than Kent's, he entertained him in his houſe 'till his death, and was more ſtudious to extend

* V. 25.

† Mr. Walpole, p. 108. Anecdotes of Painting, vol. iv.

his friend's fame than his own. As we have few ſamples of architecture more antique and impoſing than the colonnade within the court of his houſe in Piccadilly, I cannot help mentioning the effect it had on myſelf. I had not only never ſeen it, but had never heard of it, at leaſt with any attention, when, ſoon after my return from Italy, I was invited to a ball at Burlington-houſe. As I paſſed under the gate by night, it could not ſtrike me. At day-break, looking out of the window to ſee the ſun riſe, I was ſurprized with the viſion of the colonnade that fronted me. It ſeemed one of thoſe edifices in Fairy Tales, that are raiſed by genii in a night's time."—POPE having appeared an excellent *moraliſt* in the foregoing epiſtles, in this appears to be as excellent a * *connoiſſeur*, and has given not

* Though he always thought highly of *Addiſon*'s Letter from Italy, yet he thought the poet had ſpoken in terms too general of the fineſt buildings and paintings, and without much diſcrimination of taſte.

only

only ſome of our *firſt*, but our *beſt* rules and obſervations on *architecture* and *gardening*, but particularly on the latter of theſe uſeful and entertaining arts, on which he has dwelt more largely, and with rather more knowledge of the ſubject. The following is copied verbatim from a little paper which he gave to Mr. * SPENCE. "Arts are taken from "nature, and, after a thouſand vain efforts "for improvements, are beſt when they re- "turn to their firſt ſimplicity. A ſketch "or analyſis of the firſt principles of each "art, with their firſt conſequences, might "be a thing of moſt excellent ſervice. Thus, "for inſtance, all the rules of † architecture "might be reducible to three or four heads; "the juſtneſs of the openings; bearings

* "Who had both taſte and zeal for the preſent ſtyle," ſays Mr. Walpole, p. 134.

† Our author was ſo delighted with Grævius, that he drew up a little Latin treatiſe on the chief buildings of Rome, collected from this antiquarian. Mr. Gray had alſo an exquiſite taſte in architecture, joined to the knowledge of an accurate antiquarian. See the introduction to Bentham's Hiſtory of Ely Cathedral, ſuppoſed to be drawn up by Gray, or under his eye.

" upon bearings; the regularity of the pil-
" lars, &c. That which is not juſt in build-
" ings is diſagreeable to the eye (as a greater
" upon a leſſer, &c.) and this may be called
" the * *reaſoning of the eye.* In laying out
" a garden, the firſt and chief thing to be
" conſidered is the genius of the place.
" Thus at Riſkins, now called Peircy Lodge,
" Lord * * * ſhould have raiſed two or three
" mounts, becauſe his ſituation is all a plain,
" and nothing can pleaſe without variety."

MR. WALPOLE, in his elegant and entertaining Hiſtory of *Modern Gardening*, has clearly proved that *Kent* was the artiſt to whom the Engliſh nation was chiefly indebted for diffuſing a taſte in laying out grounds, of which the French and Italians have no idea. But he adds, much to the credit of our author, that POPE undoubt-

* To ſee all the beauties that a place was ſuſceptible of, was to poſſeſs, as Mr. Pitt expreſſed it, " *The prophetic eye of* " *taſte.*"

edly

edly contributed to form Kent's taſte. The deſign of the Prince of Wales's garden at Carlton Houſe, was evidently borrowed from the Poet's at Twickenham. There was a little affected modeſty in the latter, when he ſaid of all his works he was moſt proud of his garden. And yet it was a ſingular effort of art and taſte to impreſs ſo much variety and ſcenery on a ſpot of five acres. The paſſing through the gloom from the grotto to the opening day, the retiring and again aſſembling ſhades, the duſky groves, the larger lawn, and the ſolemnity of the termination at the cypreſſes that lead up to his mother's tomb, are managed with exquiſite judgment; and though * Lord Peterborough aſſiſted him,

* I cannot forbear adding, in this place, the following anecdote from Pope to Mr. Spence; which I give in his own words:—"Lord Peterborough, after a viſit to FENELON, "Archbiſhop of Cambray, ſaid to me—Fenelon is a man "that was caſt in a particular mould, that was never made "uſe of for any body elſe. He's a delicious creature! But "I was forced to get from him as ſoon as I poſſibly could, "for elſe he would have made me *pious*."

To

To form his quincunx and to rank his vines;

thoſe were not the moſt pleaſing ingredients of his little perſpective. I do not know whether the diſpoſition of the garden at Rouſham, laid out for General Dormer, and in my opinion the moſt engaging of all Kent's works, was not planned on the model of Mr. Pope's, at leaſt in the opening and retiring "ſhades of Venus's Vale."

It ought to be obſerved, that many years before this epiſtle was written, and before Kent was employed as an improver of grounds, even ſo early as the year 1713, Pope ſeems to have been the very firſt perſon that cenſured and ridiculed the formal, French, Dutch, falſe and unnatural, mode in gardening, by a paper in the Guardian, Number 173, levelled againſt capricious operations of art, and every ſpecies of *verdant* ſculpture, and *inverted* nature; which paper abounds with *wit* as well as *taſte*, and ends with a ridiculous catalogue of various figures

figures cut in ever-greens. Neither do I think that theſe four lines in this epiſtle,

Here Amphitrite ſails thro' myrtle bow'rs;
There gladiators fight, or die in flow'rs:
Un-water'd ſee the drooping ſea-horſe mourn,
And ſwallows rooſt in Nilus' duſty urn *,

ſo at all excel the following paſſage in his Guardian:

"A citizen is no ſooner proprietor of a "couple of yews, but he entertains thoughts "of erecting them into giants, like thoſe of "Guildhall. I know an eminent Cook, who "beautified his country ſeat with a corona- "tion dinner in greens, where you ſee the "champion flouriſhing on horſeback at one "end of the table, and the queen in perpe- "tual youth at the other."

But it was the vigorous and creative imagination † of Milton, ſuperior to the

* V. 123.

† See Mr. Walpole's Anecdotes, v. iv. p. 128.

prejudices of his times, that exhibited in his EDEN, the firſt hints and outlines of what a beautiful garden ſhould be; for even his beloved ARIOSTO and TASSO, in their luxuriant pictures of the gardens of ALCINA and ARMIDA, ſhewed they were not free from the unnatural and *narrow* taſte of their countrymen; and even his maſter, SPENCER, has an *artificial fountain* in the midſt of his *bowre of bliſs*.

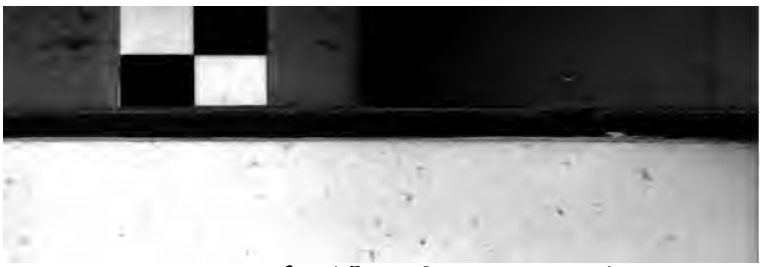
I CANNOT forbear taking occaſion to remark in this place, that, in the ſacred drama, intitled, *L'Adamo*, written and publiſhed at Milan in the year 1617, by GIO. BATTISTA ANDREINI, a Florentine, which Milton certainly had read, (and of which Voltaire has given ſo falſe and ſo imperfect an account, in his Eſſay on the Epic Poets) the prints that are to repreſent *Paradiſe* are full of clipt hedges, ſquare parterres, ſtrait walks, trees uniformly lopt, regular knots and carpets of flowers, groves nodding at groves, marble fountains, and water-works. And

yet

yet theſe prints were deſigned by CARLO ANTONIO PROCCACHINI, a celebrated land-ſchape painter of his time, and of the ſchool of the CARRACHES: many of thoſe works are ſtill admired at Milan. To every ſcene of this drama is prefixed a print of this artiſt's deſigning. And, as the book is very curious and uncommon, I intend to give a ſpecimen and analyſis of it in the Appendix to this volume.

IT hence appears, that this enchanting art of modern gardening, in which this kingdom claims a preference * over every nation in Europe, chiefly owes its origin and its improvements to two great poets, MILTON and POPE. May I be ſuffered to add, in behalf of a favourite author, and who would have been a firſt-rate poet, if his ſtyle had been equal to his conceptions, that the

* In CASTELL's Villa's of the Ancients illuſtrated, folio, London, 1728, may be ſeen how much the celebrated Tuſcan villa reſembled our gardens, as they were planned a few years ago. Pliny's villa was like his genius.



Seaſons of THOMSON have been very inſtrumental in diffuſing a general* taſte for the beauties of *nature* and *landſchape*.

24. To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To ſwell the terrace, or to ſink the grot;
In all, let Nature never be forgot.
But treat the Goddeſs like a modeſt Fair,
Nor over-dreſs, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty ev'ry where be ſpy'd,
When half the ſkill is decently to hide.
He gains all points who pleaſingly confounds,
Surpriſes, varies, and conceals the bounds †.

The beſt comments that have ever been given on theſe ſenſible and ſtriking precepts, are, *Painſhill*, *Hagley*, the *Leaſowes*, *Perſefield*, *Woborn*, *Stourhead*, and *Blenheim*; all of them exquiſite ſcenes in different ſtyles, and fine examples of *practical* poetry.

* It is only within a few years that the picturesque ſcenes of our own country, our lakes, mountains, caſcades, caverns, and caſtles, have been viſited and deſcribed.

† V. 47.

Conſult

25. Conſult the GENIUS* of the place in all,
That tells the waters, or to riſe or fall;
Or helps th' ambitious hill the heav'ns to ſcale,
Or ſcoops in circling theatres the vale;
Calls in the country, catches op'ning glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies ſhades from ſhades.
Now breaks, or now directs th' intending lines,
Paints as you plant, and as you work deſigns†.

Would it not give life and vigour to this noble *proſopopœia*, if we were to venture to alter only one word, and read, in the ſecond line,

HE tells the waters—

* Dr. Warburton's diſcoveries of ſome latent beauties in this paſſage, ſeem to be fanciful and groundleſs, and never thought of by the author. "Firſt, the *Genius* of the place" (ſays this commentator) "*tells the waters*, or ſimply gives "directions: then, *he helps* th' ambitious hill, or is a fellow-"labourer: then again, he *ſcoops* the *circling theatre*, or *works* "*alone*, and in *chief*. Afterwards, riſing faſt in our idea of "dignity, he *calls in the country*, alluding to the orders of "princes in their progreſs, when accuſtomed to diſplay all "their ſtate and magnificence: his character then *grows* "*ſacred*, he *joins willing woods*, a metaphor taken from one "of the offices of the prieſthood; till, at length, he becomes "a divinity, and *creates* and *preſides* over the whole.

"Now breaks, or now directs——&c."

† V. 57.

inſtead

inſtead of

That tells— ?

OUR author is never happier than in his alluſions to painting, an art he ſo much admired and underſtood: So below, at verſe 81,

The wood *ſupports* the plain, the parts *unite*,
And *ſtrength* of *ſhade contends* with *ſtrength* of *light*.

Indeed, the two arts in queſtion differ only in the materials which they employ. And it is neither exaggeration or affectation to call MR. BROWN a great *painter*; for he has realized

Whate'er LORRAIN light-touch'd with ſoftening hue,
Or ſavage ROSA daſh'd, or learned POUSSIN drew *.

26. Still follow ſenſe, of ev'ry art the ſoul,
Parts anſwering parts ſhall ſlide into a whole;
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from difficulty, ſtrike from chance;
Nature ſhall join you; Time ſhall make it grow,
A work to wonder at—perhaps a STOW †.

* Caſtle of Indolence, ſt. 38. † V. 65.

I MUST

I MUST confeſs (ſays the Earl of Peterborough, Letter 34, vol. viii.) that in going to Lord Cobham's I was not led by curioſity: I went thither to ſee what I had ſeen, and what I was ſure to like. I had the idea of thoſe gardens ſo fixed in my imagination by many deſcriptions, that nothing ſurprized me; Immenſity and Van Brugh appear in the whole, and in every part. Your joining in your letter animal and vegetable beauty, makes me uſe this expreſſion: I confeſs the ſtately SACHARISSA at Stow, but am content with my little AMORET." (meaning Bevis Mount, near Southampton.) It is plain, therefore, that Lord P. was not pleaſed with theſe gardens; but they have, ſince his time, received many capital alterations and additions; of which the ingenious author of *Obſervations* on *Modern Gardening* has given an accurate account, and a minute analyſis, in page 213 of his entertaining work; and he concludes his deſcription in the following words: "Magnificence and ſplendor are the characteriſtics of Stow; it is like

one of thoſe places celebrated in antiquity, which were devoted to the purpoſes of religion, and filled with ſacred groves, hallowed fountains, and temples dedicated to ſeveral deities; the reſort of diſtant nations, and the object of veneration to half the heathen world; this pomp is, at STOW, blended with beauty; and the place is equally diſtinguiſhed by its amenity and grandeur."

27. And Nero's terraces deſert their walls *.

This line is obſcure; it is difficult to know what is meant by the terraces deſerting their walls. In line 172, below, is another obſcurity;—"*his* hard heart denies"—it does not immediately occur *whoſe* heart, the word is ſo far ſeparated from the perſon intended.

28. Ev'n in an ornament it's place remark,
Nor in an hermitage ſet DR. CLARKE.†

* V. 72. † V. 77.

Theſe

THESE lines are as ill-placed, and as injudicious, as the buſto which they were deſigned to cenſure. POPE caught an averſion to this excellent man from BOLINGBROKE, who hated CLARKE, not only becauſe he had written a book, which this faſhionable philoſopher could not confute, but becauſe he was a favourite of Queen CAROLINE. In our author's manuſcripts were two other lines upon this writer:

Let CLARKE live half his days the poor's ſupport,
But let him paſs the other half at Court.

His *Attributes*, and his *Sermons*, will be read and admired by all lovers of good reaſoning, as long as this Epiſtle by all lovers of good poetry.

29. At Timon's villa let us paſs a day,
Where all cry out, "What ſums are thrown away* !"

THE whole gang of malignant and dirty ſcribblers, who envied the ſucceſs and ſupe-

* V. 99.

rior merit of POPE, was in arms at this deſcription, which they applied to the Duke of Chandos, and his houſe at Canons. Welſted publiſhed in folio a moſt abuſive libel, entitled, *Of Dulneſs and Scandal, occaſioned by the Character of Lord Timon*, &c. And Lady Wortley Montague joined in the accuſation, in her *Verſes* addreſſed *to the Imitator of Horace* *. The Duke, tho' at firſt alarmed, was, it is ſaid, afterwards convinced of our author's innocence. I have thought it not improper to inſert at length the following letter, as it contains the moſt direct and poſitive denial of this fact; as it was written at the very time, to a private friend, and expreſſed all POPE's feelings on the ſubject; and as it is not to be found in this edition of his works. It is addreſſed to

* Theſe are the lines. Page 5, folio. London, for A. Dodd

But if thou ſee'ſt a great and generous heart,
Thy bow is doubly bent to force a dart.
Nor only juſtice vainly we demand,
But even benefits can't rein thy hand;
To this, or that, alike in vain we truſt,
Nor find thee leſs ungrateful than unjuſt.

Aaron Hill, Eſq; an affected and fuſtian * writer, but who, by ſome means or other, gained our author's confidence and friendſhip.

Twickenham, Dec. 22, 1731.

DEAR SIR,

I THANK you for your Tragedy, which I have read over a ſixth time, and of which I not only preſerve, but increaſe, my

* See his Athelwood—and his Merope, which I have frequently reproached Mr. Garrick for acting—his Poem on Acting—his poem in praiſe of Blank Verſe, which begins thus; and which one would think was burleſque:

Up, from Rhyme's poppied vale! and ride the ſtorm
That thunders in blank verſe!——

See his works throughout, in 4 vols. octavo; from which the treatiſe on the Bathos might have been much enriched with many truly ridiculous examples, viz.

Some black-ſoul'd Fiend, ſome Fury ris'n from hell
Has darken'd all diſcernment. MEROPE.

——— Thro' night's eye
Saw the pale murderer ſtalk! Ibid.

Some hint's officious reach had touch'd her ear.

One is ſurprized that ſuch a writer could be an intimate friend of Bolingbroke, Pope, and Thomſon. He was, however, one of the very firſt perſons who took notice of the laſt, on the publication of Winter, on which he wrote a complimentary copy of verſes. See a letter of Thomſon's to Hill, dated Goodman's Coffee-houſe, 1726.

eſteem. You have been kind to this age, in not telling the next, in your preface, the ill taſte of the town; of which the reception you deſcribe it to have given of your play—worſe, indeed, than I had heard, or could have imagined—is a more flagrant inſtance than any of *thoſe trifles* mentioned in *my Epiſtle*; which yet, I hear, the ſore vanity of our pretenders to taſte flinches at extremely. The *title* you mention had been properer to that Epiſtle.—I have heard no criticiſms about it, nor do I liſten after them. Nos hæc novimus eſſe nihil. (I mean, I think the verſes to be ſo:) But as you are a man of tender ſentiments of honour, I know it will grieve you to hear another undeſervedly charged with a crime his heart is free from; for, if there is truth in the world, I declare to you, I never imagined the leaſt application of what I ſaid of Timon could be made to the D— of Ch——s, than whom there is ſcarce a more blameleſs, worthy, and generous, beneficent character, among all our nobility: And if I have not loſt my

ſenſes,

ſenſes, the town has loſt 'em, by what I heard ſo late as but two days ago, of the uproar on this head. I am certain, if you calmly read every particular of that deſcription, you'll find almoſt all of 'em point-blank the reverſe of that perſon's villa. It's an aukward thing for a man to print, in defence of his own work, againſt a chimæra: you know not who, or what, you fight againſt; the objections ſtart up in a new ſhape, like the armies and phantoms of magicians, and no weapon can cut a miſt or a ſhadow. Yet it would have been a pleaſure to me, to have found ſome friend ſaying a word in my juſtification, againſt a malicious falſhood. I ſpeak of ſuch, as have known by their own experience, theſe twenty years, that I always took up their defence, when any ſtream of calumny ran upon them. If it gives the Duke one moment's uneaſineſs, I ſhould think myſelf ill paid, if the whole earth admir'd the poetry; and, believe me, would rather never have written a verſe in my life, than any one of 'em ſhould trouble a truly]

truly good man. It was once my caſe before, but happily reconciled; and, among generous minds, nothing ſo indears friends, as the having offended one another. I lament the malice of the age, that ſtudies to ſee its own likeneſs in every thing; I lament the dulneſs of it, that cannot ſee an excellence: The firſt is my unhappineſs, the ſecond your's; I look upon the fate of your piece, like that of a great treaſure, which is bury'd as ſoon as brought to light; but it is ſure to be dug up the next age, and enrich poſterity."

30. His ſtudy! with what authors is it ſtor'd?
In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord;
To all their dated backs he turns you round;
Theſe Aldus printed, theſe Du Sueil has bound:
Lo! ſome are vellum, and the reſt as good,
For all his Lordſhip knows; but they are wood *.

THERE is a flatneſs and inſipidity in the laſt couplet, much below the uſual manner of our author. YOUNG has been more ſprightly and poignant on the ſame ſubject.

* V. 133.

With

With what, O Codrus! is thy fancy ſmit?
The flower of learning, and the bloom of wit.
Thy gaudy ſhelves with crimſon bindings glow,
And EPICTETUS is a perfect beau;
How fit for thee! bound up in crimſon too,
Gilt, and like them devoted to the view.
Thy books are *furniture*. Methinks 'tis hard
That Science ſhould be purchas'd by the yard;
And TONSON, turn'd upholſterer, ſend home
The gilded leather to *fit up* thy room *.

31. Where *ſprawl* † the Saints of VERRIO and LAGUERRE ‡.

ONE ſingle verb has marked with felicity and force the diſtorted attitudes, the indecent ſubjects, the want of nature and grace, ſo viſible in the pieces of theſe two artiſts, employed to adorn § our royal palaces and chapels. "I cannot help thinking (ſays

* Univerſal Paſſion, Sat. 2.

† He is not ſo happy in the uſe of another verb below, at verſe 153.

The rich buffet well-coloured ſerpents *grace*.

‡ V. 146.

§ Strange as it may ſeem, yet I believe we may venture to aſſert, that there is not a painted ceiling or ſtair-caſe in this kingdom, that we ſhould not be aſhamed to ſhew to an intelligent foreigner.

Pope

Pope to Mr. Allen, in Letter 89, vol. ix.) and I know you will join with me, who have been making an altar-piece, that the zeal of the firſt reformers was ill-placed, in removing *pictures* (that is to ſay, *examples*) out of churches *; and yet ſuffering *epitaphs* (that is to ſay, flatteries and falſe hiſtory) to be a burthen to church-walls, and the ſhame as well as deriſion of all honeſt men."—This is the ſentiment, it may be ſaid, of a *papiſtical* poet; and yet I cannot forbear thinking it is founded on good ſenſe, and religion well-underſtood. Notwithſtanding the illiberal and ill-grounded rage which has lately been excited againſt Popery, yet I hope we may ſtill, one day, ſee our places of worſhip beautified with proper ornaments, and the generoſity and talents of our living artiſts perpetuated on the naked walls of St. Paul's.

* The chapel of New College in Oxford will ſoon receive a ſingular and invaluable ornament: A window, the glaſs of which is ſtained by Mr. Jarvis, from that exquiſite picture of the Nativity by Sir Joſhua Reynolds.

32. To reſt the cuſhion and ſoft Dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite *.

THIS it ſeems was a fact concerning a certain ſmooth, and ſupple, and inoffenſive Divine, one, we may imagine, that held the doctrines which Dr. *Young* ſo agreeably laughs at in his ſixth ſatire:

" Shall pleaſures of a ſhort duration chain
" A *Lady*'s ſoul in everlaſting pain?
" Will the great Author us poor worms deſtroy,
" For now and then a *ſip* of tranſient joy?"
No, he's for ever in a ſmiling mood,
He's like themſelves; or how could he be good?
And they blaſpheme, who blacker ſchemes ſuppoſe.—
Devoutly thus, Jehovah they depoſe
The pure, the juſt! and ſet up in his ſtead,
A deity, that's perfectly *well-bred!*

33. Yet hence the poor are cloath'd, the hungry fed;
Health to himſelf, and to his infants bread
The lab'rer bears †———

* V. 149. † V. 169.

A fine turned and moral reflection, which illuſtrates the doctrines of his Eſſay, in the ſecond epiſtle, when he ſays, at line 237,

Each individual ſeeks a ſev'ral goal;
But Heav'n's great view is One, and that the whole;
That counterworks each folly and caprice;
That diſappoints th' effect of every vice;—
That *Virtue*'s end from *Vanity* can raiſe,
Which ſeeks no intereſt, no reward but praiſe;
And builds on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.

THAT Providence ſhould extract good from evil, and alter its natural biaſs and malignity, is a doctrine widely different from the looſe and flagitious principles of MANDEVILLE, who has endeavoured to prove that *Private Vices* are *Public* Benefits.

34. You too proceed! make falling arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair;
Jones and Palladio to themſelves reſtore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before *.

* V. 192.

THIS

THIS is not fulſome adulation, but only ſuch honeſt praiſe as the noble Lord whom he addreſſed ſtrictly deſerved: who inherited all that love of ſcience and uſeful knowledge for which his family has been ſo famous. The name of BOYLE is, indeed, auſpicious to literature. That ſublime genius and good man, Biſhop BERKLEY, owed his preferment chiefly to this accompliſhed peer. For it was he that recommended him to the Duke of Grafton, in the year 1721, who took him over with him to Ireland when he was Lord Lieutenant, and promoted him to the deanery of Derry in the year 1724*. Berkley gained the patronage and friendſhip of Lord Bur-

* ATTERBURY was deſirous of ſeeing Berkley; to whom he was introduced by the Earl of Berkley. After he had left the room, What does your Lordſhip think of my couſin, ſaid the Earl. does he anſwer your Lordſhip's expectations? The Biſhop, lifting up his hands in aſtoniſhment, replied, "So much underſtanding, ſo much knowledge, ſo much innocence, and ſo much humility, I did not think had been the portion of any but angels, till I ſaw this gentleman." —Duncombe's Letters.

lington, not only by his true politeneſs and the peculiar charms of his converſation, which was exquiſite, but by his profound and perfect ſkill in architecture; an art which he had very particularly and accurately ſtudied in Italy, when he went and continued† abroad four years, with Mr Aſhe, ſon of the Biſhop of Clogher. With an inſatiable and philoſophic attention, Berkley ſurveyed and examined every object of curioſity. He not

† In this journey he paid a viſit to Father Malebranche. The converſation turned on our author's celebrated ſyſtem of the non-exiſtence of matter. Malebranche, who had an inflammation in his lungs, and whom he found preparing a medicine in his cell, and cooking it in a ſmall pipkin, for his diſorder, exerted his voice and lungs ſo violently in the heat of their diſpute, that he increaſed his diſorder, which carried him off a few days after. See Biogr. Britannica, vol. ii. p. 251, as it is highly improved by the candid and learned Dr. Kippis.—Many a vulgar critic hath ſneered at the SIRIS of Berkley, for beginning with *Tar* and ending with the *Trinity*; incapable of obſerving the great art with which the tranſitions in that book are finely made, where each paragraph depends on and ariſes out of the preceding, and gradually and imperceptibly leads on the reader, from common objects to more remote, from matter to ſpirit, from earth to heaven.

only

only made the uſual tour, but went over *Apulia* and *Calabria*, and even travelled on foot through *Sicily*, and drew up an account of that very claſſical ground; which was loſt in a voyage to NAPLES, and cannot be ſufficiently regretted. His generous project for erecting an Univerſity at Bermudas, the effort of a mind truly active, benevolent, and patriotic, is ſufficiently known.

35. Bid harbours open, public ways extend,
Bid temples worthier of the God aſcend;
Bid the broad arch the dangerous flood contain,
The mole projected break the roaring main;
Back to his bounds their ſubject ſea command,
And roll obedient rivers through the land *.

No country has been enriched and adorned, within a period of thirty or forty years, with ſo many works of public ſpirit, as Great Britain has been; witneſs our many extenſive roads, our inland navigations (ſome of

* V. 197.

which

which excel the boaſted canal of *Languedoc*; the lighting and the paving and beautifying our cities, and our various and magnificent edifices. A general good taſte has been diffuſed in planting, gardening, and building. The ruins of Palmyra, the Antiquities of Athens and Spalatro, and the Ionian antiquities, by WOOD, STUART, ADAM, and CHANDLER, are ſuch magnificent monuments of learned curioſity as no country in Europe can equal. Let it be remembered, that theſe fine lines of Pope were written when we had no WYATT or BROWN, BRINDLEY or REYNOLDS; no Weſtminſter bridge, no Pantheon, no Royal Academy, no King that is at once a judge and a patron of all thoſe fine arts, that ought to be employed in raiſing and beautifying a palace equal to his dignity and his taſte.

36. See the wild waſte of all-devouring years,
How Rome her own ſad ſepulchre appears

THIS

THIS is the opening of the epiſtle to Mr. *Addiſon**, upon his treatiſe on medals, written in that pleaſing form of compoſition ſo unſucceſsfully attempted by many modern authors, DIALOGUE. In no one ſpecies of writing have the ancients ſo indiſputable a ſuperiority over us. The dialogues of Plato and Cicero, eſpecially the former, are perfect dramas; where the characters are ſupported with conſiſtency and nature, and the reaſoning ſuited to the characters.

"THERE are in Engliſh *Three* dialogues, and but three" (ſays a learned and ingenious author†, who has himſelf practiſed this way of writing with ſucceſs) "that deſerve

* FICORINI, the celebrated virtuoſo, ſaid to Mr. Spence, at Florence:—"Addiſon did not go any great depth in the ſtudy of medals: all the knowledge he had of that kind, I believe he received of me: and I did not give him above twenty leſſons on that ſubject."

† Dr. Hurd, in Moral and Political Dialogues, Preface, p. 14.

commendation;

commendation; namely, the *Moraliſts* of Lord SHAFTESBURY; Mr. ADDISON's Treatiſe on Medals; and the Minute Philoſopher of Biſhop BERKLEY." ALCIPHRON did, indeed, well deſerve to be mentioned on this occaſion; notwithſtanding it has been treated with contempt by a writer * much inferior to BERKLEY in genius, learning, and taſte. Omitting thoſe paſſages in the fourth dialogue, where he has introduced his fanciful and whimſical

* Biſhop Hoadly, in letters to Lady Sundon, vol. i. of his works. But Sherlock thought highly of ALCIPHRON, and preſented it to Queen Caroline with many encomiums. The Queen was uſed to be delighted with the converſation of Berkley, and perhaps Hoadly was a little jealous of ſuch a rival. Lord Bathurſt told me, that all the members of the *Scriblerus-club*, being met at his houſe at dinner, they agreed to rally Berkley, who was alſo his gueſt, on his ſcheme at Bermudas. Berkley having liſtened to all the lively things they had to ſay, begged to be heard in his turn; and diſplayed his plan with ſuch an aſtoniſhing and animating force of eloquence and enthuſiaſm, that they were ſtruck dumb, and, after ſome pauſe, roſe up all together with earneſtneſs, exclaiming—Let us all ſet out with him immediately.

opinions about *viſion*, an attentive reader will find that there is ſcarce a ſingle argument that can be urged in defence of Revelation, but what is here placed in the cleareſt light, and in the moſt beautiful diction: in this work there is a happy union of reaſoning and imagination. The two different characters of the two different ſorts of free-thinkers, are ſtrongly contraſted with each other, and with the plainneſs and ſimplicity of *Euphranor*.

THESE Dialogues of Addiſon* are written with that *ſweetneſs* and *purity* of ſtyle, that contribute to make him the firſt of our proſe-writers. The Pleaſures of Imagination, the Eſſay on the Georgics, and his laſt papers in the Spectator and Guardian, are models of language. And ſome late writers, who

* It is obſervable how much he improved after he wrote his *Travels*. In Swift's Preface to Sir W. Temple's works, and in his tranſlations from the French, &c. in that book, there are many inaccurate and almoſt ungrammatical expreſſions: theſe were his very firſt publications.

ſeem to have miſtaken *ſtiffneſs* for *ſtrength*, and are grown popular by a pompous rotundity of phraſe, make one wiſh that the riſing generation may abandon this unnatural, falſe, and florid ſtyle, and form themſelves on the *chaſter* model of Addiſon. The chief imperfection of his treatiſe on medals, is, that the perſons introduced as ſpeakers, in direct contradiction to the practice of the ancients, are *fictitious*, not *real:* for CYNTHIO*, PHILANDER, PALÆMON, EUGENIO, and THEOCLES, cannot equally excite and engage the attention of the reader with SOCRATES and ALCIBIADES, ATTICUS and BRUTUS, COWLEY and SPRATT, MAYNARD and SOMERS. It is ſomewhat ſingular, that ſo many modern dialogue-writers ſhould have failed in this particular, when ſo many of the moſt celebrated wits of modern Italy had given them eminent examples of the contrary pro-

* How ill the forms and ceremonies and compliments of modern good-breeding would bear to be exactly repreſented, ſee *Characteriſtics*, vol. i. p. 209.

ceeding,

ceeding, and, closely following the steps of the ancients, constantly introduced living and real persons in their numerous compositions of this sort; in which they were so fond of delivering their sentiments both on moral and critical subjects; witness the *Il Cortegiano* of B. CASTIGLIONE, the *Asolani* of P. BEMBO, *Dialoghi* del. S. SPERONE, the *Naugerius* of FRACASTORIUS, and *Lil.* GYRALDUS *de Poetis*, and many others. In all which pieces, the famous and living geniuses of Italy are introduced as discussing the several different topics before them.

37. Huge theatres, that now unpeopled woods *;

is not so poetical as what ADDISON says of an amphitheatre,

That on its public shews unpeopled Rome,
And held, *uncrowded*, nations in its womb †.

* V. 7. † Letter from Italy.

BUT the beginning of the nineteenth line is eminently beautiful;

AMBITION ſigh'd———

38. And ſcarce are ſeen the *proſtrate* NILE or RHINE;
A ſmall EUPHRATES thro' the piece is roll'd,
And little eagles wave their wings in gold ‡.

THE two firſt-mentioned *rivers* having been *perſonified*, the *Euphrates* ſhould not have been ſpoken of as a *mere river*. The circumſtance in the laſt line is puerile and little.

39. To gain Peſcennius one employs his ſchemes
One graſps a Cecrops in ecſtatic dreams §.

How his eyes languiſh! how his thoughts adore
That painted coat which *Joſeph never* wore?
He ſhews, on *holidays*, a ſacred pin,
That toucht the ruff, that toucht Queen Beſs's chin ‖.

A GREAT deal of wit has been waſted on *Antiquarians*; whoſe ſtudies are not only

‡ V. 28. § V. 39. ‖ Young, Satire iv.

pleaſing

pleaſing to the imagination, but attended with many advantages to ſociety, eſpecially ſince they have been improved, as they lately have been, in elucidating the moſt important part of all hiſtory, the *Hiſtory of Manners*.

40. Oh when ſhall Britain, conſcious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living medals ſee her wars enroll'd,
And vanquiſh'd realms ſupply recording gold ‖.

ADDISON, in the ninety-ſixth paper of the Guardian, has given us a propoſal, which he drew up and delivered to the Lord Treaſurer; The paper ends thus;

It is propoſed,

1. That the Engliſh farthings and halfpence be recoined upon the union of the two nations. 2. That they bear devices and inſcriptions alluding to all the moſt remarkable parts of her Majeſty's reign. 3.

‖ V. 53.

That

That there be a ſociety eſtabliſhed for the finding out of proper ſubjects, inſcriptions, and devices. 4. That no ſubject, inſcription, or device, be ſtamped without the approbation of this ſociety, nor, if it be thought proper, without the authority of privy-council. By this means, medals, that are at preſent only a dead treaſure, or mere curioſities, will be of uſe in the ordinary commerce of life, and, at the ſame time, perpetuate the glories of her Majeſty's reign, reward the labours of her greateſt ſubjects, keep alive in the people a gratitude for publick ſervices, and excite the emulation of poſterity. To theſe generous purpoſes nothing can ſo much contribute as medals of this kind, which are of undoubted authority, of neceſſary uſe and obſervation, not periſhable by time, nor confined to any certain place; properties not to be found in books, ſtatues, pictures, buildings, or any other monuments of illuſtrious actions.

41. Then ſhall thy CRAGGS (and let me call him mine)
On the caſt ore, another POLLIO ſhine *.

TICKELL †, in his preface to the works of Addiſon, concludes a copy of highly elegant and poliſhed verſes, addreſſed to the Earl of Warwick, with the following fine lines:

Theſe works divine, which, on his death-bed laid,
To thee, O *Craggs*, th' expiring ſage convey'd,
Great, but ill-omen'd monument of fame,
Nor he ſurviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.
Swift after him thy ſocial ſpirit flies,
And cloſe to his, how ſoon! thy coffin lies.
Bleſt pair! whoſe union future bards ſhall tell,
In future tongues; each other's boaſt ‡, farewell!
Farewell! whom join'd in fame, in friendſhip try'd,
No chance could ſever, nor the grave divide.

42. Stateſman,

* V. 62.

† In the few things that Tickell wrote, there appear to be a peculiar terſeneſs and neatneſs.

‡ Addiſon's works (ſays Atterbury, Letter x. v. 8.) came to my hands yeſterday, Oct. 15, 1721. I cannot but think it a very odd ſet of incidents, that the book ſhould be dedicated by a dead man to a dead man (Mr. Craggs) and even that the new patron (Lord Warwick) to whom Tickell choſe

to

42. Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear;
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the muse he lov'd §.

THESE nervous and finished lines were afterwards inscribed as an epitaph on this worthy man's monument in Westminster Abbey, with the alteration of two words in the last verse; which there stands thus:

Prais'd, wept, and honour'd by the muse he lov'd.

IT was CRAGGS, who in the most friendly and alluring manner offered our author a pension of three hundred pounds per annum; which if he had accepted, we should have been deprived of his best satires. Poets have a high spirit of liberty and independence.

to inscribe his verses, should be dead also before they were published. Had I been in the Editor's place, I should have been a little apprehensive for myself, under a thought that every one who had any hand in that work, was to die before the publication of it.

§ V. 67.

They neither ſeek or expect rewards. MECÆNASES do *not* create geniuſes. Neither SPENCER or MILTON, or DANTE or TASSO, or CORNEILLE *, were patronized by the governments under which they lived. And HORACE and VIRGIL and BOILEAU were *formed*, before they had an opportunity of flattering AUGUSTUS and LEWIS XIV.

THOUGH POPE enliſted under the banner of BOLINGBROKE, in what was called the country party, and in violent oppoſition to the meaſures of WALPOLE, yet his clear and good ſenſe enabled him to ſee the follies and virulence of all parties; and it was his favourite maxim, that, however factious men

* Il n' aimoit point le Cour, (ſays Fontenelle, ſpeaking of his uncle *Corneille*) il y apportoit un viſage preſqu' inconnu, un grand nom qui ne s' attiroit que des louanges, & un merite qui n' etoit point le merite de ce pays-là. Tom. iii. p. 126.

N. B. The piece of Fontenelle, alluded to in page 115 of this volume, is to be found in Bayle's *Nouvelles*, &c. vol. v. p. 88.

thought proper to diſtinguiſh themſelves by *names*, yet when they got into power they all acted much in the ſame manner; ſaying,

I know how like *Whig* miniſters to *Tory*,

And among his manuſcripts were four very ſenſible lines, which contain the moſt ſolid apology that can be made for a miniſter of this country:

Our miniſters like *gladiators* live;
'Tis half their buſineſs blows to *ward*, or *give*;
The good their *virtue* would effect, or *ſenſe*,
Dies, between *exigents* and *ſelf-defence*.

Yet he appears ſometimes to have forgotten this candid reflection.

SECT.

SECT. XI.

Of the EPISTLE *to* DR. ARBUTHNOT.

1. SHUT, ſhut the door, good John! fatigu'd, I ſaid,
Tie up the knocker, ſay I'm ſick, I'm dead!
The dog-ſtar rages! nay, 'tis paſt a doubt,
All Bedlam or Parnaſſus is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land *.

THIS abrupt exordium is animated and dramatic. Our poet, wearied with the impertinence and ſlander of a multitude of mean ſcribblers that attacked him, ſuddenly breaks out with this ſpirited complaint of the ill uſage he had ſuſtained. This piece was publiſhed † in the year 1734, in the

* V. 1.

† With this motto: Neque ſermonibus *Vulgi* dederis te, nec in premiis humanis ſpem poſueris rerum tuarum: ſuis te oportet illecebris *ipſa Virtus* trahat ad verum decus. Quid de te alii loquantur, ipſi videant, ſed loquentur tamen.
TULLY.

form of an epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot; it is now given as a *Dialogue*, in which a very ſmall ſhare is allotted to his friend. *Arbuthnot* was a man of conſummate probity †, integrity, and ſweetneſs of temper: he had infinitely more learning than POPE or SWIFT, and as much wit and humour as either of them. He was an excellent mathematician and phyſician, of which his letter on the uſefulneſs of mathematical learning, and his treatiſe on air and aliment, are ſufficient proofs. His tables of ancient coins, weights, and meaſures *, are the work of a man intimately acquainted with ancient hiſtory and literature, and are enlivened with many curious and intereſting particulars of the manners and ways of living of the ancients.

† Swift ſaid, "he was a man that could do every thing but walk." His chearfulneſs was remarkable: "As for your humble ſervant, *with a great ſtone in his kidneys*, and a family of men and women to provide for, he is as chearful as ever in public affairs." Letters, vol. xx. p. 206.

* Oh, ſays Swift, if the world had but a dozen of Arbuthnots in it, I would burn my *Travels!* Letters, vol. ix. p. 56.

The

The Hiſtory of John Bull, the *beſt parts* of the *Memoirs of Scriblerus*, the *Art of Political Lying*, the *Freeholders Catechiſm*, *It cannot rain but it pours*, &c. abound in ſtrokes of the moſt exquiſite humour. It is known that he gave numberleſs hints to Swift, and Pope, and Gay, of ſome of the moſt ſtriking parts of their works. He was ſo neglectful of his writings, that his children tore his manuſcripts and made paper-kites of them. Few letters in the Engliſh language are ſo intereſting, and contain ſuch marks of Chriſtian reſignation * and calmneſs of mind, as one that he wrote to Swift a little before his death, and is inſerted in the 3d vol. of Let-

* "I make it my laſt requeſt (ſays Arbuthnot in his laſt letter to Pope) that you will continue that noble diſdain and abhorrence of vice, which you ſeem naturally endued with; but ſtill with a due regard to your own ſafety; and ſtudy more to *reform* than *chaſtiſe*, though the one cannot be effected without the other." Letters, vol. viii. p. 290. The words are remarkable, and cannot fail of raiſing many reflections in the mind of the reader. Pope, in his anſwer, ſays, "To *reform*, and not to *chaſtiſe*, is impoſſible; and the beſt precepts, as well as the beſt laws, would prove of ſmall uſe, if there were no examples to enforce them."

ters,

THE ſtrokes of ſatire
epiſtle, have ſuch an ex
poignancy, that our au
has been much cenſure
whether it will be a ſu
ſay, that theſe malevo
ever impotent and inſig
perſon, *morals*, and *fam*
cules and rallies vile
ſeeming pleaſantry and g
ought to recollect, that
greſſor, and had receive
when he fell upon *Cotin*,
Amand, *Colletet*, *Chapel*
was on this account th
ſeuſier, a man of rigid v

and be reconciled to him. The authors that Pope proſcribed were in truth ſo mean and contemptible, that Swift ſaid, "Give me a ſhilling, and I will inſure you that poſterity ſhall never know you had a ſingle enemy, excepting thoſe whoſe memory you have preſerved."

Laiſſez mourir un fat dans ſon obſcurité.
Un auteur ne peut-il pourir en ſeureté?
Le Jonas inconnu ſeche dans la pouſſiere.
Le David imprimé n'a point veu la lumiere.
Le Moïſe commence à moiſir par les bords.
Quel mal cela fait-il? Ceux qui ſont morts ſont morts.
Le tombeau contre vous ne peut-il les défendre,
Et qu'on fait tant d'auteurs pour remuer leur cendre?
Que vous ont fait Perrin, Bardin, Pradon, Hainaut,
Colletet, Pelletier, Titreville, Quinaut.
Dont les noms en cent lieux, placez comme en leurs niches,
Vont de vos vers malins remplir les hemiſtiches.

BOILEAU, Satire ix. v. 89.

This is exquiſitely pleaſant; and expreſſed with that purity and force, both of thought and diction, that happy Horatian mixture

of jeſt and earneſt, that contribute to place *Deſpreaux* at the head of * modern *claſſics*. I think it muſt be confeſſed, that he has caught the manner of Horace more ſucceſsfully than Pope. It is obſervable that Boileau, when he firſt began to write, copied JUVENAL; whoſe *violent*, *downwright*, *declamatory* ſpecies of ſatire, is far more eaſy to be imitated, than the oblique, indirect, delicate touches of Horace. The opinion of L. GYRALDUS concerning Juvenal ſeems to be judicious and well-founded. Ego, ſi quidquam mihi credendum putatis, non eo uſque Juvenalem legendum cenſeo, niſi quouſque caſta & Romanâ lectione, plane ſimus imbuti: atque hoc eo vobiſcum libentius, quo a magiſtris video minus obſervari. Lilii G. Gyraldi. De Poet. Dial. iv. p. 179.

* His generoſity was equal to his genius. PATRU was reduced to great extremities, and compelled to ſell his very valuable library. He not only gave PATRU a larger ſum for his books than he could get of any body elſe, but added to the conditions of the ſale, that he ſhould continue to uſe his library as long as he lived.

2. Is there a Parſon, much be-mus'd in beer,
A maudlin Poeteſs, a rhyming Peer,
A Clerk, pre-doom'd his father's ſoul to croſs,
Who pens a ſtanza when he ſhould *engroſs?*
Is there, who lock'd from ink and paper, ſcrawls
With deſp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
All fly to *Twitnam*, and in humble ſtrain
Apply to me to keep them mad and vain!
Arthur, whoſe giddy ſon neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cauſe *.

BEFORE this epiſtle was publiſhed, Dr. Young addreſſed two epiſtles to our author, in the year 1730, concerning the authors of the age; in which are many paſſages that bear a great reſemblance to each other; though Pope has heightened, improved, and condenſed the hints and ſentiments of Young.

Shall we not cenſure all the motley train,
Whether with ale irriguous, or champaign?

* V. 15.

Whether they tread the vale of Proſe, or climb,
And whet their appetites on cliffs of Rhyme;
The college Sloven, or embroider'd Spark,
The purple Prelate, or the Pariſh-clerk,
The quiet Quidnunc, or demanding Prig,
The plaintiff Tory, or defendant Whig;
Rich, poor, male, female, young, old, gay, or ſad,
Whether extremely witty, or quite mad;
Profoundly dull, or ſhallowly polite,
Men that read well, or men that only write:
Whether peers, porters, taylors, tune their reeds,
And meaſuring words to meaſuring ſhapes ſucceeds;
For bankrupts write, when ruin'd ſhops are ſhut,
As maggots crawl from out a periſh'd nut.
His hammer this, and that his trowel quits,
And, wanting ſenſe for tradeſmen, ſerve for wits.
Thus his material, paper, takes it's birth,
From tatter'd rags of all the ſtuff on earth †.

3. Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I ‡!

Odiſti & fugis, ut Druſonem debitor æris;
Qui, niſi cum triſtes miſero venere Calendæ,
Mercedem aut nummo unde unde extricat, amaras
Porrecto jugulo hiſtorias, captivus ut, audit.

† Epiſtle on the authors of the age, page 5, 1730.
‡ V. 33.

FEW paſſages in Horace are more full of humour, than this ludicrous puniſhment of the poor creditor.

4. Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury Lane,
Lull'd by ſoft zephyrs thro' the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes ——*.

Qui facit in parvâ ſublimia carmina cellâ †.

Lo! what from *cellars* riſe, what ruſh from high,
Where Speculation rooſted near the ſky:
Letters, eſſays, ſock, buſkin, ſatire, ſong,
And all the *garret* thunders on the throng ‡!

5. Bleſs me! a packet—'tis a ſtranger ſues,
A virgin tragedy, an orphan muſe.
If I diſlike it, furies, death, and rage!
If I approve, commend it to the ſtage.
Then, thank my ſtars, my whole commiſſion ends,
The play'rs and I are luckily no friends ‖.

THIS alludes to a tragedy, never acted, but publiſhed 1723, called, *The Virgin Queen*,

* V. 41. † Juv. Sat. vii. ‡ Young, Epiſtle i. p. 4.
‖ V. 55.

written by Mr. Richard Barford. It is ſaid that he offended Pope, by adopting the machinery of his Sylphs*, in an heroicomical poem, called *The Aſſembly*, in five cantos, publiſhed 1726, and not well received, though the author was reckoned a learned and ingenious man, and patronized by Lord Pembroke.

6. 'Tis ſung, when Midas' ears began to ſpring,
(Midas, a ſacred perſon, and a king)
His very miniſter, who ſpy'd them firſt,
Some ſay his queen, was forc'd to ſpeak, or burſt.
And is not mine, my friend, a ſorer caſe,
When ev'ry coxcomb *perks* them in my face‡?

The abruptneſs with which this ſtory from Perſius is introduced, occaſions an obſcurity in the paſſage; for there is no connexion with the foregoing paragraph. Boileau

* He was jealous that his exquiſite machinery ſhould be touched by any other hand. The letters of *M. de Sevigne*, in which the Sylphs are mentioned as inviſible attendants, and as intereſted in the affairs of the ladies, are the 101ſt, 104th, 195th. See vol. i. of this eſſay, p. 240, third edition.

‡ V. 69.

ſays,

ſays, Satire ix. v. 221, I have nothing to do with *Chapelain*'s honor, or probity, or candor, or civility, or complaiſance: but if you hold him up as a model of good writing, and as the king of authors,

Ma bile alors s' echauffe, & je brûle d' ecrire;
Et s'il ne m'eſt permis de le dire au papier;
J'irai creuſer la terre, & comme ce *barbier*,
Faire dire aux roſeaux par un nouvel organe,
"Midas, le Roi Midas a des oreilles d'Aſne."

THERE is more humour in making the prying and watchful eyes of the miniſter, inſtead of the barber, firſt diſcover the aſs's ears; and the word *perks* has particular force and emphaſis. Sir *Robert Walpole* and *Queen Caroline* were here pointed at.

7. Who ſhames a ſcribbler? break one cobweb thro',
He ſpins the ſlight, ſelf-pleaſing thread anew:
Deſtroy his fib or ſophiſtry, in vain!
The creature's at his dirty work again;
Thron'd in the center of his thin deſigns,
Proud of a vaſt extent of flimſy lines §.

§ V. 89.

THE

THE *metaphor* † is moſt happily carried on through a variety of correſponding particulars, that exactly hit the natures of the two *inſects* in queſtion. It is not purſued *too far*, nor jaded out, ſo as to become *quaint* and *affected*, as is the caſe of many, perhaps, in *Congreve's Comedies*, particularly in the Way of the World, and in *Young*'s Satires. For inſtance:

Critics on verſe, as *ſquibs* on triumphs, wait,
Proclaim the glory, and augment the ſtate;

† Berkley, in his Alciphron, Dialogue vi. p. 107, has beautifully employed an image of this ſort, on a more ſerious ſubject. "To tax or ſtrike at this divine doctrine, on account of things foreign and adventitious, the ſpeculations and diſputes of curious men, is, in my mind, an abſurdity of the ſame kind, as it would be to cut down a fine tree, yielding fruit and ſhade, becauſe its leaves afforded nouriſhment to caterpillars, or becauſe ſpiders may now and then weave cobwebs among the branches." Berkley had a brilliant imagination. See his charming deſcription of the iſland *Inarime*, in Letters to P. vol. vii. p. 330. I have been told, that Blackwell received his idea of *Homer*, and of the *reaſons* and *cauſes* of *Homer*'s ſuperior excellence, from Berkley, with whom he had been connected.

Hot,

Hot, envious, noiſy, proud, the ſcribbling fry †,
Burn, hiſs, and bounce, waſte paper, ſtink and die ‡.

THE epithets *envious*, and *proud*, have nothing to do with *ſquibs*. The laſt line is brilliant and ingenious, but perhaps too much ſo.

8. There are who to my perſon pay their court:
I cough like *Horace*, and tho' *lean*, am *ſhort*;
Ammon's great ſon one ſhoulder had too high,
Such *Ovid*'s noſe, and, Sir, you have an eye §.

THE ſmalleſt *perſonal* particularities are intereſting in eminent men. We liſten with pleaſure to *Montaigne*, when he tells us, "My face is not puff'd, but full, and my complexion between jovial and melancholy, moderately ſanguine and hot. In dancing, tennis, or wreſtling, I could never arrive at any excellence; in ſwimming, fencing,

† See alſo a paſſage in his two Epiſtles, where the tranſmigrations of Proteus are adapted to the various ſhapes aſſumed by modern ſcribblers.

‡ Univerſal Paſſion, Sat. iii. § V. 115.

vaulting,

vaulting, and leaping, to none at all. My hands are ſo clumſy, that I cannot read what I write myſelf. I cannot handſomely fold up a letter, nor could I ever make a pen, nor carve at table, nor carry a hawk. My ſight is perfect and entire, and diſcovers at a great diſtance, but is ſoon weary; which obliges me not to read long, but I am forced to have a perſon to read to me." Vol. ii. 372.

What paſſages in Horace are * more agreeable than—

Me *pinguem* & nitidum bene curatâ cute viſes—
Luſum it Mæcænas, *dormitum* ego Virgiliuſque—
Namque pila *lippis* inimicum & ludere *crudis*—
Me primis urbis *belli* placuiſſe *domique*;
Corporis *exigui*, *præcanum*, *ſolibus aptum*,
Iraſci *celerem*, tamen ut *placabilis* eſſem.

* "My converſation (ſays Dryden very entertainingly of himſelf) is ſlow and dull, my humour ſaturnine and reſerved. In ſhort, I am none of thoſe who endeavour to break jeſts in company, or make repartees."

Preface to his Indian Emperor.

WHAT

WHAT Addiſon ſays in jeſt, and with his uſual humour, is true in fact:—"I have obſerved that a reader ſeldom peruſes a book with pleaſure, 'till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or fair man, of a mild or cholerick diſpoſition, married or a batchelor." I will add, at the hazard of its being reckoned a trifling and minute remark, that many of our Engliſh poets have been in their perſons remarkably handſome; ſuch were SPENSER, MILTON, COWLEY, ROWE, ADDISON, CONGREVE, GARTH, GRAY.—VIRGIL and VIDA are ſaid, by LIL. GYRALDUS, to be facie prope ruſticanâ; and OVID and CARDINAL BEMBO, to be tenui & veſco corpore, nerviſque compacto; as alſo was TIBULLUS.—The portraits of DANTE, PETRARCH, and BOCCACIO, are thus given, in the curious and entertaining hiſtory of their lives by JANNOT. MANETTUS, a celebrated writer of the fifteenth century, but not publiſhed till 1746, at Florence. DANTE, he ſays, was mediocri & decenti

ſtaturâ, facie paulum oblongâ, oculis paulo grandioribus, naſo aquilino, latis pendentibuſque maxillis, inferiori labro aliquantulum quam alterum ſuper ementientiori, colore fuſco, capillis ac barba prolixis, nigris, ſubſcriſpiſque. PETRARCHÆ forma ita decora fuiſſe dicitur, ut per omnem ætatis partem majeſtatem quandam præ ſe ferre videbatur. Tantâ corporis agilitate ac dexteritate prævalebat, ut vix ab aliquo ſuperari poſſet. Valetudine proſperrima uſque ad ſenectam uſus eſt. Of BOCCACIO he ſays, Habitudo corporis ejus obeſa fuiſſe dicitur, ſtaturâ procerâ, rotundiori facie, hilari & jucundo aſpectu, ſermone ita facetus & comis, ut ſingulis ejus verbis dum loqueretur ſumma urbanitas appareret. In amores uſque ad maturam fere ætatem vel paulo proclivior. p. 81.

9. Why did I write? what ſin, to me unknown,
Dipt me in ink, my parents or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I liſp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.

I left

I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father diſobey'd *.

BOILEAU ſays, in his fifth epiſtle, verſe 110, that his father left him a decent patrimony, and made him ſtudy the law:

Mais bien-toſt amoreux d'un plus noble métier,
Fils, frere, oncle, couſin, beau-frere de Greffier,
Pouvant charger mon bras d'une utile liaſſe,
J'allay loin du Palais errer ſur de Parnaſſe.
La famille en pâlit, & vit en frémiſſant,
Dans la Poudre du Greffe un poete naiſſant.
On vit avec horreur une muſe effrenée
Dormir chez un Greffier la graſſe matinée †.

10. But why then publiſh? *Granville* the polite,
And knowing *Walſh*, would tell me I could write;
Well-natur'd ‡ *Garth* inflam'd with early praiſe,
And *Congreve* lov'd, and *Swift* endur'd my lays:

* V. 125.

† He was a great ſleeper; got up late, and always was accuſtomed to ſleep after dinner: as alſo was Pope.

‡ Every word and epithet here uſed is characteriſtical, and peculiarly appropriated to the temper and manner of each of the perſons here mentioned; the elegance of *Lanſdown*, the open free benevolence of *Garth*, the warmth of *Congreve*, the difficulty of pleaſing *Swift*, the very geſture that *Atterbury* uſed when he was pleaſed, and the animated air and ſpirit of *Bolingbroke*.

The courtly *Talbot*, *Somers*, *Sheffield* read,
Ev'n mitred *Rochester* would nod the head;
And *St. John*'s ſelf (great Dryden's friend before)
With open arms received one poet more †.

To the *three* firſt names, that encouraged his earlieſt writings, he has added other friends, whoſe acquaintance with him did not commence till he was a poet of eſtabliſhed reputation. From the many commendations which *Walſh*, and *Garth*, and *Granville* beſtowed on *his Paſtorals*, it may fairly be concluded how much the public taſte has been improved, and with how many good compoſitions our language has been enriched, ſince that time. When *Gray* publiſhed his exquiſite ode on Eton College, his firſt publication, little notice was taken of it; but I ſuppoſe no critic can be found, that will not place it far above Pope's Paſtorals.

11. From theſe the world will judge of men and books,
Not from the *Burnets*, *Oldmixons*, and *Cooks* §.

† V. 135. § V. 145.

SUCH authors, eſpecially the two laſt, are a kind of literary harpies; whatever ſubject they touch, they debaſe and defile;

> At ſubitæ horrifico lapſû de montibus adſunt
> Harpyiæ, & magnis quatiunt clangoribus alas,
> Diripiuntque dapes, *contactûque* omnia *fœdant*
> Immundo; tum *vox* tetrum *dira* inter *odorem* *.

As to *Burnet*, his character is thus drawn by the very ſenſible and judicious tranſlator of Polybius, Mr. Hampton, in a pamphlet that deſerves to be more known, entitled, *Reflections on Ancient and Modern Hiſtory*: printed in quarto at Oxford, 1746. "His perſonal reſentment put him upon writing hiſtory. He relates the actions of a perſecutor and benefactor: and it is eaſy to believe that a man in ſuch circumſtances muſt violate the laws of truth. The remembrance of his injuries is always preſent, and gives venom to his pen. Let us add to this, that

* Virg. Æn. iii. v. 225.

intemperate

intemperate and malicious curioſity, which penetrates into the moſt private receſſes of vice. The greateſt of his triumphs is to draw the veil of ſecret infamy, and expoſe to view tranſactions that were before concealed from the world; though they ſerve not in the leaſt, either to embelliſh the ſtyle, or connect the ſeries, of his hiſtory; and will never obtain more credit, than perhaps to ſuſpend the judgment of the reader, ſince they are ſupported only by one ſingle, ſuſpected teſtimony." P. 28.

12. Yet then did *Gildon* draw his venal quill;
I wiſh'd the man a dinner, and ſat ſtill:
Yet then did *Dennis* rave in furious fret;
I never anſwer'd, I was not in debt:
If want provok'd, or madneſs made them print,
I wag'd no war with *Bedlam* or the *Mint* †.

THE ‡ unexpected turn in the *ſecond* line

† V. 151.

‡ Ingenio plurimum eſt in eo, & acerbitas mira, & urbanitas, & vis ſumma; ſed plus ſtomacho quam conſilio dedit. Præterea ut amari ſales, ita frequenter amaritudo ipſa ridicula eſt. M. F. Quintil. lib. x. c. 1.

of each of theſe three *couplets*, contains as cutting and bitter ſtrokes of ſatire, as perhaps can be written.

IT is with difficulty we can forgive our author for upbraiding theſe wretched ſcribblers for their poverty and diſtreſſes, if we do not keep in our minds the groſsly abuſive pamphlets they publiſhed, without previous provocation from him; and even, allowing this circumſtance, we ought to ſeparate *rancour* from *reproof*.

13. Yet ne'er one ſprig of laurel grac'd theſe ribalds,
From *ſlaſhing Bentley* ——— ‡.

SWIFT imbibed from SIR W. TEMPLE, and POPE from SWIFT, an inveterate and unreaſonable averſion and contempt for BENTLEY; whoſe admirable *Boyle*'s *Lectures*, *Remarks* on COLLINS, Emendations of MENANDER and CALLIMACHUS, and Tully's *Tuſcul.*

‡ V. 163.

Diſp.

Diſp.; whoſe edition of HORACE, and above all, *Diſſertation* on the Epiſtles of PHALARIS, (in which he gained the moſt complete victory over a whole army of wits) all of them exhibit the moſt ſtriking marks of accurate and extenſive erudition, and a vigorous and acute underſtanding. He degraded himſelf much by his edition of the *Paradiſe Loſt*, and by his ſtrange and abſurd hypotheſis of the faults which Milton's amanuenſis introduced into that poem. But I have been informed that there was ſtill an additional cauſe for Pope's reſentment; that ATTERBURY, being in company with BENTLEY and POPE, inſiſted upon knowing the Doctor's opinion of the Engliſh Homer; and that, being earneſtly preſſed to declare his ſentiments freely, he ſaid, "The verſes are good verſes, but the work is not Homer, it is *Spondanus*." It may however be obſerved, in favour* of Pope, that

* And yet Pope, in a letter which Dr. Rutherforth ſhewed me at Cambridge, in the year 1771, written to a Mr. Bridges, at

that Dr. CLARKE, whoſe critical exactneſs is well known, has not been able to point out above three or four miſtakes in the ſenſe through the whole Iliad. The real faults of that tranſlation are of a different kind.

14. ———— down to *piddling* Tibalds.

YET this very dull and laborious man was the firſt publiſher of *Shakeſpear*, that hit upon the true and rational method of correcting and illuſtrating his author, that is, by reading ſuch books (whatever traſh Pope * might call them) as SHAKESPEAR read, and by attending to the genius, learning, and notions of his times †. By purſuing and per-

at Fulham, mentions his conſulting Chapman and Hobbes, and talks of "their authority, joined to the knowledge of my own imperfectneſs in the language, over-ruled me." Theſe are the very words, which I tranſcribed at that time.

* Pope was irritated at the many blunders in his Shakeſpear, that Theobald pointed out.

† In this manner alſo has SPENCER been illuſtrated. See Obſervations on the *Fairy Queen*, by T. Warton, A. M. London, 1762, 8vo. 2d edit.; and the Canterbury Tales of Chaucer, with incomparable remarks by *Mr. Tyrwhit*.

labours of ſuch ex
STEEVENS, TYRW

15. Each wight, who re
Each word-catcher,

IT is very eaſy,
laugh at collectors
adjuſters of texts, t
terature, who drag

A waggon-load of me
While *A*'s *depos'd*, and

§ V. 165.

* Many are the ridiculous
teſts and quarrels of grammar
ELPHUS, who

To the indefatigable reſearches of many a Dutch commentator and German editor, are we indebted for that eaſe and facility with which we now are enabled to read. "I am perſuaded," ſays BAYLE, "that the ridiculous obſtinacy of the firſt critics, who laviſhed ſo much of their time upon the queſtion, whether we ought to ſay Virgilius or Vergilius, has been ultimately of great uſe; they thereby inſpired men with an extreme veneration for antiquity; they diſpoſed them to a ſedulous enquiry into the conduct and character of the ancient Grecians and Romans, and that gave occaſion to their improving by thoſe great examples." Dict. tom. v. p. 795. I have always been ſtruck with the following words of a commentator, who was * alſo a

* MALLET, to gratify Pope, by abuſing Bentley, publiſhed, about this time, a very feeble and flimſy poem, *on Verbal Criticiſm*, ſtuffed with illiberal cant about pedantry, and collators of manuſcripts. Real ſcholars will always ſpeak with due regard of ſuch names as the *Scaligers*, *Salmaſius's*, *Heinſius's*, *Burmans*, *Gronovius's*, *Reiſkius's*, *Marklands*, *Geſners*, and *Heynes*.

great philoſopher, I mean Dr. CLARKE, who thus finiſhes the preface to his incomparable edition of Homer:

" LEVIA quidem hæc, & parvi forte, ſi per ſe ſpectentur momenti. Sed ex elementis conſtant, ex principiis oriuntur, omnia: Et ex judicii conſuetudine in rebus *minutis* adhibitâ, pendet ſæpiſſimè in *maximis* vera atque accurata ſcientia."

16. Pretty! in amber to obſerve the forms
Of hairs, or ſtraws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms †!

VERY elegant imagery, happily applied! *Addiſon* has made a beautiful uſe of a ſimilar image to a contrary purpoſe, and to illuſtrate excellence. " Shakeſpear," ſays he, Spectator 398, " was born with all the ſeeds of poetry, and may be compared to the ſtone in *Pyrrhus*'s ring, which, as *Pliny* tells us, had the figure of Apollo and the nine Muſes in the veins of it, produced by the ſpontane-

† V. 169.

ous

ous hand of nature, without any help of art."

17. Did ſome more ſober critic come abroad;
If wrong, I ſmil'd; if right, I kiſs'd the rod ‡.

SUCH he eſteemed to be Mr. SPENCE's judicious Eſſay on his tranſlation of the Odyſſey; a work of the trueſt taſte, and which POPE was ſo far from taking amiſs, that it was the origin of a laſting friendſhip betwixt them. I have ſeen a copy of this work, with marginal obſervations written in POPE's own * hand, and generally acknowledging the juſtneſs of SPENCE's obſervations, and in a few inſtances pleading, humorouſly enough, that ſome favourite lines might be ſpared. I am indebted to this learned and amiable man,

‡ V. 171.

* Which do you look upon (ſays Spence one day to Pope) as the beſt age of our Poetry? "Why the laſt, I think; but now the old ones are all gone, and the young ſeem to have no emulation among them."

on

on whoſe friendſhip I ſet the greateſt value, for moſt of the anecdotes relating to POPE, mentioned in this work, which he gave me, when I was making him a viſit at *Byfleet*, in the year 1754.

18. The bard whom pilfer'd paſtorals renown,
Who turns a Perſian tale for half a crown *.

And in a line before,

Still to one Biſhop PHILIPS ſeems a wit.

PHILIPS, certainly not a very animated or firſt-rate writer, yet appears not to deſerve quite ſo much contempt, if we look at his firſt and fifth paſtoral, his epiſtle from Copenhagen, his ode on the death of Earl Cowper, his tranſlations † of the two firſt olym-

* V. 180.

† The ſecret grounds of Philips's malignity to Pope, are ſaid to be the ridicule and laughter he met with from all the Hanover Club, of which he was ſecretary, for miſtaking the incomparable ironical paper in the Guardian, N° 40, which was written by Pope, for a ſerious criticiſm on paſtoral poetry.

pic

pic odes of Pindar, and the two odes of Sappho, and above all, his pleaſing tragedy of the Diſtreſt Mother ‡.

How far Addiſon, as hath been inſinuated, was concerned in altering and improving Philips's works, cannot now be aſcertained. He was accuſed of reporting that Mr. POPE was an enemy to the government, and that he had a hand in the famous party paper called The Examiner.

19. And own'd that nine ſuch poets made a *Tate* †.

YOUNG ſays, with equal pleaſantry, of the ſame *Nahum Tate*,

He's now a *ſcribbler*, who was once a *man* *.

‡ I have heard Mr. Garrick ſay, that Addiſon wrote the celebrated epilogue to this tragedy, publiſhed in the name of Budgell: that this was a fact he received from ſome of the Tonſons. And Addiſon is ſaid alſo to have largely corrected and improved Budgell's tranſlation of Theophraſtus.

† V. 190. * Sat. i.

20. Peace

20. Peace to all ſuch! but were there one whoſe fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inſpires:
Bleſt with each talent and each art to pleaſe,
And born to write, converſe, and live with eaſe:
Should ſuch a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk *, no brother near the throne,
View him with ſcornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himſelf to riſe;
Damn with faint praiſe, aſſent with civil leer,
And, without ſneering, teach the reſt to ſneer:
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to ſtrike,
Juſt hint a fault, and heſitate diſlike;
Alike reſerv'd to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a ſuſpicious friend;
Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers beſieg'd,
And ſo obliging that he ne'er oblig'd;

* This is from Bacon de Augmentis Scient. lib. iii. p. 180. Etſi enim Ariſtoteles, more Ottomannorum, regnare ſe haud tutè poſſe putaret, niſi fratres ſuos omnes contrucidaſſet.

Which thought, and alſo that of *Cato*'s little ſenate, are uſed in a letter to Mr. Craggs, dated July 15, 1715. Our author frequently has verſified paſſages from his own letters. "It is uſual with the ſmaller party to make up in intereſt what they want in number; and this is the caſe with the little ſenate of Cato. We have, it ſeems, a Great Turk in poetry, who can never bear a brother on the throne; and has his mutes too, a ſet of nodders, winkers, and whiſperers, whoſe buſineſs it is to ſtrangle all other offspring of wit in their birth." Vol. vii. p. 300.

Like

Like *Cato*, give his little ſenate laws,
And ſit attentive to his own applauſe;
While wits and Templars ev'ry ſentence raiſe,
And wonder with a fooliſh face of praiſe—
Who but muſt laugh, if ſuch a man there be?
Who would not weep, if *Atticus* were he† !

THIS is that famous character of ADDISON *, which has been ſo much commended for it's wit and poignancy, and ſo much cenſured for it's bitterneſs and malignity. The provocations that induced our author to write it, which he did ſo early as 1721, though it was not inſerted in this epiſtle till 1733, have been touched upon in the firſt volume of this eſſay, at page 160. Since that time, a writer, of the firſt eminence,

† V. 192.

* Old Jacob Tonſon hated Addiſon. You will ſee him, ſays he, one day a Biſhop. He intended to have given a tranſlation of all the Pſalms, of which deſign his verſion of the 23d is a beautiful ſpecimen. Addiſon uſed to ſpeak contemptuouſly of his own account of the Engliſh poets, addreſſed to his old friend *Sacheverell*. It is remarkable, that he declared he had never read *Spencer*, when he gave *his* character in that account.

who, to a conſummate knowledge of the laws, hiſtory, and antiquities of his country, joined the moſt exquiſite taſte in polite literature, the late much-lamented Sir William Blackſtone, drew up, with his uſual preciſion and penetration, a paper that minutely inveſtigated all the facts that have been urged againſt Addiſon's conduct to Pope. The chain of his reaſoning would be injured, by endeavouring to abridge this paper; I muſt therefore refer the reader to the ſecond volume of the Biographia Britannica, publiſhed by Dr. Kippis, page 56, and ſhall only inſert the concluſion of it; which is as follows: "Upon the whole, however Mr. Pope may be excuſable for penning ſuch a character of his friend in the firſt tranſports of poetical indignation, it reflects no great honour on his feelings, to have kept it in petto for ſix years, till after the death of Mr. Addiſon, and then to permit its publication (whether by recital or copy makes no material difference;) and at length, at

at the diſtance of 18 years, hand it down to poſterity ingrafted into one of his capital productions. Nothing ſurely could juſtify ſo long and ſo deep a reſentment, unleſs the ſtory be true of the commerce between Addiſon and Gildon; which will require to be very fully proved, before it can be believed of a gentleman who was ſo amiable in his moral character, and who (in his own caſe) had two years before expreſsly diſapproved of a perſonal abuſe upon Mr. Dennis. The perſon, indeed, from whom Mr. Pope is ſaid to have received this anecdote, about the time of his writing the character (viz. about July 1715) was no other than the Earl of Warwick, ſon-in-law to Mr. Addiſon himſelf; and the ſomething about Wycherley, (in which the ſtory ſuppoſes that Addiſon hired Gildon to abuſe Pope and his family) is explained by a note on the Dunciad, vol. i. p. 296, to mean a pamphlet containing Mr. Wycherley's life. Now it happens, that in July 1715, the Earl of Warwick (who died

at the age of twenty-three, in Auguſt 1721) was only a boy of ſeventeen, and not likely to be entruſted with ſuch a ſecret, by a ſtateſman between forty and fifty, with whom it does not appear he was any-way connected or acquainted. For Mr. Addiſon was not married to his mother the Counteſs of Warwick till the following year, 1716; nor could Gildon have been employed in July 1715 to write Mr. Wycherley's life, who lived till the December following. As therefore ſo many inconſiſtencies are evident in the ſtory itſelf, which never found its way into print till near ſixty years after it is ſaid to have happened, it will be no breach of charity to ſuppoſe that the whole of it was founded on ſome miſapprehenſion in either Mr. Pope or the Earl; and unleſs better proof can be given, we ſhall readily acquit Mr. Addiſon of this moſt odious part of the charge."

I BEG leave to add, that as to the other accuſation, Dr. Young, Lord Bathurſt, Mr.

Harte, and Lord Lyttelton, each of them aſſured me, that Addiſon himſelf certainly tranſlated the firſt book of Homer. Yet I have very lately heard, that ſome proofs to the contrary have been juſt diſcovered.

21. Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,
Sate full-blown *Bufo*, puff'd by ev'ry quill;
Fed with ſoft Dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in ſong.
His library (where buſts of poets dead *,
And a true Pindar ſtood without a head)
Receiv'd of wits an undiſtinguiſh'd race,
Who firſt his judgment aſk'd, and then a place;
Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his ſeat,
And flatter'd ev'ry day, and ſome days eat;
Till, grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid ſome bards with port, and ſome with praiſe ‡.

* The poverty of Butler is often mentioned among the diſtreſſes of poets, as a reproach to his age, and particularly to Charles II. who was ſo fond of Hudibraſs. But Dr. Pearce, the late Biſhop of Rocheſter, related, that Mr. Lowndes, then belonging to the Treaſury, and in the reigns of King William and Queen Anne Secretary to it, aſſured him, that, by order of King Charles II. he had paid to Butler a yearly penſion of 100l. to the time of his deceaſe.—After having been in many important offices, and an Ambaſſador at Paris, *Prior* had, at one time of his life, nothing left but the income of his fellowſhip of St. John's college, Cambridge.

‡ V. 231.

Dr.

DR. YOUNG's paraſites and flatterers are painted with equal humour, and a generous contempt of ſervility;

Who'd be a crutch to prop a rotten peer;
Or living pendant dangling at his ear;
For ever whiſp'ring ſecrets, which were blown,
For months before, by trumpets thro' the town?
Who'd be a glaſs, with flattering grimace,
Still to reflect the temper of his face;
Or happy pin to ſtick upon his ſleeve,
When my lord's gracious, and vouchſafes it leave;
Or cuſhion, when his Heavineſs ſhall pleaſe
To loll, or thump it for his better eaſe;
Or a vile butt, for noon or night beſpoke,
When the peer raſhly ſwears he'll club his joke?
Who'd ſhake with laughter, tho' he cou'd not find
His Lordſhip's jeſt, or, if his noſe broke wind,
For bleſſings to the Gods profoundly bow—
That can cry chimney-ſweep, or drive a plough?

22. *Dryden* alone * (what wonder?) came not nigh;
Dryden alone eſcap'd his judging eye;

But

* Alluding to the ſubſcription that was made for his funeral. Garth ſpoke an oration over him. His neceſſities obliged him to produce (beſides many other poetical pieces) twenty-ſeven

But ſtill, the great have kindneſs in reſerve,
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to ſtarve †.

Our poet, with true gratitude, has ſeized every opportunity of ſhewing his reverence for his great maſter, *Dryden:* whom Swift as conſtantly depreciated and maligned. "I do affirm (ſays he, with exquiſite irony indeed, in the Dedication of the Tale of *a Tub* to Prince Poſterity) upon the word of a ſincere man, that there is now actually in being a certain poet, called *John*

ſeven plays in twenty-five years. He got 25l. for the copy, and 70l. for his benefits generally. Dramatic poetry was certainly not his talent. It is remarkable, that he did not ſcruple to confeſs, that he could not reliſh the pathos and ſimplicity of Euripides. When he publiſhed his fables, Tonſon agreed to give him two hundred and ſixty-eight pounds for *ten thouſand verſes*. And, to complete the full number of lines ſtipulated for, he gave the bookſeller the epiſtle to his couſin, and the divine muſic ode.—"Old Jacob Tonſon uſed to ſay, that Dryden was a little jealous of rivals. He would compliment *Crown* when a play of his failed, but was very cold to him if he met with ſucceſs. He ſometimes uſed to ſay that *Crown* had ſome genius; but then he added always, that his father and Crown's mother were very well acquainted." Mr. Pope to Mr. Spence.

† V. 245.

Dryden,

Dryden, whoſe tranſlation of Virgil was lately printed in a large folio, well-bound, and, if diligent ſearch were made, for aught I know is yet to be ſeen." And he attacks him again in the Battle of Books. SHAFTESBURY is alſo very fond of petulantly carping at Dryden. "To ſee the incorrigibleneſs of our poets, in their pedantic manner (ſays he, vol. iii. p. 276) their vanity, defiance of criticiſm; their rhodomontade, and poetical bravado; we need only turn to our famous poet-laureat, the very Mr. BAYS himſelf, in one of his lateſt and moſt valued pieces, *Don Sebaſtian* *, writ many years after the ingenious author of the *Rehearſal* had drawn his picture." Shafteſbury's reſentment † was excited by the admirable poem

* The dramatic works of *Lope de Vega* make twenty-ſix volumes, beſides four hundred ſcriptural dramatic pieces, his *Autos Sacramentales*. His biographer affirms, that he often finiſhed a play in twenty-four hours, nay ſome of his comedies in leſs than five. He wrote during his life 21,316,000 verſes.

† I remember to have heard my father ſay, that Mr. Elijah Fenton, who was his intimate friend, and had been

poem of *Abſalom* and *Achitophel*; and particularly by four lines in it, that related to Lord Aſhley, his father;

And all to leave, what with his toil he won,
To that unfeather'd, two-legg'd thing a ſon;
Got while his ſoul did huddled notions try,
And born a ſhapeleſs lump, like anarchy.

But Dryden's works will remain, when the *Characteriſtics* will be forgotten.

23. Bleſt be the Great for thoſe they take away,
And thoſe they left me; for they left me GAY;
Left me to ſee neglected genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb.
Of all thy blameleſs life the ſole return
My verſe, and Queenſb'ry weeping o'er thy urn*!

been his maſter, informed him, that Dryden, upon ſeeing ſome of Swift's earlieſt verſes, ſaid to him, "Young man, you will never be a poet." And that this was the cauſe of Swift's rooted averſion to Dryden, mentioned above. *Baucis* and *Philemon* was ſo much and ſo often altered, at the inſtigation of Addiſon, that not above eight lines remain as they originally ſtood. The violence of party diſputes never interrupted the ſincere friendſhip that ſubſiſted between Swift and Addiſon, though of ſuch oppoſite tempers as well as principles.

V. 255.

THE ſweetneſs and ſimplicity of GAY'S temper and manners, much endeared him to all his acquaintance, and make them always ſpeak of him with particular fondneſs and attachment. He wrote with neatneſs, and terſeneſs, æquali quâdam mediocritate, but certainly without any elevation; frequently without any ſpirit. TRIVIA * appears to be the beſt of his poems, in which are many ſtrokes of genuine humour and pictures of London-life, which hath been much altered and changed within a few years. His fables, the moſt popular of all his works, have the fault of many modern fable-writers †, the aſcribing

* The fable of Cloacina is indelicate. I ſhould think this was one of the hints given him by Swift, to whom he ſays he was much indebted for many in this poem. Swift himſelf was indebted, for many hints in his Gulliver, to Biſhop *Godwin*'s *Man in the Moon*, or Voyage of Domingo Gonzales, 1638.

† The long and languid introductions to the fables in the ſecond volume (which is indeed much inferior to the firſt) read like party pamphlets verſified. *Dione* has not reſcued us from the imputation of having no paſtoral-comedy, that can be compared, in the ſmalleſt degree, to the Aminta or Paſtor Fido.

The

aſcribing to the different animals and objects introduced, ſpeeches and actions inconſiſtent with their ſeveral natures. An elephant can have nothing to do in a bookſeller's ſhop. They are greatly inferior to the fables of *Fontaine*, which is perhaps the moſt unrivalled work in the whole French language. The Beggar's Opera has ſurely been extolled beyond it's merits; I could never perceive that fine vein of concealed ſatire ſuppoſed to run through it; and though I ſhould not join with a bench of Weſtminſter Judges in forbidding it to be repreſented on the ſtage, yet I think pickpockets, ſtrumpets, and highwaymen, may be hardened in their vices by this piece; and that *Pope* and *Swift* talked too highly of it's moral good effects. One undeſigned and accidental miſchief attended it's ſucceſs: it was the parent of that moſt

The paſtorals were written to ridicule thoſe of Philips, and conſequently very acceptable to Pope. *Polly*, the ſecond part of the Beggar's Opera, though it brought him a good deal of money, above 1200 pounds, being publiſhed by ſubſcription, is not equal to the firſt.

monſtrous of all dramatic abſurdities, the *Comic Opera*. The friendſhip of two ſuch excellent perſonages as the Duke and Dutcheſs of Queenſberry, did, in truth, compenſate poor Gay's want of penſion * and preferment. They behaved to him conſtantly with that delicacy, and ſenſe of ſeeming equality, as never to ſuffer him for a moment to feel his ſtate of dependence. Let every man of letters, who wiſhes for patronage, read D'Alembert's *Eſſay on living with the Great*, before he enters the houſe of a patron. And let him always remember the fate of Racine, who having drawn up, at Madame Maintenon's † ſecret requeſt, a me-

* I was informed by Mr. Spence, that Addiſon, in his laſt illneſs, ſent to deſire to ſpeak with Mr. Gay, and told him he had much injured him; probably with reſpect to his gaining ſome appointment from the court: but, ſaid he, if I recover, I will endeavour to recompenſe you.

† The moſt exact account of the occaſion on which Racine wrote his *Eſther* and *Athaliah*, at the requeſt of Madame Maintenon, for the uſe of the young ladies at St. Cyr, is to be found in, *Les Souvenirs de Mad. De Caylus*, p. 183. There alſo are ſome very intereſting and authentic particulars of the life of *Mad. Mainteuon*.

morial

morial that ſtrongly painted the diſtreſſes of the French nation, the weight of their taxes, and the expences of the court, ſhe could not reſiſt the importunity of Lewis XIV. but ſhewed him her friend's paper: againſt whom the king immediately conceived a violent indignation, becauſe a poet ſhould dare to buſy himſelf with polities. Racine had the weakneſs to take this anger of the king ſo much to heart, that it brought on a low fever, which haſtened his death. The Dutcheſs of Queenſberry would not have ſo betrayed her poetical friend Gay.

24. Curs'd be the verſe, how well ſoe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give virtue ſcandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the ſoft-ey'd virgin ſteal a tear* !

M. DESPREAUX s'applaudiſſoit fort à l'age de ſoixante & onze ans, de n'avoir rien mis dans ſes vers qui choquât les bonnes mœurs. C'eſt une conſolation, diſoit il, pour les vieux

* V. 283.

poetes,

poetes, qui doivent bientôt rendre compte à Dieu de leurs actions. Tom. v. 4.

HAPPY indeed was the poet, of whom his worthy and amiable * friend could ſo truly ſay, that in all his works was not to be diſcovered

One line, that dying, he could wiſh to blot!

WOULD to God, ſaid AVERROES (regretting the libertiniſm of ſome verſes which he had made in his youth) I had been born old!

FONTAINE and CHAUCER, dying, wiſht unwrote
The ſprightlieſt effort of their wanton thought:
SIDNEY and WALLER, brighteſt ſons of fame,
Condemn'd the charm of ages to the flame †.

25. Let Sporus tremble—What! that king of ſilk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of aſs's milk?

* Lord Lyttelton, in the Prologue to Thomſon's Coriolanus.

† Young's Epiſtle to Authors.

Satire

Satire or ſenſe, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?—
Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that ſtinks and ſtings;
Whoſe buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er taſtes, and beauty ne'er enjoys;
So well-bred ſpaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they cannot bite.
Eternal ſmiles his emptineſs betray,
As ſhallow ſtreams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in *florid impotence* he ſpeaks,
And as the prompter breathes the puppet ſqueaks,
Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad *,
Half froth, half venom, ſpits himſelf abroad.
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lyes,
Or ſpite, or ſmut, or rhymes, or blaſphemies.—
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now ſtruts a lord.

* It is but juſtice (ſaid Pope in the firſt edition) to own that the hint of Eve and the Serpent was taken from the verſes to the Imitator of Horace—

"When God created thee, one would believe
"He ſaid the ſame as to the ſnake of Eve;
"To human race antipathy declare,
"'Twixt them and thee be everlaſting war.
"But oh! the ſequel of the ſentence dread,
"And whilſt you bruiſe their heel, beware your head."

Eve's

Eve's tempter thus, the rabbins have expreſt,
A cherub's face, a reptile all the reſt,
Beauty that ſhocks you, parts that none will truſt,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the duſt †.

LANGUAGE cannot afford more glowing or more forcible terms to expreſs the utmoſt bitterneſs of contempt. We think we are here reading MILTON againſt SALMASIUS. The raillery is carried to the very verge of *railing*; ſome will ſay *ribaldry*. He has armed his muſe with a ſcalping-knife. The portrait is certainly *over-charged*: for Lord H. for whom it was deſigned, whatever his morals might be, had yet conſiderable abilities, though marred indeed by affectation. Some of his ſpeeches in parliament were much beyond *florid impotence*. They were indeed in favour of Sir *R. Walpole* *, and this was ſufficiently offenſive to *Pope*. The fact

† V. 305.

* He fought a duel with Mr. Pulteney upon a political quarrel.—See alſo a pamphlet, entitled, The *Court Secret*, occaſioned by Lord Scarborough's death, for a ſevere character of *Ibrahim*, intended for this Lord. Printed 8vo. 1741.

that particularly incited his indignation, was Lord H's *Epiſtle* to a *Doctor* of *Divinity*, (Dr. Sherwin) *from a Nobleman at Hampton Court*, 1733; as well as his having been concerned with Lady M. W. M. * in *Verſes to the Imitator of Horace*, 1732. This lady's beauty, wit, genius, and travels, of which ſhe gave an account in a ſeries of elegant and entertaining letters, very characteriſtical of the manners of the Turks, and of which many are addreſſed to Pope; are well known, and juſtly celebrated. With both theſe noble perſonages had Pope lived in a ſtate of intimacy. And juſtice obligeth us to confeſs, that he himſelf was the aggreſſor in the

* After her quarrel with Mr. Pope, which Lord Peterborough in vain endeavoured to reconcile, ſhe wrote thus from Florence, to the Counteſs of ——— "The word malignity, and a paſſage in your letter, call to my mind the wicked waſp of Twickenham; his lyes affect me now no more; they will be all as much deſpiſed as the ſtory of the ſeraglio and the handkerchief, of which I am perſuaded he was the only inventor. That man has a malignant and ungenerous heart; and he is baſe enough to aſſume the maſk of a moraliſt, in order to decry human nature, and to give a decent vent to his hatred of man and womankind."

quarrel with them; as he firſt aſſaulted and affronted Lord H. by theſe two lines in his imitation of the 1ſt Sat. of Horace's ſecond book,

> The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to ſay,
> Lord Fanny *ſpins* a thouſand ſuch a day.

And Lady M. W. M. by the eighty-third *line* of the ſame piece, too *groſs* * to be here repeated.

It is a ſingular circumſtance, that our author's indignation was ſo vehement and inexhauſtible, that it furniſhed him with another invective, of equal power, in proſe, which is to be found at the end of the eighth volume, containing his letters. The reader that turns to it, page 253 (for it is too long to be here inſerted, and too full of

* So alſo are lines 87, 88, 89, 90 of the third epiſtle concerning Fulvia and old Narſes. But let us remember, that,

> As the ſoft plume gives ſwiftneſs to the dart,
> Good-breeding ſends the ſatire to the heart. YOUNG.

matter to be abridged) will find, that it abounds in ſo many new modes of irony, in ſo many unexpected ſtrokes of ſarcaſm, in ſo many ſudden and repeated blows, that he does not allow the poor devoted peer a moment's breathing-time:

> Nunc dextrâ ingeminans ictus, nunc ille ſiniſtrâ;
> Nec mora, nec requies; quam multâ grandine nimbi
> Culminibus crepitant; ſic denſis ictibus heros
> Creber utrâque manû pulſat, verſatque ——*.

It is indeed the maſter-piece of *invective*, and perhaps excels the character of *Sporus* itſelf, capital as that is, above quoted. Yet who would wiſh to be the author of ſuch an invective? But can this be the nobleman (we are apt to aſk) whom *Middleton*, in his dedication to the Hiſtory of the Life of Tully, has ſo ſeriouſly and earneſtly praiſed, for his ſtrong good ſenſe, his conſummate politeneſs, his real patriotiſm, his rigid temperance, his thorough knowledge and de-

* Æn. v. ver. 456.

fence of the laws of his country, his accurate ſkill in hiſtory, his hoſpitality, his unexampled and unremitted diligence in literary purſuits, who added credit to this very hiſtory, as Scipio and Lælius did to that of Polybius, by reviſing and correcting it? and brightening* it, as he expreſſes it, by the ſtrokes

* The life of Tully procured Dr. Middleton a great reputation, and a great ſum of money. It is a pleaſing and uſeful work, eſpecially to younger readers, as it gives a comprehenſive view of a moſt intereſting period in the Roman hiſtory, and of the characters principally concerned in thoſe important events. It may be worth obſerving, that he is much indebted, without acknowledging it, to a curious book little known, entitled, *G. Bellendini*, Scoti, de *Tribus Luminibus Romanorum*, Libri 16. *Pariſiis. Apud Taſſanum du Bray*, 1634. *Folio*; dedicated to King Charles. It comprehends a hiſtory of Rome, from the foundation of the city to the time of Auguſtus, drawn up in the very words of *Cicero*, without any alteration of any expreſſion. In this book *Middleton* found every part of Cicero's own hiſtory, in his own words, and his works arranged in chronological order, without farther trouble. The impreſſion of this work being ſhipped for England, was loſt in the veſſel, which was caſt away, and only a few copies remained, that had been left in France. I only add, that the ſtyle of Middleton, which is commonly eſteemed very *pure*, is blemiſhed with many *vulgar* and *cant* terms. Such as Pompey *had a month*'s mind, &c. He has not been ſucceſsful in the tranſlations of thoſe many epiſtles of Tully which he has inſerted; which, however curious, yet break the thread of the narration.

ſtrokes of his pencil? The man that had written this ſplendid encomium on Lord H. could not, we may imagine, be very well affected to the bard who had painted Lord Fanny in ſo ridiculous a light. We find him writing thus to Dr. Warburton, Jan. 7, 1740: "You have evinced the *orthodoxy* of Mr. Pope's principles; but, like the old Commentators on his Homer, will be thought perhaps, in ſome places, to have found a meaning for him, that he himſelf never dreamt of. However, if you did not *find* him a *philoſopher*, you will *make* him one; for he will be wiſe enough to take the benefit of your reading, and make his future eſſays more *clear* and *conſiſtent*."

26. That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But ſtoop'd to *Truth*, and moraliz'd his ſong *.

narration. *Mongault* and *Melmoth* have far exceeded him in their excellent tranſlations of theſe pieces, which are, after all, ſome of the moſt precious remains of antiquity. What a treaſure would it have been, if the letters of Tully to Julius Cæſar had remained!

* V. 349.

HERE

HERE is our author's own declaration, delivered in the moſt preciſe and poſitive terms, that he early left the *more poetical* provinces of his art, to become a moral, didactic, and ſatiric poet.

27. Of gentle blood * (part ſhed in honour's cauſe,
While yet in Britain honour had applauſe)
Each parent ſprung; what fortune pray their own,
And better got than Beſtia's from the throne.

* When Mr. Pope publiſhed the notes on the Epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot, giving an account of his family, Mr. Pottinger, a relation of his, obſerved, that his couſin Pope had made himſelf out a fine pedigree, but he wondered where he got it; that he never had heard any thing himſelf of their being deſcended from the Earls of Down; and, what is more, he had an old maiden aunt, equally related, a great genealogiſt, who was always talking of her family, but never mentioned this circumſtance; on which ſhe certainly would not have been ſilent, had ſhe known any thing of it. Mr. Pope's grandfather was a clergyman of the church of England, in Hampſhire. He placed his ſon, Mr. Pope's father, with a merchant at Liſbon, where he became a convert to Popery. (Thus far Dr. *Bolton*, late Dean of *Carliſle*, a friend of Pope, from *Mr. Pottinger.)* The burying-place and monuments of the family of the Popes, Earls of Down, is at Wroxton, Oxfordſhire. The Earl of Guildford ſays, that he has ſeen and examined the pedigree and deſcents of that family, and is ſure that there were then none of the name of Pope left, who could be deſcended from that family.—*(From John Loveday, of Caverſham, Eſquire.)*

Born

Born to no pride, inheriting no ſtrife,
Nor marrying diſcord in a noble wife;
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious thro' his age.
No courts he ſaw, no ſuits would ever try,
Nor dar'd an oath, nor hazarded a lye.
Unlearn'd, he knew no ſchoolman's ſubtile art,
No language, but the language of the heart.
By nature honeſt, by experience wiſe,
Healthy by temp'rance, and by exerciſe;
His life, tho' long, to ſickneſs paſt unknown,
His death was inſtant, and without a groan *.

BOILEAU †, who has been ſo frequently quoted, becauſe he was the model of our author, ſpeaks thus of his father and family,

* V. 388.

† He had no aſperity in his temper. Mad. de Sevigné uſed to ſay, he is cruel only in verſe. Being punctual in performing all acts of religion, he was one day in the country, and went to confeſſion to a prieſt who did not know him. What is your occupation? ſaid the good man.—To make verſes, replied Boileau.—So much the worſe, ſaid the Prieſt.—And what ſort of verſes?—Satires.—Still worſe and worſe, ſaid the confeſſor.—And againſt whom?—Againſt thoſe, ſaid Boileau, who make bad verſes; againſt ſuch miſchievous works as operas and romances.—Ah! my friend, ſays the Confeſſor, there is no harm in this, and I have nothing more to ſay to you. Memoires de J. Racine, p. 196.

in

in an epiſtle that was juſtly one of his favourite works, addreſſed (in imitation of Horace's *Vertumnum Janumque) to his verſes.*

Que ſi quelqu'un, mes vers, alors vous importune,
Pour ſcavoir mes parens, ma vie & ma fortune,
Contès-lui, qu' allié d'aſsès hauts Magiſtrats,
Fils d'un Pere Greffier, né d'ayeux Avocats;
Dès le berceau perdant une fort jeune mere,
Reduit ſeize ans après à pleurer mon vieux Pere,
J'allai d'un pas hardi, par moi-meſme guidé,
Et de mon ſeul Genie en marchant ſecondé,
Studieux amateur, & de Perſe & d'Horace,
Aſsès près de Regnier m'aſſeoir ſur le Parnaſſe;
Que par un coup de ſort au grand jour amenè
Et de bords du Permeſſe à la Cour entraiſné,
Je ſçeûs, prenant l'eſſor par de routes nouvelles
Eſlever aſsès haut mes poetiques âiles;
Que ce Roy * dont le nom fait trembler tant de Rois
Voulut

* He was appointed Hiſtoriographer to the King, with Racine, in October 1677. They both, together with Vander-Meulen, the painter, accompanied Lewis XIV. in his pompous expedition to Flanders. After the death of Racine, he went once to Verſailles, to inform the King of the death of his colleague; and when he took his leave, Louis obligingly ſaid to him, ſhewing him his watch, which he happened to hold in his hand, "Remember that I have always one hour in the week to give you, whenever you will come to me."

It

Voulut bien que ma main crayonnait ſes exploits:
Que plus d'un grand m'aima juſques à la tendreſſe;
Que ma veüe a Colbert inſpiroit, l'allegreſſe;
Qu' aujourd'hui meſme encor de deux ſens affoibli
Retiré de la cour & non mis en oubli;
Plus d'un Heros epris des fruits de mon eſtude,
Vient quelquefois ches moi gouter la ſolitude †.

All theſe particularities of his father, family, and fortunes, become intereſting. There is in this paſſage the true manner of Horace, his eaſy vigour, and *firma facilitas*. It is on occaſion of this epiſtle that *Boileau* wrote his celebrated letter to *Monſ. de Maucroix*, from which I ſhall, without any ſcruple, give a large extract, as it is ſo replete with good ſenſe and ſolid criticiſm, and contains ſo many obſervations on the

It is to be regretted that Boileau never finiſhed, what he told his friends he had ſketched out, the life of Diogenes the Cynic, a comic romance, in which much literature, ſatire, and knowledge of life and manners, would have appeared. Let me take this occaſion of adding, that it is alſo to be regretted, that Monteſquieu never finiſhed a political romance he intended to give, called *Arſaces*.

† Epiſtre x. ver. 93.

more remote and interior beauties of ſtyle. Tom. iii. p. 185. Par M. de Saint Marc. 1747.

RACAN excelle ſur tout, à mon avis, à dire les petites choſes, & c'eſt en quoi il reſſemble mieux aux anciennes, que j'admire ſur tout par cet endroit. Plus les choſes ſont ſeches & mal aiſées à dire en vers, plus elle frapent quand elles ſont dites noblement, & avec cette elégance qui fait proprement la poéſie. Je me ſouviens que M. de la Fontaine m'a dit plus d'une fois, que les deux vers de mes ouvrages qu'il eſtimoit davantage c'eſtoit ceux où je loue le Roi d'avoir établi la manufacture des points de France, à la place des points de Veniſe. Les voici. C'eſt dans la premiere Epiſtre à ſa Majeſté.

Et nos voiſins fruſtrez de ces tributs ſerviles,
Que payoit à leur art le luxe de nos villes.

VIRGILE & Horace ſont divins en cela, auſſi bien qu' Homere. C'eſt tout le contraire

traire de nos Poëtes, qui ne diſent que des choſes vagues, que d'autres ont déja dites avant eux, & dont les expreſſions ſont trouvées. Quand ils ſortent de là, ils ne ſçauroient plus s'exprimer, & ils tombent dans une ſechereſſe qui eſt encore pire que leurs larcins. Pour moy, je ne ſçay pas ſi j'y ay réuſſi: mais quand je fais des vers, je ſonge toûjours à dire ce qui ne s'eſt point encore dit en noſtre langue. C'eſt ce que j'ay principalement affecté dans une nouvelle epiſtre, que j'ay faite à propos de toutes les Critiques, qu'on a imprimées contre ma derniere ſatire. J'y conte tout ce que j'ay fait depuis que je ſuis au monde, j'y rapporte mes defauts, mon âge, mes inclinations, mes mœurs. J'y dis de quel Pere & de quelle Mere je ſuis né. J'y marque les degrés de ma fortune; comment j'ay éſté à la cour, comment j'en ſuis ſorti; les incommodités qui me ſont ſurvenuës; les ouvrages que j'ay faits. Ce ſont bien de petites choſes dites

en aſſés peu de mots, puiſque la piece n'a pas plus de cent trente vers. Elle n'a pas encore veu le jour, & je ne l'ay pas meſme encore écrite. Mais il me paroiſt que tous ceux à qui je l'ay recitée, en ſont auſſi frappez que d'aucun autre de mes ouvrages. Croiriez-vous, Monſieur, qu'un des endroits où ils ſe recrient le plus, c'eſt un endroit qui ne dit autre choſe, ſinon qui aujourd'huy que j'ai cinquante-ſept ans, je ne dois plus pretendre à l'approbation publique. Cela eſt dit en quatre vers que je veux bien vous écrire ici, afin que vous me mandiez ſi vous les approuvez.

Mais aujourd'hui qu' enfin la Vieilleſſe venue,
Sous mes faux cheveux blonds déja toute chenue,
A jetté ſur ma teſte avec ſes doigts peſans,
Onze luſtres complets ſurchargez de deux ans.

Il me ſemble que la Perruque eſt aſſés heureuſement frondée dans ces quatres vers.

28. O friend!

28. O friend! may each domeſtic bliſs be thine!
Be no unpleaſing melancholy mine!
Me, let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of repoſing age *;
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor ſmile, and ſmooth the bed of death;
Explore the thought, explain the aſking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the ſky †!

THESE exquiſite lines give us a very intereſting picture of the exemplary filial piety of our ‡ author. There is a penſive and pathetic ſweetneſs in the very flow of them. The eye that has been wearied and oppreſt by the harſh and auſtere colouring of ſome of the preceding paſſages, turns away with pleaſure from theſe aſperities, and repoſes with complacency on the ſoft tints of do-

* See a letter to Mr. Richardſon, deſiring him to come to Twickenham, and take a ſketch of his mother, juſt after ſhe was dead, June 20, 1733. "It would afford, ſays he, the fineſt image of a ſaint expired, that ever painting drew." Vol. viii. p. 233.

† V. 406.

‡ For which alſo another truly great poet was remarkable. See Memoirs of Mr. *Gray*'s Life, paſſim.

meſtic tenderneſs. We are naturally gratified to ſee great men deſcending from their heights, into the familiar offices of common life; and the ſenſation is the more pleaſing to us, becauſe *admiration* is turned into *affection*. In the very entertaining memoirs of the life of Racine (publiſhed by his ſon) we find no * paſſage more amuſing and intereſting, than where that great poet ſends an excuſe to Monr. the Duke, who had earneſtly invited him to dine at the Hotel de Conde, becauſe he had promiſed to partake of a great fiſh that his children had got for him, and he could not think of diſappointing them.

MELANCTHON appeared in an amiable light, when he was ſeen, one day, holding a book in one hand, and attentively reading,

* Memoires ſur la Vie de Jean Racine, p. 182, printed 1747: by the author of the didactic poems on *Religion* and *Grace*, of *Reflections on Poetry*, of *Two Epiſtles* on *Man*, and ſome excellent *Sacred Odes*, particularly one from Iſaiah, c. xiv.

and

and with the other rocking the cradle of his infant child. And we read with more satisfaction,

——— ὲ παιδος ορεξατο φαιδιμος Εκτωρ
Αψ δ' ὁ παϊς προς κολπον ευζωνοιο τιθηνης
Εκλινθη ιαχων— *

than we do,

Τρις μεν ορεξαϊ ιων· το δε τετρατον ικετο τυμμω
Αιγας——— †.

* Iliad vi. v. 467. † Iliad xiii. v. 20.

SECT.

SECT. XII.

Of the *Satires* and *Epiſtles* of *Horace imitated*, *of the Satires* of *Donne verſified*, and *of the Epilogue to the Satires*.

" WHEN I had a fever one win-
" ter in town (ſaid POPE to Mr.
" SPENCE) that confined me to my room
" for five or ſix days, Lord BOLINGBROKE
" came to ſee me, happened to take up a
" Horace that lay on the table, and in turn-
" ing it over, dipt on the firſt ſatire of the
" ſecond book. He obſerved, how well that
" would ſuit my caſe, if I were to imitate
" it in Engliſh. After he was gone, I read
" it over, tranſlated it in a morning or two,
" and ſent it to preſs in a week or fortnight
" after. And this was the occaſion of my
" imitating

" imitating ſome other of the Satires and " Epiſtles. To how caſual a beginning (adds " SPENCE) are we obliged, for the moſt de- " lightful things in our language! When " I was ſaying to him, that he had already " imitated near a third part of Horace's ſa- " tires and epiſtles, and how much it was to " be wiſhed that he would go on with them; " he could not believe that he had gone near " ſo far; but upon computing it, it appeared " to be above a third. He ſeemed on this not " diſinclined to carry it farther; but his laſt " illneſs was then growing upon him, and " robbed us of him, and of all hopes of that " kind, in a few months *".

No part of our author's works have been more admired than theſe imitations. The aptneſs of the alluſions, and the happineſs of many of the parallels, give a pleaſure that is always no ſmall one to the mind of a reader, the pleaſure of *compariſon*. He that has the

* Tranſcribed from Spence's Anecdotes, 1754.

leaſt acquaintance with theſe pieces of Horace, which reſemble the *Old Comedy*, immediately perceives, indeed, that our author has aſſumed a higher tone, and frequently has deſerted † the free colloquial air, the inſinuating Socratic manner of his original. And that he clearly reſembles in his ſtyle, as he did in his natural temper, the ſevere and ſerious Juvenal, more than the ſmiling and ſportive Horace. Let us ſelect ſome paſſages, in which he may be thought to have equalled, excelled, or fallen ſhort of, the original; the latter of which cannot be deemed a diſgrace to our poet, or to any other writer, if we conſider the extreme difficulty of transfuſing into another language the ſubtle beauties of Horace's dignified *familiarity*, and the uncommon union of ſo much *facility* and *force*.

† After all that has been ſaid of Horace, by ſo many critics, ancient and modern, perhaps no words can deſcribe him ſo exactly and juſtly, as the following of Tully, ſpoken on another ſubject. Lib. i. de Oratore. Accedit lepos quidam, facetiæque, & eruditio libero digna, celeritaſque & brevitas reſpondendi & laceſſendi ſubtili venuſtate & urbanitate conjuncta.

1. —— Trębati

H. ——————————— Trebati
Quid faciam? preſcribe. T. Quieſcas. H. Ne faciam, inquis,
Omnino verſus? T. Aio. H. Peream male, ſi non
Optimum erat: verum nequeo dormire. T. Ter uncti
Tranſnanto Tiberim, ſomno quibus eſt opus alto;
Irriguumve mero ſub noctem corpus habento *:

Tim'rous by nature, of the rich in awe,
I come to counſel learned in the law:
You'll give me, like a friend, both ſage and free
Advice; and as you uſe, without a fee.
F. I'd write no more. P. Not write? but then I think,
And for my ſoul I cannot ſleep a wink.
I nod in company, I wake at night,
Fools ruſh into my head, and ſo I write.
F. You could not do a worſe thing for your life:
Why, if the night ſeem tedious, take a wife.
Or rather truly, if your point be reſt,
Lettuce and cowſlip-wine: probatum eſt.
But talk with Celſus, Celſus will adviſe,
Hartſhorn, or ſomething that ſhall cloſe your eyes †.

HORACE, with much ſeeming ſerioufneſs, applies for advice to the celebrated Roman lawyer, *C. Trebatius Teſta*, an intimate friend

* Sat. i. lib. 1. v. 4. † V. 8.

of *Julius Cæſar*, and *of Tully*, as appears from many of his epiſtles to *Atticus*. The gravity and ſelf-importance of whoſe character is admirably ſupported throughout this little drama. His anſwers are ſhort, authoritative, and deciſive. *Quieſcas. Aio.* And, as he was known to be a great *drinker* and *ſwimmer*, his two abſurd pieces of advice have infinite pleaſantry. All theſe circumſtances of humour are dropt in the copy. The Lettuce and Cowſlip-wine are inſipid and unmeaning preſcriptions, and have nothing to do with Mr. *Forteſcue*'s character. The third, fourth, and ninth lines of this *imitation* are flat and languid. We muſt alſo obſerve (from the old Commentator *) that the verbs *tranſnanto*, and *habento*, are, in the very ſtyle of the Roman law, " Vide ut

* There are many excellent remarks in *Acro* and *Porphyrio*; from whom, as well as from *Cruquius*, *Dacier* has borrowed much, without owning it. *Dacier*'s tranſlation of Horace is not equal to his *Ariſtotle*'s Poetics. In the former, he is perpetually ſtriving to diſcover new meanings in his author, which Boileau called, The Revelations of Dacier.

directis

directis juriſconſultorum verbis utitur ad Trebatium juriſconſultum.

2. Aut ſi tantus amor ſcribendi te rapit, aude
Cæſaris invicti res dicere, multa laborum
Præmia laturus——— *

Or, if you needs muſt write, write Cæſar's praiſe,
You'll gain at leaſt a *knighthood*, or *the bays* †.

THIS is ſuperior to the original, becauſe *præmia laturas* is general and flat, in compariſon of the particular rewards here ſpecified.

3. ——neque enim quivis horrentia pilis ‡
Agmina, nec fractâ pereuntes cuſpide Gallos,
Aut labentis equo deſcribat vulnera Parthi §.

What! like Sir Richard, rumbling, rough, and fierce,
With ARMS, and GEORGE, and BRUNSWICK crowd the verſe,

* V. 10. † V. 21.

‡ Of theſe verſes ſays *Porphyrio*, Eleganter in hâc ipſâ excuſatione, poſſe ſe ſcribere oſtendit.

§ V. 13.

Rend

Rend with tremendous ſound your ears aſunder,
With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuſs, and thunder.

Pope has turned the compliment to Auguſtus into a ſevere ſarcaſm. All the wits* ſeem to have leagued againſt Sir Richard Blackmore. In a letter now lying before me, from Elijah Fenton to my father, dated, Jan. 24, 1707, he ſays, "I am glad to hear Mr. Phillips will publiſh his Pomona: Who prints it? I ſhould be mightily obliged to you, if you could get me a copy of *his* verſes *againſt* Blackmore." As the letter contains one or two literary particulars, I will tranſcribe the reſt. "As

* *Swift* never could forgive *Blackmore* the following ſtrictures on a Tale of a Tub, in his eſſays, London, 1717. "Had this writing been publiſhed in a Pagan or Popiſh nation, who are juſtly impatient of all indignity offered to the eſtabliſhed religion of their country, no doubt but the author would have received the puniſhment he deſerved. But the fate of this *impious buffoon* is very different; for in a Proteſtant kingdom, zealous of their civil and religious immunities, he has not only eſcaped affronts, and the effects of public reſentment, but he has been careſſed and patronized by perſons of great figure, and of all denominations."

to what you write about making a co - tion, I can only adviſe you to buy what poems you can, that *Tonſon* has printed, except the *Ode to the Sun*; unleſs you will take it in, becauſe I writ it; which I am the freer to own, that *Mat. Prior* may not ſuffer in his reputation, by having it aſcribed to him. My humble ſervice to *Mr. Sacheverell*, and tell him I will never imitate *Milton* more, till the author of *Blenheim* is forgotten." In vain was Blackmore extolled by *Molyneux* and *Locke*: but *Locke*, to his other ſuperior talents, did not add a good taſte. He affected to deſpiſe poetry, and he depreciated the ancients; which circumſtance, as I am informed from undoubted authority, was the ſource of perpetual diſcontent and diſpute betwixt him and his pupil Lord *Shafteſbury*; who, in many parts of the Characteriſtics, has ridiculed Locke's philoſophy, and endeavoured to repreſent him as a diſciple of *Hobbes*; from which writer,

writer, however, it is certain that *Locke* borrowed frequently and largely.

4. ——— niſi dextro tempore, Flacci
Verba per attentam non ibunt Cæſaris aurem.
Cui male ſi palpere recalcitrat undique tutus *.

Alas! few verſes touch their nicer ear,
They ſcarce can bear their *Laureate* twice a year.
And juſtly Cæſar ſcorns the poet's lays;
It is to *Hiſtory* he truſts for praiſe †.

SUPERIOR to the original, on account of the mention of the Laureate; and the ſudden unexpected turn in the laſt line, which is uncommonly *ſly* and *ſevere*.

5. Quid faciam? ſaltat Milonius, &c. ‡

Each mortal has his pleaſure §.

THESE words, indeed, open the ſenſe of Horace; but the *quid faciam* is better, as it leaves it to the reader to diſcover what is one of Horace's greateſt beauties, his ſecret

* V. 18. † V. 33. ‡ V. 24. § V. 45.

and

and delicate *tranſitions* and *connections*, to which they who do not carefully attend, loſe half the pleaſure of reading him.

5. ——————————none deny
——————————*Darty* his ham-pye *.

LYTTELTON, in his Dialogues of the Dead, has introduced *Darteneuf*, in a pleaſant diſcourſe betwixt him and *Apicius*, bitterly lamenting his ill fortune, in having lived before *turtle-feaſts* † were known in England. "Alas!" ſays he, "how imperfect is human felicity! I lived in an age when the pleaſure of eating was thought to be carried to its higheſt perfection in England and France. And yet a turtle-feaſt is a novelty to me! Would it be impoſſible, do you think, to obtain leave from Pluto, of going back for one day, juſt to taſte of that food? I would

* V. 45.

† He might have ſaid the ſame of the *Chineſe Bird's Neſt*, a piece of Oriental luxury lately imported.

promiſe to kill myſelf by the quantity I would eat before the next morning."

6. Caſtor gaudet equis; ovo prognatus eodem,
Pugnis ————*.

F. loves the ſenate, Hockley-hole his brother,
Like in all elſe, as one egg to another †.

THIS parallel is not happy and exact; to ſhew the variety of human paſſions and purſuits, Caſtor and Pollux were unlike, even though they came from one and the ſame egg. This is far more extraordinary and marvellous than that two common brothers ſhould have diſſerent inclinations.

7. ——Me pedibus delectat claudere verba,
Lucilii ritu ————‡.

I love to pour out all myſelf, as plain
As downright *Shippen*, or as old *Montaigne* §.

"MY chief pleaſure is to write ſatires like Lucilius," ſays Horace. "My chief

* V. 26. † V. 49. ‡ V. 28. § V. 51.

pleaſure,

pleaſure, ſays Pope, is,—What? *to ſpeak my mind freely and openly.*" There ſhould have been an inſtance of ſome *employment*, and not a virtuous *habit*; there follows in the original, a line which *Bentley* has explained very acutely, and in a manner different from the other commentators—

——————— neque ſi malè geſſerat, uſquam
Decurrens alio, neque ſi bene— *.

He affirms, that the true reading ſhould be malè *ceſſerat*, and that it does not mean, whether his *affairs* went ill or not, but whether he *wrote* ſucceſsfully or not. "Nuſquam alio præterquam ad libros decurrens, ſeu bene ei ceſſerat in *ſcribendo*, ſeu malè. Scilicet quovis ille die ſcribere amabat, ſive aptus tum ad ſtudium, ſeu, utſæpe uſû venit, ineptior: ſeu muſis faventibus ſive averſis."

The paſſage that immediately follows, in the original, at verſe the thirty-fifth,—

* V. 31.

Nam Venuſinus arat — down. to verſe the thirty-ninth, to the words, incuteret violenta, which are frequently printed in a parentheſis, and have been ſuppoſed to be an awkward interpolation, were undoubtedly intended by Horace to repreſent the looſe, incoherent, and verboſe manner * of Lucilius (incompoſito pede) who loaded his ſatires with many uſeleſs and impertinent thoughts.

8. ——————————— O Pater & Rex,
Jupiter, ut pereat poſitum rubigine telum †.

Save but our *army!* and let Jove incruſt
Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlaſting ruſt ‡!

He could not ſuffer ſo favourable an opportunity to paſs, without joining with his friends, the patriots of that time, in the cry

* ——— amat ſcripſiſſe ducentos
Ante cibum verſus, totidem cænatus——
Hor. ſat. x. lib. 1. v. 61.

Ad. Baillet, among his numerous blunders and falſe judgments, is ſo abſurd, as to take literally the expreſſion of Lucilius—Stans pede in uno.

† V. 42. ‡ V. 73.

againſt

againſt a ſtanding army. The ſentiment in the original is taken, as the old ſcholiaſt obſerves, from *Callimachus*;

Ζευ πατιϱ, ὡς χαλυβων παν απολοιτο * γενος.

NUMBERLESS are the paſſages in Horace, which he has ſkilfully adopted and interwoven from the Greek writers; with whom he was minutely and intimately acquainted; perhaps more ſo than any other Roman poet, having ſtudied at Athens longer than any of them.

* He imitates two other epigrams of Callimachus, in verſe 8. of the 2d Sat. lib. 1.

Præclaram ingratâ ſtringat malus ingluvie rem—

and alſo, as Heinſius obſerves, in the 105th verſe of the ſame ſatire———

Leporem venator ut altâ
In nive ſectatur ———

In the ſixth ſatire of the ſecond book, he has *Sophocles* in his eye;

Luſerat in campo fortunæ filius———

Ἐγω δ' ἑμαυτον παιδα της τυχης νεμων.

Œdip. Tyrann. 1090.

Quidquid

Quidquid ſub terrâ eſt in apricum proferet ætas
Defodiet condetque nitentia—— *

is from the Oedipus of Sophocles, verſe 659.

Απαντ' ὁ μακρος καναριθμητος χρονος
Φυει τ αδηλα, και φανεντα κρυπτεται.

Pernicies & *Tempeſtas*, Barathrumque macelli —— †

GROTIUS, in that very entertaining book, his *Excerpta ex Tragœdiis & Comœdiis Græcis*, has preſerved, page 583, a fragment of *Alexis*, to which this paſſage of Horace alludes:

Δειπνει δ' αφνως Τηλεφος, νεων μονον
Προς της επερωτωντας τι, ως πολλακις
Αυτον κεκληκως τοις Σαμοθρᾳξιν ευχεται
Λᾳξαι πνιοντα και γαληνισαι ποτε.
Χειμων ὁμειρακισκος εστι τοις φιλοις.

Per mare pauperiem fugiens, per ſaxa, per ignes ‡,

is from *Theognis*;

Η δη χρη φευγοντα και ες μεγακητεα ποντον
Ριπτειν, και πετρων, Κυρνε κατ' ηλιβατων.

* Ep. vi. v. 24. † V. 31. ep. 15. ‡ Ep. i. lib. 1. 46.

Sunt

Sunt verba & voces quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Poſſis, & magnam morbi deponere partem *,

is from the Hippolitus of Euripides;

Εισιν δ' επωδαι και λογοι θελκτηριοι.

—— Si quid noviſti rectius iſtis
Candidus imperti, ſi non, his utere mecum †,

is taken, as *Cruquius* remarks, from *Iſocrates* to *Nicocles*;

Χρῶ τοις ειρημενοις, ᾳ ζητει βελτιω τυτων.

Spes jubet eſſe ratas, in prælia trudit inermem ‡,

from an elegant fragment of *Diphilus*; in which Bacchus is addreſſed:

Ω παις, τοισι φρονῶσι προσφιλεστατε,
Διονυσε και σοφωτατ' ως ηδυς τις ει
Οταν ταπεινον μεγα φρονειν ποιεις μοναις,
Τον ταν οφρυς αιροντα συμπεθεις γελᾶν,
Τον τ' ασθενη τολμαν τι, τον δειλον θρασειν.

The bold and beautiful metaphor in the fourth ode of the fourth book,

* Ep. i. lib. 1. ver. 35. † Ep. vi. 67. ‡ V. 17. Ep. 5.

Per

Per Siculas *equitavit* undas,

is from the *Phœniſſæ* of *Euripides*, verſe 222, (the Oxford edition in 4to. by Dr. Muſgrave, 1778,)

——————— Ζιφυρῳ πνοιαις
Ἱππευσαντος εν υδατων—

The beginning of the firſt ode of the firſt book, which points out the different inclinations and purſuits of men, alludes to a paſſage in *Pindar*, preſerved by *Sextus Empiricus*, in the firſt *Pyrrh. Hypotheſ.*

Αιλλοποδων μεν τιν' ευφραινουσιν ἱππων τιμαι και στεφανοι
Τους δ' εν πολυχρυσοις θαλαμοις βιοτα·
Τερπεται δε τις επ οιδμα ἁλιον ναϊ θοα σων διαστειβων.

And line the 25th of the ſecond * ode of the third book, is taken from a fragment of *Simonides* †, cited by *Ariſtides*. 2. *Platonica*.

* See P. Petiti. Miſc. Obſ. lib. iii. cap. 25.

† The words, Mors & fugacem perſequitur virum, in Ode 2. book iii. are even tranſlated from *Simonides*;

Ὁ δ' αυ θανατοι εκιχε και τον φυγομαχον.

Eſt & fideli tuta Silentio
Merces ——————.

—— σιωπης ακινδυνον γερας.

BENTLEY, with his uſual acuteneſs, conjectured, that an obſcure paſſage in Horace would be illuſtrated, if ever the Greek epigram of Philodemus, to which he alluded, ſhould be diſcovered.

* *Gallis*, hanc, *Philodemus* ait—— L. i. ſat. 2, 121.

Reiſkius has ſince printed the very epigram, and the laſt words of it confirm Bentley's conjecture.

—— την δ' αρα Γαλλος εχοι.

9. Nec quiſquam noceat cupido mihi pacis! at ille
Qui me commôrit (melius non tangere clamo)
Flebit, & inſignis totâ cantabitur urbe †.

Peace is my dear delight—*not Fleury's more:*
But touch me, and *no miniſter ſo ſore.*

* See Anthol. Græc. Lib. tres Oxonii, 1766, p. 93. Philodemus lived at Rome in the time of Tully, and is mentioned by him as a friend of *Piſo*.

† V. 44.

Whoe'er offends, at ſome unlucky time,
Slides into verſe, and hitches into rhyme †.

SUPERIOR to the original, on account of the lively and unexpected ſatire at the end of each of the two firſt lines; a high improvement of *Cupido mihi pacis.*

10. Cervius iratus leges minitatur & urnam;
Canidia Albutî, quibus eſt inimica, venenum;
Grande malum Turius, ſi quid ſe judice certas—‡

Slander or poiſon dread from Delia's rage,
Hard words, or hanging, if your judge be Page §.

IT is difficult to ſay which paſſage is the more ſpirited. But what follows in Pope,

It's proper power to hurt each creature feels,

is inferior to

——— utque
Imperet hoc natura potens, ſic collige mecum.
Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit; unde niſi intus
Monſtratum? —— ‖

† V. 75. ‡ V. 46. § V. 81. ‖ V. 51.

But then again theſe two lines,

So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,
They'll never poiſon you, they'll only cheat *,

is expreſſed with an archneſs and a dryneſs beyond the original, that follows:

——— Scævæ vivacem crede nepoti
Matrem; nil faciet ſceleris pia dextera (mirum;
Ut neque calce lupus quemquam, nec dente petit bos)
Sed mala tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta †.

11. Ne longum faciam: ſeu me tranquilla ſenectus
Expectat, ſeu mors atris circumvolat alis;
Dives, inops; Romæ, ſeu fors ita juſſerit exul;
Quiſquis erit vitæ ſcribam color ‡.

Then, learned Sir! (to cut the matter ſhort)
Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at court;
Whether old age, with faint but chearful ray,
Attends to gild the ev'ning of my day,
Or death's black wing already be diſplay'd,
To wrap me in the univerſal ſhade;
Whether the darken'd rooms to muſe invite,
Or whiten'd wall provoke the ſkewer to write;
In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the mint,
Like Lee or Budgell, I will rhyme and print §.

* V. 89. † V 53. ‡ V. 54. § V. 91.

THE brevity and force of the original is evaporated in this long and feeble paraphraſe. The *third*, and *three* ſucceeding lines, are languid and verboſe, and ſome of the worſt he has written.

12. —— Quid cum eſt Lucilius auſus
Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,
Detrahere & pellem, nitidas quâ quiſque per ora
Cederet, introrſum turpis———*.

What? arm'd for virtue when I point the pen,
Brand the bold front of ſhameleſs guilty men,
Daſh the proud gameſter from his gilded car,
Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a ſtar;
Can there be wanting, to defend her cauſe,
Lights of the church or guardians of the laws†?

That ſtrain‡ I heard was of a higher mood—

and of a tone more awful and majeſtic than the original pretends to aſſume. Our author's *Horace* differs as much from his original as does his *Homer*; yet *both* will be

* V. 64. † V. 105. ‡ Milton's Lycidas, 87.

always

always read with great pleaſure and applauſe.

13. Could penſion'd *Boileau* laſh, in honeſt ſtrain,
Flatt'rers and *Bigots* ev'n in *Louis'* reign* ?

BOILEAU acted with much caution and circumſpection, when he firſt publiſhed his *Lutrin*, here alluded to; and endeavoured to cover and conceal his ſubject, by a preface intended to miſlead his reader from the real ſcene of action; which preface is mentioned in the firſt volume of this eſſay, page 214; but it ought to be obſerved, that he afterwards, in the year 1683, threw aſide this diſguiſe; openly avowing the occaſion that gave riſe to the poem, the ſcene of which was not *Bourges* or *Pourges*, as before he had ſaid, but *Paris* itſelf; the quarrel he celebrated being betwixt the Treaſurer and the Chanter of the *Holy Chapel*, in that city. The canons were ſo far from being offended,

* V. 111.

that

that they ſhewed their good ſenſe and good temper by joining in the laugh. Upon which *Boileau* compliments them, and adds, that many of that ſociety were perſons of ſo much wit and learning, that he would as ſoon conſult them upon his works, as the members of the French Academy †.

14. Quin ubi ſe a vulgo & ſcenâ in ſecreta remorânt
Virtus Scipiadæ & mitis ſapientia Læli,
Nugari cum illo, & diſcincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, ſoliti—— ‡

There, my retreat the beſt § companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and ſtateſmen out of place;
There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
The feaſt of reaſon, and the flow of ſoul:
And he, whoſe lightning pierc'd th' Iberian lines,
Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines,

† Oeuvres de M. Boileau, Deſpreaux, par M. de Saint Marc: Tom. ii. 177, Paris, 1747.

‡ V. 71.

§ In the two preceding lines is a bad expreſſion that ought to be noted——

——— the din the world *can keep*.

Or

Or tames the genius of the ſtubborn plain,
Almoſt as quickly as he conquer'd Spain *.

I KNOW not whether theſe lines, ſpirited and ſplendid as they are, give us more pleaſure than the natural picture of the great *Scipio* and *Lælius* †, unbending themſelves from their high occupations, and deſcending to common and even trifling ſports: for the old commentator ſays, that they lived in ſuch intimacy with *Lucilius*, "ut quodem tempore *Lælio* circum lectos triclinii fugienti Lucilius ſuperveniens, eum obtortâ mappâ quaſi percuſſurus ſequeretur." For this is the fact to which Horace ſeems to allude, rather than to what *Tully* mentions in the ſecond book *De Oratore*, of their amuſing themſelves in picking up ſhells and pebbles on the ſea-ſhore. *Bolingbroke* is here repreſented as pouring out himſelf to his friend, in the

* V. 125.

† Whoſe character is finely touched by that ſweet expreſſion, *mitis ſapientia*.

moſt

moſt *free* and *unreſerved* converſations on topics the moſt intereſting and important. But *Pope* was deceived; for it is aſſerted that the philoſopher never diſcovered his *real principles* to our poet; who is ſaid, ſtrange as this appears, not even to have been acquainted with the *tenets* and *contents* of thoſe very eſſays which were addreſt to himſelf, at the beginning of Bolingbroke's Philoſophical Works. And it is added, that Pope was ſurpriſed, in his laſt illneſs, when a common acquaintance informed him, that his Lordſhip, in a late converſation, had deny'd the *moral* attributes of God. There is a remarkable paſſage in a letter from Bolingbroke to Swift, dated June 1734:—" I am glad you approve of his *Moral Eſſays*. They will do more good than the ſermons and writings of ſome, who had a mind to *find great fault* with them. And if the doctrines TAUGHT, HINTED AT, and IMPLIED in them, and the TRAINS of CONSEQUENCES DEDUCIBLE from theſe doctrines, were to be diſputed in proſe, I think he

he would have no reaſon to apprehend, either the freethinkers on one hand, or the narrow dogmatiſts on the other. Some few things may be expreſſed a little *hardly*; but none are I believe unintelligible." With reſpect to the doctrines of the Eſſay on Man, I ſhall here inſert an anecdote copied exactly from the papers of Mr. *Spence*, in the words of Pope himſelf. "In the moral poem, I had "written an addreſs to our Saviour, imitated "from *Lucretius*'s compliment to *Epicurus*; "but omitted it, by the advice of *Dean* "*Berkley*. One of our prieſts, who are "*more narrow* than yours, made a leſs ſen- "ſible objection to the epiſtle on happineſs. "He was very angry that there was nothing "ſaid in it of our eternal happineſs hereaf- "ter; though my ſubject was expreſsly to "treat only of the ſtate of man here."

THERE are not, perhaps, four more finiſhed lines in our author's works, than thoſe above mentioned, relating to Lord Peterborough:

rough: particularly the very ſtriking turn of compliment in the laſt line, which ſo beautifully and vigorouſly figures the rapidity of his conqueſt of Valencia.

15. ——— tamen me
Cum magnis vixiſſe invita fatebitur uſque
Invidia——— *

Envy muſt own, I live among the Great,
No pimp of pleaſure, and no ſpy of ſtate †.

POPE triumphs and felicitates himſelf upon having lived with the Great, without deſcending into one of thoſe characters which he thinks it unavoidable to eſcape, in ſuch a ſituation. From the generoſity and openneſs of Horace's character, I think he might be pronounced equally free (at leaſt from the *laſt*) of theſe imputations. There muſt have been ſomething uncommonly captivating in the temper and manners of Horace, that could have made Auguſtus ſo fond of

* V. 75. † V. 133.

him, though he had been ſo avowed an enemy, and ſerved under Brutus. I have ſeen ſome manuſcript *Letters of Shafteſbury*, in which he has ranged in three different claſſes the *Ethical* writings of Horace, according to the different periods of his life in which he ſuppoſes them to have been written. The firſt, during the time he profeſſed the Stoic philoſophy, and was a friend of Brutus. The ſecond, after he became diſſolute and debauched, at the court of Auguſtus. The third, when he repented of this abandoned Epicurean life, wiſhed to retire from the city and court, and become a private man and a philoſopher.

16. ——————— et fragili quærens illidere dentem,
Offendet ſolido——— *

Pope has omitted this elegant alluſion. Horace ſeems to have been particularly fond of thoſe exquiſite morſels of wit and genius,

* V. 77.

the old *Æſopic* * fables. He frequently alludes to them, but always with a *brevity*, very different from our modern writers of fable; even the excellent *La Fontaine* has added a quaint and witty thought to this very fable. The *File* ſays to the Viper, Fab. 98,

Tu te romprois toutes les dents.
Je ne crains que *celles* du *Temps*.

17. Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina, jus eſt
Judiciumque. *H.* eſto ſi quis mala, ſed bona ſi quis
Judice condiderit laudatus Cæſare—— †

To laugh at the ſolemnity of Trebatius, Horace puts him off with a play upon words: But our important lawyer takes no notice of the jeſt, and finiſhes with a gravity ſuited to his character.

Solventur riſû tabulæ, Tu miſſus abibis.

* See the learned Diſſertation, DE BARRIO, lately publiſhed by Mr. Tyrwhit; in which are ſeveral of the greateſt elegance. † V. 82.

THIS

THIS dialogue I heard lately ſpoken * with ſo much ſpirit and propriety, that if our author could have been preſent, he perhaps might have been inclined to alter an opinion, of which he ſeems very fond, in the fourth book of the Dunciad, "that WORDS only are learnt at our GREAT SCHOOLS."

18. Non meus hic *ſermo*; ſed quæ præcepit *Oſellus*
Ruſticus, abnormis ſapiens, craſſâque Minervâ †.

Hear *Bethel*'s ſermon, one not vers'd in ſchools,
But ſtrong in ſenſe, and wiſe without the rules ‡.

THIS diſcourſe in praiſe of Temperance loſes much of it's grace and propriety, by being put into the mouth of a perſon of a much higher rank in life than the honeſt countryman *Oſellus*; whoſe patrimony had been ſeized by Auguſtus, and given to one of his ſoldiers named *Umbrenus*; and whom, perhaps, Horace recommended to the emperor, by making him the chief ſpeaker in

* At Eton School. † Sat. ii. lib. 2. v. 2. ‡ V. 10.

this

this very ſatire. We may imagine that a diſcourſe on temperance from Horace, raiſed a laugh among the courtiers of Auguſtus; and we ſee, he could not venture to deliver it in his own perſon. This imitation of *Pope* is not equal to moſt of his others.

19.——————— Leporem ſectatus, equove
Laſſus ab indomito, vel, (ſi Romana fatigat
Militia aſſuetum græcari) ſeu pila velox,
Molliter auſterum ſtudio fallente laborem;
Seu te diſcus agit, pete cedentem aera diſco;
Cum labor extuderit faſtidia, ſiccus, inanis,
Sperne cibum vilem; niſi * Hymettia mella Falerno
Ne biberis diluta. Foris eſt promus & atrum
Defendens piſces hiemat mare; cum ſale panis
Latrantem ſtomachum bene leniet. Unde putas aut
Quî partum? non in caro nidore voluptas
Summa, ſed in teipſo eſt. Tu pulmentaria quære
Sudando. Pinguem vitiis albumque neque oſtra
Nec ſcarus, aut poterit peregrina juvare lagois †.

* We are informed by Mr. Stuart, in his Athens, that the honey of Hymettus, even to this time, continues to be in vogue, and that the ſeraglio of the Grand Seignor is ſerved with a quantity of it yearly.

† V. 9.

Go hunt, work, exerciſe! he thus began,
Then ſcorn a homely dinner if you can.
Your wine lock'd up, your butler ſtroll'd abroad,
Or fiſh deny'd (the river yet unthaw'd)
If then plain bread and milk will do the feat,
The pleaſure lies in you, and not the meat ‡.

THIS paragraph is much inferior to the original; in which the mention of many particular *exerciſes* gives it a pleaſing variety. The ſixth and ſeventh lines in Horace are nervous and ſtrong. The third in Pope languid and wordy, which renders *foris eſt promus. Defendens*, & *latrantem*, & *caro*, & *pinguem*, & *album*, are all of them very expreſſive epithets. And the alluſion to *Socrates*'s conſtant exerciſe, *tu pulmentaria*, &c. ought not to have been omitted. Pope's two laſt lines in this paſſage are very exceptionable.

20. Vix tamen eripiam, poſito *pavone*, velis quin
Hoc potius quam *gallinâ* tergere palatum §.

Preach as I pleaſe, I doubt our curious men
Will chuſe a pheaſant ſtill before a hen ‖.

‡ V. 11. § V. 23. ‖ V. 17.

He might have inſerted the original word *peacocks*, as many of our Engliſh epicures are fond of them. Q. Hortenſius had the honour of being the firſt Roman that introduced this bird to the table as a great dainty, in a magnificent feaſt which he made on his being created Augur. The price of a peacock, ſays Arbuthnot, page 129, was 50 denarii, that is, 1*l.* 12*s.* 3*d.* A flock of a hundred was ſold at a much dearer rate, for 322*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.* of our money. M. Aufidius Lurco, according to Varro, uſed to make every year of his peacocks 484*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

21. Unde datum ſentis *Lupus* hic Tiberinus, an alto
Captus hiet? ponteſne inter jactatus, an amnis
Oſtia ſub Tuſci? laudas inſane trilibrem
Mullum; in ſingula quem minuas pulmenta neceſſe eſt *.

Of carps and mullets why preſer the great,
Tho' cut in pieces ere my Lord can eat;
Yet for ſmall turbots ſuch eſteem profeſs?
Becauſe God made theſe large, the other leſs †.

* V. 31. † V. 21.

Very

VERY inferior to the original; and principally ſo, becauſe that pleaſant ſtroke is omitted, of the eater's knowing in what part of the river the *Lupus* * was taken, and whether or no betwixt the two bridges, which was deemed an eſſential circumſtance. The reader will be well entertained on this ſubject, if he will look into the ſeventeenth chapter of the third book of Macrobius, particularly into a curious ſpeech of *C. Titius* † there recited. But Horace ſeems to have had in his eye a paſſage of Lucilius, quoted

* Pliny, in his Natural Hiſtory, b. ix. c. 34. mentions an extraordinary circumſtance that gave value to their fiſh. Tot piſcium ſaporibus, quibus pretia capientium periculo fiunt. The fiſh were eſteemed, and ſuppoſed to have a higher flavour, in proportion to the dangers that had been undergone in the catching them. We are not yet arrived to the height to which Roman luxury was carried, however we may flatter ourſelves on our improvements in eating.

† Cujus verba ideo pono, quia non ſolum de lupo inter duos pontes capto erunt teſtimonio, ſed etiam *mores*, quibus plerique *tunc vivebant*, facile publicabunt. Deſcribens enim homines prodigos in forum ad judicandum ebrios commeantes: quæque ſoleant inter ſe ſermocinari, ſic ait; "Ludunt aleâ, &c. p. 335. Pariſiis, 1585.

for 48*l.* 8*s.* 9*d.* According to *Macrobius*, there was paid for another 56*l.* 10*s.* 1*d.* For a third, according to *Pliny*, 64*l.* 11*s.* 8*d.* Our age is as yet unacquainted with the niceneſs of the ancients in weighing their fiſhes *at table*, and beholding them *expire*. The death of a *mullus*, with the variety and change of colours in it's laſt moments, was reckoned one of the moſt entertaining ſpectacles in the world, by the men of taſte at Rome.

21. Preſentes Auſtri, coquite horum obſonia—— *

Oh! blaſt it ſouth winds! till a ſtench exhale,
Rank as the ripeneſs of a rabbit's tail †.

A VERY filthy and offenſive image, for the happy and decent word *coquite*; it muſt be owned our author, as well as Swift, was but too fond of ſuch diſguſtful images.

22. Tutus erat Rhombus, tutoque Ciconia nido,
Donec vos autor docuit Prætorius—— ‡.

* V. 41. † V. 27. ‡ V. 49.

The Robin-red-breaſt till of late had reſt,
And children ſacred held a Martin's neſt,
'Till Beccafico's ſold ſo dev'liſh dear,
To one that was, or would have been, a peer ‖.

He has happily ſubſtituted for the *ſtork* two ſorts of birds that among us are held as it were ſacred. *Aſellus Sempronius Rufus* was the perſon * who firſt taught the Romans to eat *ſtorks*, for which he was ſaid to have loſt the prætorſhip. On which ſubject the following verſes were written, and have been preſerved by the old commentator *Porphyrio*.

Ciconiarum Rufus iſte Conditor *,
Hic eſt duobus elegantior Plancis;
Suffragiorum puncta non tulit ſeptem:
Ciconiarum populus ultus eſt mortem.

23. Porrectum magno magnum ſpectare catino
Vellem, ait, Harpyiis Gula digna rapacibus †.

‖ V. 37.

* See the Horace of *Badius Aſcenſius*, printed at Paris in folio, 1519, f. 213.

† V. 40.

Oldfield,

Oldfield, with more than Harpy throat endu'd,
Cries, ſend me, Gods! a whole hog barbecu'd *!

He has happily introduced this large unwieldy inſtance of gluttony, ſuppoſed to be peculiar to the Weſt Indies. But *Athenæus* † ſpeaks of a cook that could dreſs a whole hog with various puddings in his belly. I unfortunately know not with what wine it was baſted. The ſlow movement of the lines in the original, loaded with ſpondees, aptly repreſent the weight and vaſtneſs of the diſh. *Gula* is uſed perſonally: as it is alſo by *Juvenal.*

24. Si quis nunc mergos ſuaves *edixerit* aſſos,
Parebit pravi docilis Romana juventus ‡.

Let me extol a cat, on oyſters fed,
I'll have a party at the Bedford-Head;

* V. 25.

† An author that deſerves to be more read and regarded, as abounding with entertaining anecdotes, and various accounts of the manners and ways of living of the ancients, and in quotations of elegant fragments of writers now loſt. The ſame may be ſaid of *Stobæus*, a work full of curious extracts upon important and pleaſing ſubjects.

‡ V. 51.

Or

Or ev'n to crack live craw-fiſh recommend,
‡ I'd never doubt at Court to have a friend §.

To dine upon a cat fattened with oyſters, and to crack live craw-fiſh, is infinitely more pleaſant and ridiculous than to eat *mergos aſſos*. But then the words *extol*, and *recommend*, fall far below *edixerit*; give out a *decree*: So Virgil, Georgic the third, line 295, does not adviſe but raiſes his ſubject by ſaying,

Incipiens ſtabulis *edico* in mollibus herbam
Carpere oves ——

25. Ille repotia natales alioſque dierum
Feſtos albatus celebret —— *

But on ſome lucky day (as when they found
A loſt Bank-bill, or heard their ſon was drown'd ‡.

Much heightened and improved by two

‡ This fourth line is feeble and unmeaning.
§ V. 41. * V. 60. † V. 55.

ſuch

ſuch ſuppoſed occaſions of the unnatural feſtivity and joy of a true miſer.

26. Dulcia ſe in bilem vertent, ſtomachoque *tumultum*
Lenta feret pituita ——— ‡.

When bile, and phlegm, and wind, and acid jar,
And all the man is one inteſtine war §.

Τα γαρ ανομοια στασιαζει, ſays *Hippocrates*: the very metaphor here employed by *Horace*. Two writers of ſcience, in Greek, have uſed a ſtyle eminently pure, preciſe, and elegant, *Hippocrates* and *Euclid*.

27. ——— vides, ut pallidus omnis
Cæna deſurgat dubiâ ——— *.

How pale each worſhipful and rev'rend gueſt
Riſe from a clergy or a city feaſt †.

Our author has been ſtrangely guilty here of falſe Engliſh and falſe grammar, by uſing *riſe* for *riſes*. The expreſſion in the original

‡ V. 75. § V. 71. * V. 77. † V. 76.

is

is from *Terence*; in the ſecond act of the *Phormio*.

PH. Cæna *dubia* apponitur:
GETA. Quid iſtud verbi eſt? PH. ubi tu dubites quid ſumas potiſſimum.

From which paſſage it is worth obſerving, that Terence was the firſt writer that uſed this expreſſion.

28. ——————— Hos utinam inter
Heroas natum tellus me prima tuliſſet *.

Why had I not in theſe good times my birth,
Ere coxcomb-pyes, or coxcombs, were on earth †.

THE laſt line, and the conceit of coxcomb-*pyes* and *coxcombs*, ſink it below the original; which, by the way, ſays *Cruquius*, ſeems to allude to that of *Heſiod, Oper.* & *Dieb.*

Μηκετ' ειναι' οφελον εγω πεμπτοισι μετειναι
Ανδρασιν ———————

* V. 93. † V. 97.

29. Das

29. Das aliquid Famæ, quæ carmine gratior aurem
Occupet humanam —— ‡

Unworthy he, the voice of Fame to hear,
That ſweeteſt muſic to an honeſt ear §.

Two very beautiful lines, that excel the original; though in truth the word *occupat* has much force. Horace again alludes to his favourite Grecians. Antiſthenes philoſophus, ſays the old commentator, cum vidiſſet adoleſcentem Acroamatibus multum delectari, O te, ait, infelicem, qui ſummum Acroama, hoc eſt, Laudem tuam non audiviſti.

30. Cur * eget indignus quiſquam te divite †?
How *dar'ſt* thou let one worthy man be poor ?

VERY ſpirited, and ſuperior to the original; for *dar'ſt* is far beyond the mere *eget*.

‡ V. 94. § V. 99.
* "Ev'n modeſt want may bleſs your hand unſeen,
"Tho' huſh'd in patient wretchedneſs at home."
Which ſecond line (of Dr. Armſtrong) is exquiſitely tender.
† V. 103. ‖ V. 118.

31. Non aliquid patriæ tanto emetiris acervo * ?

Or to thy country let that heap be lent,
As M———o's was—but not at five per cent †.

He could not forbear this ſtroke againſt a nobleman, whom he had been for many years accuſtomed to hear abuſed by his moſt intimate friends. A certain paraſite, who thought to pleaſe Lord Bolingbroke by ridiculing the avarice of the Duke of M. was ſtopt ſhort by Lord Bolingbroke; who ſaid, He was ſo very great a man, that I forget he had that vice.

32. Non ego, narrantem, temere edi luce profeſta
Quidquam, &c. ——— ‡

This ſpeech of Ofellus continues in the original to the end of this ſatire. Pope has taken all that follows out of the mouth of *Bethell*, and ſpeaks entirely in his own perſon. 'Tis impoſſible not to tranſcribe the pleaſing picture of his way of life, and the

* V. 105. † V. 121. ‡ V. 116.

account

account he gives of his own table, in lines that expreſs common and familiar objects with dignity and elegance. See therefore his bill of fare, of which you will long to partake, and wiſh you could have dined at *Twickenham*.

32. 'Tis true, no turbots dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords:
To Hounſlow-Heath I point, and Banſted-Down,
Thence comes your mutton, and theſe chicks my own.
From yon old walnut-tree a ſhow'r ſhall fall,
And grapes, long ling'ring on my only wall,
And figs from ſtandard and eſpalier join;
The dev'l is in you if you cannot dine.
Then chearful healths (your miſtreſs ſhall have place)
And, what's more rare, a poet ſhall ſay * grace †.

33. Nam propriæ Telluris herum natura neque illum
Nec me nec quemquam ſtatuit —— ‡

* Which Swift always did, with remarkable decency and devotion.

† V. 141. ‡ V. 130.

What's *property?* dear Swift! you ſee it alter,
From you to me, from me to Peter Walter §.

SWIFT was always reading lectures of œconomy, upon which he valued himſelf, to his poetical friends. A ſhilling, ſays he, is a ſerious thing. His favourite maxim was,

"Have money in your head, but not in your heart."

Our author would have been pleaſed, if he could have known that his pleaſant villa would, after his time, have been the property of a perſon of diſtinguiſhed learning, taſte, and virtue *.

34. ——————— quocirca vivite fortes,
Fortiaque adverſis opponite pectora rebus †.

Let lands and houſes have what lords they will,
Let us be fix'd, and our own maſters ſtill ‡.

§ V. 167.
* The Right Honourable Welbore Ellis.
† V. 135. ‡ V. 179.

THE

THE majeſtic plainneſs of the original is weakened and impaired, by the addition of an antitheſis, and a turn of wit, in the laſt line.

35. Primâ dicte mihi, ſummâ dicende Camænâ,
Spectatum ſatis, & donatum jam rude quæris,
Mæcenas*; iterum antiquo me includere ludo.
Non eadem eſt ætas, non mens; Veianius armis

* It has been ſuſpected that his affection to his friend was ſo ſtrong, as to make him reſolve not to outlive him; and that he actually put into execution his promiſe of *ibimus, ibimus*, Od. xvii. l. 3. Both died in the end of the year 740; U. C. *Horace* only three weeks after *Mæcenas*, November 27. Nothing can be ſo different as the plain and manly ſtyle of the former, in compariſon with what Quintilian calls the *calamiſtros* of the latter, for which *Suetonius*, and *Macrobius*, c. 86, ſays Auguſtus frequently ridiculed him, though Auguſtus himſelf was guilty of the ſame fault. The learned *C. G. Heyne*, in his excellent edition of Virgil, after obſerving, that the well-known verſes uſually aſcribed to Auguſtus, on Virgil's ordering his Æneid to be burnt, are the work of ſome bungling grammarian, and not of that Emperor, adds, "Videas tamen *Voltairium*, horridos hos & ineptos verſus non modo Auguſto tribuere, verum etiam magnopere probare; ils ſont beaux & ſemblent partir du cœur. Eſſai ſur la Poeſie Epique, c. 3. Ita vides, ad verum pulchrarum ſententiarum ſenſum & judicium, ſermonis intelligentiam aliquam eſſe neceſſariam."

P. V. Maronis Opera, tom. i. p. 131. Lipſiæ, 1767.

Herculis

Herculis ad poſtem fixis, latet abditus agro,
Ne populum extremâ toties exoret arenâ *.

St. John, whoſe love indulg'd my labours paſt,
Matures my preſent, and ſhall bound my laſt.
Why will you break the ſabbath of my days?
Now ſick alike of envy and of praiſe.
Public too long, ah let me hide my age!
See modeſt Cibber now has left the ſtage:
Our gen'rals now, retir'd to their eſtates,
Hang their old trophies o'er the garden gates †.

THERE is more pleaſantry and humour in Horace's comparing himſelf to an old gladiator, worn out in the ſervice of the public, from which he had often begged his life, and has now at laſt been diſmiſſed with the uſual ceremonies, than for Pope to compare himſelf to an old actor or retired general. Pope was in his forty-ninth year, and Horace probably in his forty-ſeventh, when he wrote this epiſtle. Bentley has arranged

* Ep. i. lib. i. v. 1. † V. i. ep. 1.

the writings * of Horace in the following order. He compoſed the firſt book of his Satires, between the twenty-ſixth and twenty-eighth years of his age; the ſecond book, from the years thirty-one to thirty-three; next, the Epodes, in his thirty-fourth and fifth year; next, the firſt book of his Odes, in three years, from his thirty-ſixth to his thirty-eighth year; the ſecond book in his fortieth and forty-firſt year; the third book, in the two next years; then, the firſt book of the Epiſtles, in his forty-ſixth and ſeventh year; next to that, the fourth book of his Odes, in his forty-ninth to his fifty-firſt year. Laſtly, the Art of Poetry, and ſecond book of the Epiſtles, to which an exact date cannot be aſſigned.

36. Eſt mihi purgatam crebro qui perſonet aurem,
Solve ſeneſcentem mature ſanus equum, ne
Peccet ad extremum ridendus & ilia ducat †.

* *J. Maſſon*, author of the Latin Life of Horace, does not agree to this arrangement of Horace's works; but does not ſeem to be able to ſubſtitute a more probable chronological order. See Hiſt. Crit. Repub. Lit. tom. v. p. 51.

† V. 7.

A voice

A voice there is that whiſpers in my ear *,
('Tis Reaſon's voice, which ſometimes one can hear)
Friend Pope, be prudent, let your muſe take breath,
And never gallop Pegaſus to death,
Leſt ſtiff and ſtately, void of fire and force,
You limp like Blackmore, or a Lord Mayor's horſe †.

HORACE plainly alludes to the good genius of Socrates, which conſtantly warned him againſt approaching evils and inconveniences. POPE has happily turned it to Wiſdom's voice, and as happily has added, "which *ſometimes* one can hear." The *purged* ear is a term of philoſophy. The idea of the jaded Pegaſus, and the Lord Mayor's horſe, are high improvements on the original. A Roman rea-

* He has excelled Boileau's imitation of theſe verſes, ep. x. v. 44. And Boileau himſelf is excelled by an old poet, whom indeed he has frequently imitated, that is, *Le Freſnaie Vauquelin*, who was the father of N. V. des Yvetaux, the preceptor of Louis XIII. whoſe poems were publiſhed towards the end of his life, 1612. He ſays that he profited much by the ſatires of *Arioſto*. Boileau has borrowed much from him. He alſo wrote an Art of Poetry. One of his beſt pieces is an imitation of Horace's *Trebatius*, being a dialogue between himſelf and the Chancellor of France.

† V. 11.

der

der was pleaſed with the alluſion to two well-known verſes of Ennius *:

37. Virtutis veræ cuſtos, rigiduſque ſatelles †.

True as young LYTTELTON her cauſe purſue,
Still true to virtue, and as warm as true ‡.

A JUST, and not over-charged encomium, on an excellent man, who always ſerved his friends with warmth (witneſs his kindneſs to Thomſon) and his country with activity and zeal. His Poems, and Dialogues of the

* Sicut fortis equus ſpatio qui forte ſupremo
Vicit Olympia, nunc ſenio confectu quieſcit.

Ennius, poeta antiquus (ſays Jul. Scaliger, with his uſual bluntneſs) magnificeo ingenio. Utinam hunc haberemus integrum, & amiſſemus, Lucanum, Statium, Silium Italicum, & *tous ces garçons-la*. The learned *M. Menage*, to whom we are indebted for ſo many additions to the *Menagiana*, reads with great acuteneſs, *Gaſcons-la*, by which term he thinks Scaliger points out the inflated, bombaſtic ſtyle of Lucan and Statius. How elegantly, and even poetically, does Quintilian give his judgment of Ennius; Hunc ſicut ſacros vetuſtate lucos adoremus, in quibus grandia & antiqua robora, jam non tantam habent ſpeciem, quantam religionem. Lib. x. c. 1.

† V. 17. ‡ V. 29.

Dead, are written with elegance and eaſe; his Obſervations on the converſion of St. Paul, with clearneſs and cloſeneſs of reaſoning; and his Hiſtory of Henry II. with accuracy, and knowledge of thoſe early times, and of the Engliſh conſtitution; and which was compiled from a laborious ſearch into authentic documents, and the records lodged in the Tower and at the Rolls. A little before he died, he told me, that he had determined to throw out of the collection of all his works, which was then ſoon to be publiſhed, his firſt juvenile performance, the *Perſian* * *Letters*, written, 1735, in imitation

* Monteſquieu himſelf alſo ſays, that in this agreeable work there were ſome *juvenilia*, that he would wiſh to correct; "for though a Turk ought neceſſarily to ſee, think, and ſpeak like a Turk, and not like a Chriſtian, yet many perſons do not attend to this circumſtance, in reading my Perſian Letters." See an entertaining collection of his Original Letters, p 180. In this collection are ſome curious particulars relating to his great work, The Spirit of Laws. He tells his friend, the Count de Guaſco, "Though many kings have not done me that honour, yet I know one who has read my work; and *M. de Mau ertuis* has informed me, that this monarch is not always of my opinion. I have anſwered Maupertuis;

tation of thoſe of his friend *Monteſquieu*, whom he had known and admired in England; in which he ſaid there were principles and remarks that he wiſhed to retract and alter. I told him, that, notwithſtand-

pertuis, and told him, I would lay a wager, I could eaſily put my finger on thoſe paſſages which the King diſlikes." In page 166, he thus ſpeaks of *Voltaire*; "Quant à Voltaire, il a trop d'eſprit pour m'entendre; tous les livres qu'il lit, il les fait, après quoi il approuve ou critique ce qu'il a fait. And afterwards, ſpeaking of Voltaire's diſmiſſion from Berlin, "Voilà donc Voltaire qui paroît ne ſçavoir ou repoſer ſa tête; ut eadem tellus quæ modo victori defuerat, deeſſet ad ſepulturam. Le bon eſprit vaut beaucoup mieux que le bel eſprit." p. 198. It is much to be lamented, that the hiſtory of *Louis* the Eleventh, which Monteſquieu had written, was burnt by a miſtake of his ſecretary, p. 98. Mr. Stanley, for whom Monteſquieu had a ſincere eſteem and regard, told me, that Monteſquieu aſſured him, he had received more information from the commentaries of *Azo* on the Codex and Digeſt, a famous civilian of Bologna in the twelfth century, than from any other writer on the civil law. He is ſaid to have had 10,000 ſcholars. Trithemius mentions him, c. 487. See Arifii Cremonam Litteratam. Tom. i. p. 89.

I beg to add, that Lyttelton was not blind to the faults and blemiſhes of his friend Monteſquieu. See notes on the Hiſtory of the Life of Henry II. p. 291, 4to, where he is cenſured for an exceſſive deſire of ſaying ſomething new upon every ſubject, and differing from the common opinions of mankind.

ing his caution, the bookſellers, as in fact they have done, would preſerve and inſert theſe letters. Another little piece, written alſo in his early youth, does him much honour; the *Obſervations on the Life of Tully*, in which, perhaps, a more diſpaſſionate and impartial character of Tully is exhibited, than in the panegyrical volumes of Middleton.

38. Nunc in Ariſtippi furtim præcepta relabor *.

Sometimes with Ariſtippus, or St. Paul,
Indulge my candor, and grow all to all †.

THERE is an impropriety and indecorum, in joining the name of the moſt profligate paraſite of the court of Dionyſius with that of an apoſtle. In a few lines before, the name of *Montaigne* is not ſufficiently contraſted by the name of *Locke*; the place required that two philoſophers, holding very different tenets, ſhould have been introduced. *Hobbes* might

* V. 19. † V. 31.

have

have been oppoſed to *Hutcheſon*. I know not why he omitted a ſtrong ſentiment that follows immediately,

Et mihi res, non me rebus ſubjungere conor *.

Which line Corneille took for his motto.

39. Non tamen idcirco contemnas lippus inungi †.

I'll do what MEAD and Cheſelden adviſe ‡.

MEAD, a judge of pure Latinity, having diſputed with Pope on the impropriety of the expreſſion, *Amor* publicus, on Shakeſpear's monument, ended the controverſy by giving up his opinion, and ſaying to him,

Omnia vincit amor & nos cedamus amori.

It may be amuſing to the lovers of anecdotes, juſt to mention, that in a public inſcription at Rheims in France, RACINE,

* V. 20. † V. 29. ‡ V. 51.

who

who drew it up, uſed the words Amor publicus, in the very ſame ſenſe. I believe both theſe great poets were wrong.

40. Invidus, *iracundus*, *iners*, *vinoſus*, *amator* *.

Be furious, envious, ſlothful, mad, or drunk,
Slave to a wife, or vaſſal to a punk †.

I CANNOT forbear thinking but that Horace glanced at his ‡ own frailties and imperfections, as he frequently does, in the *four* laſt epithets of this verſe, in the original. As to *envy*, he had not a grain of it in his nature.

* V. 38. † V. 61.

‡ As he does at his paſſion for building, in verſe 100. below,

Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis.

So alſo, Sat. iii. lib. ii. v. 308.

——— Accipe, primum
Ædificas; hoc eſt longos imitaris, ab imo
Ad ſummum totus moduli bipedalis——

41. Virtus

41. Virtus eſt vitium fugere *.

'Tis the firſt virtue, vices to *abhor*,
And the firſt wiſdom, to be fool no *more* †.

DR. KING informed me, that *theſe* were two of the rhymes to which Swift, who was ſcrupulouſly exact in this reſpect, uſed to object, as he did to ſome others in Pope.

42. Per mare pauperiem fugiens, per ſaxa, per ignes ‡.

Scar'd at the ſpectre of pale POVERTY §!

POPE has given life to the image, and added terror to the ſimple expreſſion *pauperiem*.

43. At pueri ludentes, Rex eris, aiunt,
Si recte facies ——— ‖.

Yet ev'ry child another ſong will ſing,
Virtue, brave boys! 'tis virtue makes a king**.

* V. 41. † V. 65. ‡ V. 46. § V. 70. ‖ V. 59.
** V. 91.

Some

SOME commentators think Horace alluded to an old Greek play among children, called, Βασιλινδα. But Lambinus obſerves, that the ſport alluded to is mentioned in the *Theætetus* of Plato; where Socrates ſays, he that fails in his purſuit will be reckoned an aſs, as the children ſay of him who cannot catch the ball; and he that catches it is called their king.

44. Ut propius ſpectes lacrymoſa * poemata Pupi †!

For what? to have a box when eunuchs ſing,
And foremoſt in the circle eye a king ‡.

OUR author is ſo perpetually expreſſing an affected contempt for kings, that it becomes almoſt a nauſeous cant;

—the pride of kings—
—ſome monſter of a king—
—pity kings—the gift of kings—
—Gods of kings—much above a king—
—Settle wrote of kings—

* The epithet *lacrymoſa* is ironical. † V. 67. ‡ V. 105.

HAWKINS BROWN laughed at him for this affectation, in the pleaſant Imitations of Engliſh poets, on Tobacco.

Come, let me taſte thee, *unexcis'd by kings!*

"Since we cannot attain to greatneſs (ſays *Montagne*) let us have our revenge by railing at it."

45. Olim quod vulpes ægroto cauta leoni
Reſpondit, referam: Quia me veſtigia terrent,
Omnia te adverſum ſpectantia, nulla retrorſum *.

Faith, I ſhall give the anſwer Reynard gave:
I cannot like, dread Sir! your royal cave;
Becauſe I ſee, by all the tracks about,
Full many a beaſt goes in, but none comes out †.

BOTH

* V. 73. † V. 114.

† Conciſeneſs was the quality, for which *Babrius*, if we may judge from the fragments, ſeems to have been ſo excellent. See Diſſertat. de Babrio, Fab. 97, 50, 242; and above all, the exquiſite fable of the Swallow and Nightingale, Fable 149, and the laſt in this learned and elegant diſſertation. In the *Fabularum Æſopicarum Delectus*, a book not ſufficiently known, and now out of print, publiſhed at Oxford, 1698, are *ſixty* ſa-

Both poets have told the fable with an elegant brevity. Why did Pope omit *ægrotoi*? *Dread Sir*, and *Royal cave*, are good additions. Plato was alſo fond of this fable. He has put it into the mouth of Socrates, in the firſt Alcibiades. Αλλ' ατεχνως, κατα τον Αισωπειον μυθον, ον η Αλωπηξ προς τον Λεοντα ειπε, και τε εις Λακεδαιμονα νομισματος εισιοντος μεν τα ιχνη τα εκεισε τετραμμενα δηλα, εξιοντος δε, ουδαμη αν τις ιδοι *.

bles exquiſitely written, verſibus ſenariis, by *Ant. Alſop*. The beſt life of Æſop is by M. *Mezeriac*, the learned editor of *Diophantus:* a book ſo ſcarce, that *Bentley* complained he could never get a ſight of it; and *Bayle* had never ſeen it, when he firſt publiſhed his Dictionary. It was reprinted in the Memoires de Litterature of M. de Sallengre, 1717, tom. i. p. 87. This was the author, whom Malherbe aſked, when he ſhewed him the edition of Diophantus; "if it would leſſen the price of "bread?"

* Tom. ii. p. 122. Serrani. Ed. H. Steph. 1578. Pope has *connected* the paſſage that immediately follows in a forced and quaint manner, which Horace never thought of;

Well, if a king's a *lion*, at the leaſt
The people are a many-headed beaſt. V. 120.

as if the word *bellua* had any relation to the *lion* before-mentioned.

46. Excipiantque

46. Excipiantque ſenes quos in vivaria mittant †.

Some with fat bucks on childiſh dotards fawn ‡.

THE legacy-hunters, the *Hæredipetæ*, were a more common character among the ancients than with us. The ridicule, therefore, is not now ſo ſtriking. Lucian has five pleaſant Dialogues on the ſubject, from page 343 to 363, in the 4to. edition of Hemſterhuſius. Horace himſelf appears to have failed more in expoſing this folly, than in any other of his ſatires; and principally ſo, by mixing ancient with modern manners, and making Tireſias inſtruct Ulyſſes in petty frauds, and artifices too ſubtle for the old prophet and hero to dictate and to practiſe. Sat. 5. lib. 2.

47. Multis occulto creſcit res fœnore *,——

is far excelled in force and ſpirit by,

While with the ſilent growth of ten per cent,
In *dirt* and *darkneſs*, hundreds *ſtink* content §.

† V. 79. ‡ V. 130. * V. 80. § V. 132.

48. Nullus in orbe ſinus Baiis prælucet amœnis,
Si dixit dives; lacus & mare ſentit amorem
Feſtinantis heri *.——

Sir Job † ſail'd forth, the evening bright and ſtill,
"No place on earth, he cry'd, like Greenwich-hill!"
Up ſtarts a palace; lo, th' obedient baſe
Slopes at its foot, the woods its ſides embrace,
The ſilver Thames reflects its marble face ‡.

SUPERIOR to the original: a pleaſing little landſcape is added to the ſatire. But *Greenwich-hill* is not an exact parallel for *Baiæ*; where the Romans of the beſt taſte and faſhion built their villas. POPE's is the villa of a citizen. The abſurd and aukward magnificence of opulent citizens has, of late, been frequently expoſed; but no where with more humour than in the *Connoiſſeur*, and in the characters of *Sterling* and *Mrs. Heidelberg*, in the Clandeſtine Marriage.

* V. 83.

† More lively than the general word, *dives*.

‡ V. 138.

—— Cui

——Cui ſi vitioſa * libido
Fecerit auſpicium; cras ferramenta Teanum
Tolletis, fabri——†

Now let ſome whimſy, or that dev'l within,
Which guides all thoſe who know not what they mean,
But give the knight (or give his lady) ſpleen;
Away, away! take all your ſcaffolds down,
For ſnug's the word;—my dear, we'll live in town ‡.

HORACE ſays, he will carry his buildings from ſo proper and pleaſant a ſituation as *Baiæ*, to *Teanum*; a ſituation unhealthy and unpleaſant. POPE ſays, he will not build at all, he will again retire to town. He has, I think, deſtroyed the connexion by this alteration. Mutability of temper is indeed equally exhibited in both inſtances, but Horace keeps cloſer to his ſubject.

* Scaliger obſerves, that Horace is fond of adjectives that end in *oſus*.

† V. 85. ‡ V. 143.

49. Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?
Quid pauper? ride; mutat cœnacula, lectos,
Balnea, tonsores; conducto navigio æque,
Nauseat ac locuples quem ducit priva triremis *.

Did ever Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
Transform themselves so strangely as the rich.
Well, but the poor—the poor have the same itch.
They change their weekly barber, weekly news,
Prefer a new japanner to their shoes;
Discharge their garrets, move their beds, and run,
(They know not whither) in a chaise and one;
They hire their sculler, and, when once aboard,
Grow sick, and damn the climate—like a lord †.

This imitation is in truth admirable. It is, perhaps, one of his finest passages. All the parallels are fortunate, and exactly hit the original: and the images drawn from modern life are minutely applicable to the purpose.

50. Si curtatus inæquali tonsore capillos,
Occurro; rides: si forte subucula pexæ
Trita subest tunicæ, vel si toga dissidet impar;
Rides——— ‡.

* V. 90. † V. 152. ‡ V. 94.

You

You laugh, half beau, half ſloven if I ſtand,
My wig all powder, and all ſnuff my band;
You laugh, if coat and breeches ſtrangely vary,
White gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary*!

I AM inclined to think that Horace laughs at himſelf (not at Virgil, as has been ſuppoſed) for the ungraceful appearance he ſometimes made, and the incongruity of his dreſs. Perhaps our *little, round, fat, oily* man, was ſomewhat of a ſloven. Poor POPE was ſo weak and infirm, and his body required ſo many wrappers and coverings, that it was hardly poſſible for him to be neat. No poet, except *Malherbe*, ever wore ſo many † pair of ſtockings. *Tomſon* ſpeaks elegantly of his perſon, in that delightful poem, The Caſtle of Indolence, ſtanza the 33d.

* V. 161.

† *Ten* in number, according to his friend RACAN, in the account of his life.

Groſs he who judges ſo.-

51. Nil admirari, prope res e
Solaque quæ poſſit facere

" Not to admire, is all t
" To mak[illegible]men happy, a
Plain truth, dear MURR.
ſpeech,
So take it in the very wor

Who, in truth, is a mu
than he is uſually ſupp

* Epiſt. vi.

† He knew the exact taſte anc
addreſſes, and has laboured this i

‡ V. 1.

‖ Mr. Chriſtopher Pitt has imi
b. ii.; the 19th epiſtle, b. ii.; the
epiſtle, b. i.; the 18th epiſtle b. i

be. He is a nervous and vigorous writer: and many parts, not only of his Lucretius, but of his Theocritus and Horace (though now decried) have not been excelled by other tranſlators. One of his pieces may be pronounced excellent; his tranſlation of the thirteenth ſatire of Juvenal; equal to any that Dryden has given us of that author.

52. Hunc ſolem & ſtellas & decedentia certis
Tempora momentis, ſunt qui formidine nullâ
Imbuti ſpectent———*.

This vault of air, this congregated ball,
Self-center'd ſun and ſtars, that riſe and fall:
There are, my friend, whoſe philoſophic eyes
Look through, and truſt the Ruler with his ſkies †.

THIS laſt line is quaint and obſcure; the two firſt vigorouſly expreſſed. Horace

tion, would not be to adopt the *familiar* blank verſe, which Mr. *Colman* has ſo ſucceſsfully employed in his Terence; a ſort of verſe no more reſembling that of Milton, than the Hexameters of Homer reſemble thoſe of Theocritus.

* V. 3. † V. 5.

thought of a noble paſſage * in Lucretius, book v. line 1185.

In cœloque, Deum ſedes, & templa locârunt,
Per cœlum volvi quia ſol, & luna videntur:
Luna, dies, & nox, & noctis ſigna ſerena,
Noctivagæque faces cœli, flammæque volantes,
Nubila, ros, imbres, nox, venti, fulmina, grando,
Et rapidi fremitus, & murmura magna minarum.

53. Ludicra quid, plauſus, & amici dona Quiritis †.

Or popularity? or ſtars and ſtrings?
The mob's applauſes, or the gifts of kings ‡.

CONSIDERING the preſent ſtate of politics, the abilities of politicians in this country, and the number of thoſe who think themſelves completely qualified to guide the ſtate, might I be pardoned for the pedantry of recommending to them the few following

* To thoſe who know the number of *thoughts that breathe, and words that burn*, in this animated writer, it is ſurpriſing that Tully could ſpeak of him in ſo cold and taſteleſs a manner; Lucretii poemata non ſunt lita multis luminibus *Ingenii*, multæ tamen *Artis*. Ep. ad Fratrem, Lib. ii. Ep. 11.

† V. 7. ‡ V. 13.

words

words of Socrates; who thus addreſſes Alcibiades: Γυμνασαι πρωτον, ω μακαριε και μαθε ἁ δει μαθοντα ιεναι επι τα της πολεως, προτερον δε μη. Alcibiad. 2d. p. 133. Serr. Platon. T. 2.

54. ——Cum bene notum
Porticus Agrippæ, & via te conſpexerit Appî;
Ire tamen reſtat, Numa quo devenit & Ancus *.

Grac'd as thou art with all the pow'r of words,
So known, ſo honour'd, at the Houſe of Lords;
Conſpicuous ſcene!—another yet is nigh,
(More ſilent far!) where kings and poets lie;
Where MURRAY, long enough his country's pride,
Shall be no more than TULLY, or than HYDE †.

MUCH beyond the original; particularly on account of the very happy and artful uſe POPE has made of the neighbourhood of the Houſe of Parliament to Weſtminſter Abbey; and of the well-turned and unexpected compliment he has paid to his illuſtrious friend. The character of Lord Chancellor

* V. 25. † V. 48.

CLARENDON ſeems to grow every day brighter, the more it is ſcrutinized, and his integrity and abilities are more aſcertained and acknowledged, even from the publication of private papers, never intended to ſee the light.

55. —— vis rectè vivere? quis non?
Si virtus hoc una poteſt dare, fortis omiſſis
Hoc age deliciis——*

Would ye be bleſt? deſpiſe low joys, low gains;
Diſdain whatever CORNBURY diſdains;
Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains †.

THIS again is ſuperior to the original; where quis non, is feeble and flat: and the mention of a particular ſhining character gives a force and ſpirit to the line. This amiable young nobleman wrote, from Paris, 1752, a very preſſing remonſtrance to Mr. Mallet, to diſſuade him, but in vain, from publiſhing a very offenſive ‡ digreſſion on the

* V. 29. † V. 60.

‡ It appears that Swift ſuſpected the irreligious principles of Bolingbroke, ſo early as the year 1724; for he makes for himſelf

the Old Teſtament, in Lord Bolingbroke's Letters on Hiſtory. "I muſt ſay to you, Sir, for the world's ſake, and for his ſake, that part of the work ought by no means to be communicated further. If this digreſſion be made public, it will be cenſured, it muſt be cenſured, it ought to be cenſured. It will be criticiſed too by able pens, whoſe erudition, as well as their reaſonings, will not eaſily be anſwered." He concludes by

himſelf the following apology to the Dean:—"I muſt on this occaſion ſet you right, as to an opinion, which I ſhould be very ſorry to have you entertain concerning me. The term *eſprit fort*, in Engliſh free-thinker, is, according to my obſervation, uſually applied to them, whom I look upon to be the *peſts* of ſociety; becauſe their endeavours are directed to looſen the bands of it, and to take at leaſt one curb out of the mouth of that wild beaſt man, when it would be well if he was checked by half a ſcore others." One of theſe *peſts*, however, he choſe to become, by ſtrictly enjoining Mr. Mallet to publiſh the writings he left againſt religion. See Letters of Swift by Hawkeſworth. vol. ii. p. 200. In this collection is the very entertaining journal which Swift wrote daily to Mrs. Johnſon, containing a minute account, and many private anecdotes of the miniſtry of Queen Anne. Perhaps the inſide of a court (vitæ poſtſcenia) was never ſo clearly diſplayed. But yet Swift does not ſeem to have known all the intrigues then carried on.

broke, not to raiſe ne
mory."

56. ——Virtutem verb
Lucum ligna?——*.

But art thou one, whom ne
One who believes as TIND
Who *Virtue* and a *Church* a
Thinks *that* but words, and

HERE we have a dire
ſure of a celebrated infi
time, therefore, which w
ſtrongly and openly on t
as he knew the great law
he was writing. Horace
to the words of a dying H
tragedy; and Dion Caſſ

the words which Brutus uſed juſt before he ſtabbed himſelf, after his defeat at Philippi. But it is obſervable, that this fact reſts ſolely on the credit of this fawning and fulſome court-hiſtorian; and that Plutarch, who treats largely of Brutus, is ſilent on the ſubject. If Brutus had adopted this paſſage, I cannot bring myſelf to believe, that Horace would ſo far have forgotten his old principles, as to have mentioned the words adopted by the dying patriot, with a mark of reproach and reprobation.

57. Scilicet uxorem cum dote, fidemque & amicos,
Et genus & formam * regina PECUNIA donat,
Ac bene nummatum decorat SUADELA, VENUSQUE†.

For mark th' advantage; juſt ſo many ſcore
Will gain a wife with half as many more;
Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaſte,
And then ſuch friends as cannot fail to laſt.

* The Duke of M. dining with Prince Eugene, in a very large company, ſpoke in high terms of *his* Queen Anne; the Prince whiſpered to the oldeſt and moſt venerable general officer *now living*, *Regina Pecunia* "*that's his Queen.*"

† V. 38.

A man

A man of wealth is dubb'd a man of worth,
Venus ſhall give him form, and Anſtis birth*.

Not imitated with the vigour and energy of the original. The firſt line is weak and languid. Three *Divinities*, for ſuch he makes them, Pecunia, Suadela, and Venus, conſpire in giving their accompliſhments to this favourite of fortune. Modern images could not be found to anſwer theſe proſopopœias.

58. ——Chlamydes Lucullus, ut aiunt,
Si poſſet centum ſcenæ præbere rogatus †,

* V. 77.

† Orationis ſubtilitas imitabilis illa quidem videtur eſſe exiſtimanti, ſed nihil experienti minus. *Cicero.* See what Demetrius Phalereus ſays, in a paſſage full of taſte and judgment, περὶ τῦ ἰσχνῦ χαρακτῆρος, pag. 113. Oxon. 1676.

Theſe lines of Horace are a ſtrong example of this ſpecies of ſtyle,

——parcentis viribus atque
Extenuantis eas conſulto——

This treatiſe of Demetrius Phalereus is not ſo much read, but perhaps is more uſeful than even Dionyſius de Struct. Some have imagined that Dionyſius was the author of it. There are many internal proofs why it could not be written ſo early as *D. Phalereus*,

"Quî poſſum? tot ait; tamen & quærem & quot habebo,
"Mittam"—poſt paulo ſcribit ſibi millia quinque
Eſſe domi chlamydum; partem vel tolleret omnes *.

His wealth brave Timon glorioufly confounds;
Aſk'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;
Or, if three ladies like a luckleſs play,
Takes the whole houſe upon the poet's day †.

By no means equal to the original: there is ſo much pleaſantry in alluding to the known ſtory of the Prætor coming to borrow dreſſes (paludamenta) for a chorus in a public ſpectacle that he intended to exhibit, who aſked him to lend him a hundred, ſays Plutarch; but Lucullus bade him take *two hundred.* Horace humorouſly has made it *five thouſand.* We know nothing of Timon, or the three ladies here mentioned. There is ſtill another beauty in Horace; he has ſuddenly, according to his manner, introduced Lucullus ſpeaking; "*quî poſſum, &c.*"

* V. 40. † V. 85.

He is for ever introducing theſe little interlocutions, which give his ſatires and epiſtles an air ſo lively and dramatic.

59. M rcemur ſervum, qui dictet nomina, lævum
Qui ſodiat latus, & cogat trans * pondera dextram
Porrigere: hic multum in *Fabiâ* valet, ille *Velinâ*;
Cui libet is faſces dabit; eripietque curule,
Cui volet, importunus ebur: Frater, Pater, adde;
Ut cuique eſt ætas ita quemque facetus adopta †.

Then hire a ſlave, or, if you will, a lord,
To do the honours, or to give the word;
Tell at your levee, as the crowds approach,
To whom to nod, whom take into your coach,
Whom honour with your hand: to make remarks,
Who rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks;

* Various are the opinions about the meaning of *trans pondera*; ſome commentators think it means, acroſs the carriages and waggons loaded with beams and ſtones, &c or the *weight* of the gown *pulled* up. But *Geſner*'s interpretation ſeems the moſt ſenſible; ultra æquilibrium corporis, cum periculo cadendi; the candidate bows ſo low that he almoſt overſets his body Fodit latus lævum candidati nomenclator; alacris nimium & cupidus candidatus ita protendit dextram, ut æquilibrium pene perdat. And Ovid uſes *pondera* in this ſenſe; Ponderibus librata ſuis. Met. i. 13.

† V. 50.

This

" This may be troubleſome, is near the chair:
" That makes three members; this can chuſe a
may'r."
Inſtructed thus, you bow, embrace, proteſt,
Adopt him ſon, or couſin, at the leaſt,
Then turn about, and laugh at your own jeſt*.

An admirable picture of ſeptennial folly and meanneſs during an *election canvaſs*, in which the arts of Engliſh ſolicitation are happily applied to Roman. Some ſtrokes of this kind, though mixed with unequal traſh, in the *Paſquin* of Fielding, may be mentioned as capital, and full of the trueſt humour. It is indeed a fine and fruitful ſubject for a ſatyriſt. As Pope could not uſe a *nomenclator (ſervum)* he has happily added —a *Lord*. And if he has omitted a lively circumſtance, *fodiat latus*, he has made ample compenſation by, *take into your coach*. *Importunus* is admirably turned by, *this may be troubleſome*; as is *facetus*, by; *laugh at your own jeſt*.

* V. 110.

chievous effects of *early*

From Latian Syrens, Fren
Return well travell'd, and
Or for a titled punk, or fo
Renounce our country, and

61. Si, Mimnermus uti cenſet,
Nil eſt jucundum, vivas in
If SWIFT cry wiſely, "*Vi*

THE Dean made his
by miſ-ſpending it in *trif*
in ſcribbling paltry rid
and venting his ſpleen in
His baniſhment to Irela
thought it, and his diſap

philoſopher, whoſe loſs I ſhall long and ſincerely deplore, has lately made the following ſtrictures upon one of his capital works.

"*Miſanthropy* is ſo dangerous a thing, and goes ſo far in ſapping the very foundation of *morality* and *religion*, that I eſteem the laſt part of *Swift*'s *Gulliver* (that I mean relative to his Houyhnhnms and Yahoos) to be a worſe book to peruſe, than thoſe which we forbid, as the moſt flagitious and obſcene. One abſurdity in this author (a wretched philoſopher, though a great wit) is well worth remarking: in order to render the nature of *men odious*, and the nature of *beaſts amiable*, he is compelled to give *human* characters to his *beaſts*, and *beaſtly* characters to his *men*; ſo that we are to admire the *beaſts*, not for being *beaſts*, but *amiable men*; and to *deteſt* the *men*, not for being men, but deteſtable beaſts.

WHOEVER has been reading this *unnatural* FILTH, let him turn for a moment to a

Spectator

62. Cum tot ſuſtineas & tan
Res Italas armis tuteris, r
Legibus emendes, in pub
Si longo ſermone morer t

While you, great patron
The balanc'd world, and
Your country, chief, in ar
At home with morals, arts
How ſhall the man from f
An hour, and not defraud t

ALL thoſe nauſeous
compliments, which Hc
abject adulation, degrade

* Philological Inquiries, in thr
ris, Eſq; London, 1781. Part iii

to Auguſtus, POPE has converted into bitter and pointed ſarcaſms, conveyed under the form of the moſt artful irony. Of this irony the following ſpecimens ſhall be placed together, in one view, added to the preceding lines, which are of the ſame caſt.

Wonder of kings! like whom, to mortal eyes,
None e'er has riſen, and none e'er ſhall riſe *.
How ſhall we fill a library with wit,
When Merlin's cave is half unfiniſh'd yet †?
My liege! why writers little claim your thought,
I gueſs; and with their leave will tell the fault ‡.
Yet think, great Sir! ſo many virtues ſhown,
Ah, think what poet beſt may make them known!
Or chuſe at leaſt ſome miniſter of grace,
Fit to beſtow the Laureat's weighty place ||.

ers, and with a manly regard to his own character." Sure he forgot,

Jurandaſque tibi per *Numen* ponimus *aras*,
Nil orturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes, &c.

We ſometimes ſpeak incorrectly of what are called the writers of the *Auguſtan* age. Terence, Lucretius, Catullus, Tully, J. Cæſar, and Salluſt, wrote *before* the time of Auguſtus; and Livy, Virgil, Horace, Tibullus, and Propertius, were not made good writers by his patronage and encouragement.

* V. 29. † V. 354. ‡ V. 356. || V. 376.

Oh

Oh could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
Your arms, your actions, your *repoſe*, to ſing!
What ſeas you travers'd, and what fields you fought,
Your country's peace, how oft, how dearly bought!
How barbarous rage ſubſided at your word,
And nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the ſword!
How when you nodded, o'er the land and deep,
Peace ſtole her wing, and wrapt the world in ſleep;
Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
And Aſia's tyrants tremble at your throne.
But verſe, alas! your majeſty diſdains,
And I'm not us'd to panegyric ſtrains:
Beſides, a fate attends on all I write,
That when I aim at praiſe, they ſay I bite*.

It may be obſerved, in general, that the imitations of theſe *two* epiſtles of the *ſecond* book of Horace, are finiſhed with ſo much accuracy and care, and abound in ſo many applications and alluſions moſt nicely and luckily adapted to the original paſſages, that a minute compariſon would be uſeleſs. In a very few inſtances, however, he may be thought to fall ſhort of his model. This appears in

* V. 394.

the

the account of the riſe of poetry among the Romans, v. 139—becauſe he could not poſſibly find a parallel for the ſacrifices paid to *Tellus*, and *Silvanus*, and the *Genius*, nor to the licentiouſneſs of the Feſcennine verſes, which were reſtrained by a law of the Twelve Tables.

POPE has alſo failed in aſcribing that introduction of our polite literature to *France*, which Horace attributes to Greece among the *Romans*, (v. 156. orig.) It was to Italy, among the moderns, that we owed our true taſte in poetry. *Spencer* and *Milton* imitated the Italians, and not the French. And if he had correctneſs in his view, let us remember, that in point of *regularity* and *correctneſs*, the French * had no dramatic piece equal to the *Silent Woman* of *Ben Johnſon*, performed 1609. At which time *Corneille* was but three years old. The *rules* of

* The very firſt French play, in which the rules were obſerved, was the *Sophoniſba* of *Mairet*, 1633.

the *drama* are as much violated in the * *Cid*, 1637, beautiful as it is, as in the *Macbeth*, *Lear*, and *Othello*, all written before *Corneille* was born; whoſe firſt comedy, *Melite*, which is now never acted, was repreſented 1625. The pieces of the very fertile *Hardy* (for he wrote ſix hundred) the immediate predeceſſor of *Corneille*, are full of improbabilities, indecorums, and abſurdities, and by no means comparable to *Melite*. As to the *correctneſs* of

* Father *Tournemine* uſed to relate, that M. de *Chalut*, who had been ſecretary to *Mary de Medicis*, and had retired to Rouen, was the perſon who adviſed Corneille to ſtudy the Spaniſh language; and read to him ſome paſſages of Guillin de *Caſtro*, which ſtruck Corneille ſo much, that he determined to imitate his *Cid*. The artifices uſed by *Richlieu*, and the engines he ſet to work to cruſh this fine play, are well known. Not one of the Cardinal's tools was ſo vehement as the Abbé *d'Aubignac*; who attacked Corneille on account of his family, his perſon, his geſture, his voice, and even the conduct of his domeſtic affairs. When the *Cid* firſt appeared (ſays Fontenelle) the Cardinal was as much alarmed as if he had ſeen the Spaniards at the gates of Paris. In the year 1635, *Richlieu*, in the midſt of the important political concerns that occupied his mighty genius, wrote the greateſt part of a play, called, *La comedie des Tuilleries*, in which Corneille propoſed ſome alterations to be made in the third act: which honeſt freedom the Cardinal never forgave.

the

the French ſtage, of which we hear ſo much, the rules of the three unities are indeed rigorouſly and ſcrupulouſly obſerved*; but the beſt of their tragedies, even *ſome* of thoſe of the ſweet and exact *Racine*, have defects of another kind, and are what may be juſtly called, *deſcriptive* and *declamatory* dramas; and contain the ſentiments and feelings of the *author* or the *ſpectator*, rather than of the *perſon* introduced as ſpeaking. "After the reſtoration, ſays POPE in the margin, Waller, with the Earl of Dorſet, Mr. Godolphin, and others, tranſlated the Pompey of Corneille; and the more correct French poets began to be in reputation." But the model was unfortunately and injudiciouſly choſen; for the Pompey of Corneille is one of his moſt declamatory† tragedies. And the rhyme tranſlation they gave of it, is performed

* As they are certainly in *Samſon Agoniſtes*.

† See the Eſſay on Shakeſpeare by Mrs. Montague, in which ſhe has done honour to her ſex and nation; and which

formed pitifully enough. Even Voltaire confeſſes, that Corneille is always making his heroes ſay of themſelves, that they are great men. It is in this paſſage that POPE ſays of two great maſters of verſification;

Waller was ſmooth; but *Dryden* taught to join
The varying verſe, the full-reſounding line,
The long majeſtic march, and energy divine *.

WHAT! did Milton contribute nothing to the harmony and extent of our language? nothing to our national taſte, by his noble imitations of Homer, Virgil, and the Greek tragedies? Surely his *verſes vary*, and *reſound* as much, and diſplay as much *majeſty* and

was ſent to Voltaire with this motto prefixed to it; by a perſon who admired it as a piece of exquiſite criticiſm:

——PALLAS Te hoc Vulnere, PALLAS
Immolat—— VIRG.

The Iphigenie of Racine, it muſt be owned, is an incomparable piece; it is chiefly ſo, from Racine's attentive ſtudy of Euripides. Corneille had not read the Greek tragedies. He was able to read Ariſtotle's Poetics only in Heinſius's tranſlation. It is remarkable, that there is not a ſingle line in Otway or Rowe from the Greek tragedies. And Dryden in his Œdipus has imitated Seneca and Corneille, not Sophocles.

* V. 267.

energy, as any that can be found in *Dryden*. And we will venture to ſay, that he that ſtudies *Milton* attentively, will gain a truer taſte for genuine poetry, than he that forms himſelf on French writers. His name ſurely was not to be omitted on this occaſion.

THE other paſſages in which POPE appears not to be equal to his original, are, in the three little ſtories which Horace has introduced into his ſecond epiſtle, with ſo much nature and humour; namely, the ſtory of the ſlave-ſeller, at verſe 2; that of the ſoldier of Lucullus, at verſe 26; and the ſtory of the madman at Argos, verſe 128. The laſt, particularly, loſes much of its grace and propriety, by transferring the ſcene from the theatre to the parliament-houſe, from poetry to politics.

63. Two noblemen of taſte and learning, the Duke of Shrewſbury and the Earl of Oxford, deſired POPE to melt down and caſt anew

anew the weighty bullion of Dr. Donne's ſatires; who had degraded and deformed a vaſt fund of ſterling wit and ſtrong ſenſe, by the moſt harſh and uncouth diction. Pope ſucceeded in giving harmony to a writer, more rough and rugged than even any of his age, and who profited ſo little by the example *Spencer* had ſet, of a moſt muſical and mellifluous verſification; far beyond that of *Fairfax*, who is ſo frequently mentioned as the greateſt improver of the harmony of our language. The ſatires of *Hall*, written in very ſmooth and pleaſing numbers, preceded thoſe of *Donne* many years; for his *Virgidemiarum* were publiſhed, in ſix books, in the year 1597; in which he calls himſelf the very firſt Engliſh ſatiriſt. This, however, was not true in fact; for Sir Thomas Wyatt, of Allington Caſtle in Kent, the friend and favourite of *Henry VIII.* and, as was ſuggeſted, of *Anne Boleyn*, was our firſt writer of ſatire worth notice. But it was not in his numbers only that Donne was reprehenſible. He abounds in

falſe

falſe thoughts, in far-ſought ſentiments, in forced unnatural conceits. He was the corrupter of *Cowley*. *Dryden* was the firſt who called him a *metaphyſical* poet. He had a conſiderable ſhare of * learning; and, though he entered late into orders, yet was eſteemed a good divine. *James I.* was ſo earneſt to prefer him in the church, that he even refuſed the Earl of Somerſet, his favourite, the requeſt he earneſtly made, of giving Donne an office in the council. In the entertaining account of that converſation which *Ben Johnſon* is ſaid to have held with Mr. Drummond of Hawthornden in Scotland, in the

* He was one of our poets who wrote elegantly in Latin; as did *Ben Johnſon*, (who tranſlated into that language great part of Bacon de Augmentis Scient.) *Cowley*, *Milton*, *Addiſon*, and *Gray* In Donne's introduction to his witty catalogue of curious books, written plainly in imitation of *Rabelais*, (whom alſo *Swift* imitated, in a catalogue of odd treatiſes, prefixed to the Tale of a Tub) there is a paſſage ſo minutely applicable to the preſent times, that I am tempted to tranſcribe it. Ævum fortiti ſumus, quo planè indoctis nihil turpius, plenè doctis nihil rarius. Tam omnes in literis aliquid ſciunt, tam nemo omnia. Mediâ igitur plerumque itur viâ, & ad evitandam ignorantiæ turpitudinem, & legendi faſtidium.

year

year 1619, containing his judgments of the Engliſh poets, he ſpeaks thus of Donne, who was his intimate friend, and had frequently addreſt him in various poems.

"He told Mr. Drummond, that Donne was originally a poet; his grandfather on the mother's ſide was Heywood the epigrammatiſt: that Donne, for not being underſtood, would periſh. He eſteemed him the firſt poet in the world for ſome things; his verſes of the loſt Ochadine he had by heart, and that paſſage of the calm, that duſt and feathers did not ſtir, all was ſo quiet. He affirmed, that Donne wrote all his beſt pieces before he was twenty-five years of age. The conceit of Donne's transformation, or metempſychoſis, was, that he ſought the ſoul of that apple which Eve pulled, and hereafter made it the ſoul of a bitch, then of a ſhe-wolf, and ſo of a woman; his general purpoſe was to have brought it into all the bodies of the heretics, from the ſoul of Cain, and

and at laſt left it in the body of Calvin. He only wrote one ſheet of this, and ſince he was made doctor repented earneſtly, and reſolved to deſtroy all his poems. He told Donne, that his Anniverſary was prophane, and full of blaſphemies; that if it had been written on the Virgin Mary, it had been tolerable: to which Donne anſwered, that he deſcribed the idea of a woman, and not as ſhe was *."

64. THE two Dialogues, entitled One thouſand ſeven hundred and thirty-eight, which are the laſt pieces that belong to this ſection, were more frequently tranſcribed, and received more alterations and corrections, than almoſt any of the foregoing poems. By long habit of writing, and almoſt conſtantly in one ſort of meaſure, he had now arrived at a

* And again in his *Diſcoveries*:—"As it is fit to read the *beſt* authors to youth *firſt*, ſo let them be of the *openeſt* and the *cleareſt*. As *Livy* before *Salluſt*, and *Sydney* before *Donne*."

happy and elegant familiarity of ſtyle, without flatneſs. The ſatire in theſe pieces is of the ſtrongeſt kind; ſometimes, direct and declamatory, at others, ironical and oblique. It muſt be owned to be carried to exceſs. Our country is repreſented as totally ruined, and overwhelmed with diſſipation, depravity, and corruption. Yet this very country, ſo emaſculated and debaſed by every ſpecies of folly and wickedneſs, in about twenty years afterwards, carried its triumphs over all its enemies, through all the quarters* of the world, and aſtoniſhed the moſt diſtant nations with a diſplay of uncommon efforts, abilities, and virtues. So vain and groundleſs are the prognoſtications of poets, as well as politicians. It is to be lamented, that no genius could be found to write an *One Thouſand Seven Hundred and Sixty-one*, as a counterpart to theſe two ſatires. Several

* We cannot aſcribe theſe ſucceſſes, as M. de Voltaire does, to the effects of *Brown's Eſtimate*. See Additions à l'Hiſt. Generale, p. 409.

paſſages deſerve particular notice and applauſe. The deſign of the Friend, introduced in theſe dialogues, is to diſſuade our poet from *perſonal* invectives. He deſires him to copy the ſly, inſinuating ſtyle of Horace; and dextrouſly turns the very advice he is giving into the bittereſt ſatire.

Horace would ſay, Sir Billy *ſerv'd the Crown*,
Blunt could *do buſineſs*, H—ggins *knew the town*:
In Sappho touch the *failings* of the ſex,
In rev'rend biſhops note ſome *ſmall neglects*;
And own the Spaniard did a *waggiſh* thing,
Who cropt our ears and ſent them to the king*.

THE character of Sir Robert Walpole was dictated by candour and gratitude.

Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
Of ſocial pleaſure, ill-exchang'd for pow'r;
Seen him, uncumber'd with the venal tribe,
Smile without art, and win without a bribe†.

THIS character, together with that drawn of the ſame miniſter by Hume, in his fourth

* V. 13. † V. 28.

eſſay, will perhaps contribute to give a diſpaſſionate poſterity a more amiable character of him than we uſually allow him, and counter-work the *Diſſertation* on Parties. Nothing can be more animated and lively, than where our author, ſeeming to follow the cautious admonitions of his friend, replies,

> Come, harmleſs characters, that no one hit,
> Come, Henley's oratory, Oſborn's wit,
> The honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
> The flow'rs of Bubo, and the flow of Young!
> The gracious dew of pulpit eloquence,
> And all the well-whipt cream of courtly ſenſe*!

To which muſt be added a ſtroke that cuts to the quick;

> Or teach the melancholy muſe to mourn,
> Hang the ſad verſe on Carolina's urn;
> And hail her paſſage to the realms of reſt,
> All *parts* perform'd, and *all* her children bleſt†.

I RECOLLECT no paſſage in Horace, Juvenal, or Boileau, more ſtrongly pointed, or

* V. 65. † V. 79.

more

more well-turned, than where our poet inſiſts that the *dignity* of *vice* muſt not be loſt.

Ye gods! ſhall Cibber's ſon, without rebuke,
Swear like a lord, or Rich out-whore a duke?
A fav'rite's porter with his maſter vie,
Be brib'd as often, and as often lie?
Shall Ward draw contracts with a ſtateſman's ſkill,
Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a will?
Is it for Bond, or Peter, (paltry things!)
To pay their debts, or keep their faith like kings?
This, this, my friend, I cannot, muſt not bear,
Vice thus abus'd demands a nation's care *.

THE noble deſcription of the triumph of VICE, one of the moſt pictureſque in all his works, muſt not be here omitted.

Lo! at the wheels of her triumphal car,
Old England's Genius, rough with many a ſcar,
Dragg'd in the duſt; his arms hang idly round,
His flag inverted trails along the ground!
Our youth, all liv'ry'd o'er with foreign gold,
Before her dance; behind her, crawl the old!
See thronging millions to the pagod run,
And offer country, parent, wife, or ſon!

* V. 128.

Hear

Hear her black trumpet through the land proclaim,
That Not To Be Corrupted is the ſhame *.

SWIFT tells him, in a letter dated Auguſt 8, 1738, that he takes his ſecond dialogue to equal any thing he had ever writ. The ſame Friend is here again introduced making ſuch remonſtrances as before. And ſeveral parts of the dialogue are more rapid, and approach nearer to converſation than any lines he had ever before written:

P. The pois'ning dame.—F. You mean.—P. I don't.
F. You do.
P. See now I keep the ſecret, and not you.
The bribing ſtateſman.—F. Hold—too high you go—
P. The brib'd elector.—F. There you ſtoop too low.
P. I fain would pleaſe, if I but knew with what;
Tell me what knave is lawful game, or not.
Suppoſe I cenſure—you know what I mean;
To ſave a † biſhop, may I name a dean?
F. A dean,

* V. 150.

† Some of the reverend bench, and particularly one of a truly-exalted character, are injuriouſly treated in line 70.

Ev'n in a *biſhop*, I can ſpy deſert;
Secker is *decent*———

The

F. A dean, Sir?—No—his fortune is not made;
You hurt a man that's riſing in the trade*.

WEARIED with the ſeverity and poignancy of moſt of the preceding paſſages, we look with delight on the pleaſing enumeration of his illuſtrious and valuable friends:

Oft, in the clear, ſtill mirrour of retreat,
I ſtudy'd *Shrewſbury*, the wiſe and great:
Carleton's calm ſenſe, and *Stanhope*'s noble flame,
Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous end the ſame.
How pleaſing *Atterbury*'s ſofter hour!
How ſhin'd the ſoul, unconquer'd in the Tow'r!
How can † I *Pult'ney*, *Cheſterfield*, forget,
While Roman ſpirit charms, and Attic wit;
Argyle,

The exemplary life, and extenſive learning, of this great prelate are ſufficient and ample confutations of the *invidious epithet* here uſed; which thoſe, who are acquainted with his Lectures and Sermons, in which are found a rare mixture of ſimplicity and energy, read with indignation.

* V. 35.

† That *Pulteney* had a more manly *underſtanding* than *Cheſterfield*, will not be doubted: but I verily believe he had alſo more true *wit*. The two lines on *Argyle* are ſaid to have been added, on the duke's declaring in the Houſe of Lords, on occaſion of ſome of Pope's ſatires, that if any man dared to uſe his name in an invective, he would run him through the

Argyle, the ſtate's whole thunder born to wield,
And ſhade alike the ſenate and the field;
Or *Wyndham*, juſt to freedom and the throne,
The maſter of our paſſions, and his own * ?

AMONG theſe, *Atterbury* was his chief intimate. The turbulent and imperious temper of this haughty prelate was long felt and remembered in the college over which he preſided. It was with difficulty Queen Anne was perſuaded to make him a biſhop; which ſhe did at laſt, on the repeated importunities of Lord Harcourt, who preſſed the queen to do it, becauſe ſhe had before diſappointed him, in not placing Sacheverell on the bench. After her deceaſe, Atterbury vehemently urged his friends to proclaim the Pretender; and on their refuſal, upbraided them for their timidity with many oaths; for he was accuſtomed to ſwear, on any ſtrong

the body, and throw himſelf on the mercy of his peers, who, he truſted, would weigh the provocation. *Bolingbroke*'s Letter to *Wyndham*, is one of the moſt curious of his works, and gave a deadly and incurable blow to the folly and madneſs of Jacobitiſm.

* V. 78.

provocation.

provocation. In a collection of letters lately publiſhed by Mr. Duncombe, it is affirmed, on the authority of *Elijah Fenton*, that Atterbury, ſpeaking of POPE, ſaid, there was

Mens curva in Corpore curvo.

This ſentiment ſeems utterly inconſiſtent with the warm friendſhip ſuppoſed to ſubſiſt between theſe two celebrated men. But Dr. Herring, in the 2d vol. of this collection, p. 104, ſays; "If Atterbury was not worſe uſed, than any honeſt man in the world ever was, there were ſtrong contradictions between his public and private character." There is an anecdote, ſo uncommon and remarkable, lately mentioned in Dr. *Maty*'s Memoirs of the Earl of Cheſterfield, and which he gives in the very words of that celebrated nobleman, that I cannot forbear repeating it in this place:—"I went, ſaid Lord Cheſterfield, to Mr. POPE, one morning at Twickenham, and found a large folio bible, with gilt claſps, lying before

him upon his table; and, as I knew his way of thinking upon that book, I aſked him, jocoſely, if he was going to write an anſwer to it? It is a preſent, ſaid he, or rather a legacy, from my old friend the Biſhop of Rocheſter. I went to take my leave of him yeſterday in the Tower, where I ſaw this bible upon his table. After the firſt compliments, the Biſhop ſaid to me, My friend POPE, conſidering your infirmities, and my age and exile, it is not likely that we ſhould ever meet again; and therefore I give you this legacy to remember me by it.—Does your lordſhip abide by it yourſelf?—I do.—If you do, my lord, it is but lately. May I beg to know what new light or arguments have prevailed with you now, to entertain an opinion ſo contrary to that which you entertained of that book all the former part of your life?—The Biſhop replied, We have not time to talk of theſe things; but take home the book; I will abide by it, and I recommend you to do ſo too, and ſo God bleſs

'bleſs you!"—Charity and juſtice call on us, not haſtily to credit ſo marvellous a tale, without the ſtrongeſt teſtimony for its truth. In one of thoſe entertaining letters, which the Biſhop wrote about the year 1727, to a Mr. Thiriot * a French gentleman, we find a ſtriking remark on the Biſhop of Meaux. "There is a ſerious warmth in all he ſays, and his manner of ſaying it is noble and moving; and yet I quēſtion, after all, whether he *ſometimes is in good earneſt*." *Atterbury* was, on the whole, rather a man of ability than a genius. He writes more with elegance and correctneſs, than with any force of thinking or reaſoning. His letters to POPE are too much crowded with very trite

* In one of theſe letters he ſpeaks thus of Sir *Iſaac Newton*: —The very lively and piercing eye that Mr. Fontenelle, in his famous eulogium, gives him, did not belong to him, at leaſt not for twenty years paſt, about which time I firſt became acquainted with him. Indeed, in the whole air of his face and make, there was nothing of that penetrating ſagacity which appears in his works. He had ſomething rather languid in his look and manner, which did not raiſe any great expectation in thoſe who did not know him.

quotations from the claſſics. It is ſaid, he either tranſlated, or intended to tranſlate, the Georgics of Virgil, and to write the life of Cardinal Wolſey, whom he much reſembled. Dr. Warburton had a mean opinion of his critical abilities, and of his diſcourſe on the *Iäpis of Virgil.* He was thought to be the author of the life of Waller, prefixed to the firſt octavo edition of that poet's works.

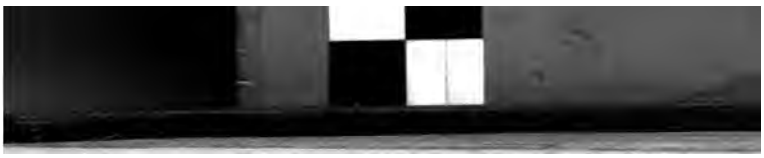
THERE is a happy imitation of *Perſius*, and of *Boileau*, at verſe 128.

——Come then, I'll comply;
Spirit of *Arnall!* aid me while I lie!
Cobham's a coward, *Polwarth* is a ſlave,
And *Lyttelton* a dark deſigning knave;
St. John has ever been a wealthy fool;
But let me add, Sir *Robert*'s mighty dull.

This is the paſſage of *Perſius*, Sat. i. v. 110.

——Per me equidem ſint omnia protinus alba,
Nil moror; Euge, omnes, omnes, bene miræ eritis res;
Hoc juvat?——

And



And thus *Boileau*, Sat. ix. v. 287.

Puiſque vous le voulez, je vais changer de ſtile,
Je le declare donc, Quinault eſt un Virgile.
Pradon comme un ſoleil en nos ans a paru.
Pelletier ecrit mieux qu'Ablancourt ni Patru.
Cotin, à ſes ſermons trainant toute la terre,
Fend les flots d'Auditeurs pour aller à ſa chaire.

But POPE has plainly the ſuperiority, by the artful and ironical compliments to his friends.

THE beaſtly ſimile, at line 171, may ſafely be pronounced, however difficult it may be in many caſes to trace reſemblances, to be taken from a paſſage in the Remains of *Butler*, the incomparable author of *Hudibras*:

Let courtly wits to wits afford ſupply,
As hog to hog in ſtate of *Weſtphaly*;
If one, through nation's bounty, or his lord's,
Has what the frugal dirty ſoil affords,
From him the next receives it, thick or thin,
As pure a meſs almoſt as it came in;
The bleſſed benefit, not there confin'd,
Drops to the third, who nuzzles cloſe behind;

From

From tail to mouth they feed, and they carouſe,
The laſt full fairly gives it to the *Houſe*.

THE paſſage in *Butler* runs thus:—"Our modern authors write plays, as they feed hogs in *Weſtphalia*; where but one eats peaſe or acorns, and all the reſt feed upon his, and one another's *excrements*." Thoughts on Various Subjects, p. 497. v. 2.——Though thoſe Remains were not publiſhed in the life-time of POPE, yet Mr. *Thyer* informs us, that Mr. *Longueville*, in whoſe cuſtody they were, communicated them to *Atterbury*, from whom POPE might hear of them. 'Tis impoſſible any two writers could caſually hit upon an image ſo very peculiar and uncommon.

I CONCLUDE this ſection by obſerving, that theſe Dialogues exhibit many marks of our author's petulance, party-ſpirit, and ſelf-importance, and of aſſuming to himſelf the character of a general cenſor; who, alas! if he had poſſeſſed a thouſand times more ge-

nius and ability than he actually enjoyed, could not alter or amend the manners of a rich and commercial, and, consequently, of a luxurious and dissipated nation.

SECT. XIII.

Of the Dunciad.

WHEN the first complete and correct edition of the Dunciad was published in quarto, 1729, it consisted of three books; and had for its hero *Tibbald*, a cold, plodding, and tasteless writer and critic, who, with great propriety, was chosen, on the death of *Settle*, by the Goddess of Dulness, to be the chief instrument of that great work which was the subject of the poem; namely,

namely, " the introduction (as our author expreſſes it) of the loweſt diverſions of the rabble of *Smithfield*, to be the entertainment of the court and town; the *action* of the Dunciad being, the removal of the imperial ſeat of Dulneſs from the city to the polite world; as that of the Æneid is the removal of the empire of *Troy to Latium.*" This was the primary ſubject of the piece. Our author adds, " as *Homer*, ſinging only the wrath of Achilles, yet includes in his poem the whole hiſtory of the Trojan war; in like manner our poet hath drawn into this *ſingle action* the whole hiſtory of Dulneſs and her children. To this end, ſhe is repreſented, at the very opening of the poem, taking a view of her forces, which are diſtinguiſhed into theſe three kinds, party-writers, dull poets, and wild critics. A *perſon* muſt be fixed upon to ſupport *this action*, who (to agree with the *deſign*,) muſt be ſuch an one as is capable of being all three. This *phantom* in the poet's mind, muſt have a *name*. He ſeeks

ſeeks for one who hath been concerned in the *journals*, written bad *plays* or *poems*, and publiſhed low *criticiſms*. He finds his name to be *Tibbald* *, and he becomes of courſe the hero of the poem."

THIS deſign is carried on, in the *firſt* book, by a deſcription of the Goddeſs fixing

* Who was a kind of *Margites*. It is a ſingular fact in the hiſtory of literature, that the ſame mighty genius, who by his *Iliad* and *Odyſſey* became the founder of Tragedy, ſhould alſo, by his *Margites*, as Ariſtotle obſerves in the ſecond chapter of his Poetics, become the father of Comedy. This piece was written in various ſorts of metre, and particularly hexameter and iambic. Only three verſes remain of this piece, which was much celebrated by the ancients; one in the ſecond *Alcibiades* of *Plato*;

Ὡς ἀρα πολλα μεν ἰσγα, κακως δ' ηπιστατο παντα.

Another in the ſixth book of *Ariſtotle*'s Ethics;

Τον δ' ὑπ' αρ' σκαπτηρα θεοι θησαν, ητ' αρστηρα.

A third is cited by the ſcholiaſt of *Ariſtophanes*, in the *Birds*.

Μουσαων θεραπων, καὶ εκβολα Απολλωνος.

The poem is mentioned by *Polybius*, *Dion Chryſoſtom*, *Plutarch*, *Lucian*, *Stobæus*, and others.

her eye on Tibbald; who, on the evening of a lord-mayor's day, is repreſented as ſitting penſively in his ſtudy, and apprehending the period of her empire, from the old-age of the preſent monarch *Settle*; and alſo by an account of a ſacrifice he makes of his unſucceſsful works; of the Goddeſs's revealing herſelf to him, announcing the death of *Settle* that night, anointing and proclaiming him ſucceſſor. It is carried on in the *ſecond* book, by a deſcription of the various games inſtituted in honour of the new king, in which *bookſellers*, *poets*, and *critics* contend. This deſign is, laſtly, completed in the *third* book, by the Goddeſs's tranſporting the new king to her temple, laying him in a deep ſlumber on her lap, and conveying him in a viſion to the banks of *Lethe*, where he meets with the ghoſt of his predeceſſor *Settle*; who, in a ſpeech that begins at line 35, to almoſt the end of the book, ſhews him the paſt triumphs of the empire of Dulneſs, then the preſent, and laſtly the future: enumerating particularly by what aids, and by what perſons,

perſons, *Great Britain* ſhall be forthwith brought to her empire, and propheſying how firſt the nation ſhall be over-run with farces, operas, ſhows; and the throne of Dulneſs advanced over both the theatres: then, how her ſons ſhall preſide in the ſeats of arts and ſciences; till, in concluſion, all ſhall return to their original chaos. On hearing which,

> Enough! enough! the raptur'd MONARCH cries;
> And through the ivory gate the viſion flies.

with which words, the deſign above recited, being perfected, the poem concludes. Thus far all was clear, conſiſtent, and of a piece; and was delivered in ſuch nervous and ſpirited verſification, that the delighted reader had only to lament that ſo many poetical beauties were thrown away on ſuch dirty and deſpicable ſubjects, as were the ſcribblers here proſcribed; who appear like monſters preſerved in the moſt coſtly *ſpirits*. But in the year 1742, our poet was

perſuaded, unhappily enough, to add a *fourth* book to his *finiſhed* piece, of ſuch a very different caſt and colour, as to render it at laſt one of the moſt motley compoſitions, that perhaps is any where to be found, in the works of ſo exact a writer as POPE. For one great purpoſe of this *fourth* book, (where, by the way, the hero does nothing at all) was to ſatirize and proſcribe infidels, and free-thinkers, to leave the ludicrous for the ſerious, Grub-ſtreet for theology, the mock-heroic for metaphyſics; which occaſioned a marvellous mixture and jumble of images and ſentiments, Pantomime and Philoſophy, Journals and Moral evidence, Fleet-ditch and the High Priori road, *Curl* and *Clarke*.—To ridicule our faſhionable libertines, and affected minute philoſophers, was doubtleſs a moſt laudable intention; but ſpeaking of the Dunciad as a work of art, in a critical not a religious light, we muſt venture to affirm, that the ſubject of this fourth book was foreign and heterogeneous,

and the addition of it as injudicious, ill-placed, and incongruous, as any of thoſe diſſimilar images we meet with in *Pulci* or *Arioſto*. It is like introducing a crucifix into one of *Teniers*'s burleſque converſation-pieces. Some of his moſt ſplendid and ſtriking lines are indeed here to be found; but we muſt beg leave to inſiſt that they want *propriety* and *decorum*, and muſt wiſh they had adorned ſome *ſeparate* work, againſt irreligion, which would have been worthy the pen of our bitter and immortal ſatiriſt.

But neither was this the only alteration the Dunciad was deſtined to undergo. For in the year 1743, our author, enraged with *Cibber*, (whom he had uſually treated with contempt ever ſince the affair of *Three Hours after Marriage*) for publiſhing a ridiculous pamphlet againſt him, dethroned *Tibbald*, and made the Laureate the hero of his poem. *Cibber*, with a great ſtock of levity, vanity, and affectation, had ſenſe, and wit, and humour.

mour. And the author of the *Careleſs Huſband*, was by no means a proper king of the dunces. "His treatiſe on the Stage, ſays Mr. Walpole, is inimitable: where an author writes on his own profeſſion, feels it profoundly, and is ſenſible his readers do not, he is not only excuſable but meritorious, for illuminating the ſubject by new metaphors, or bolder figures than ordinary. He is the *coxcomb* that ſneers, not he that inſtructs by appropriated diction." The conſequence of this alteration was, that many lines, which exactly ſuited the heavy character of *Tibbald*, loſt all their grace and propriety when applied * to *Cibber*. Such as,

Sinking from thought to thought, a vaſt profound!

Such alſo is the deſcription of his gothic library; for Cibber troubled not himſelf

* 'Tis dangerous to diſoblige a great poet or painter. *Dante* placed his maſter *Brunetto* in his *Inferno*. And *Michael Angelo* placed the Pope's maſter of the ceremonies, *Biaggio* in hell, in his Laſt Judgment.

with

with *Caxton*, *Wynkyn*, and *De Lyra*. *Tibbald*, who was an antiquarian, had collected theſe curious old writers. And to ſlumber in the Goddeſs's lap was adapted to *his ſtupidity*, not to the *vivacity* of his ſucceſſor.

If we now deſcend, from theſe remarks on the general *deſign* and conſtitution of the Dunciad, to particular paſſages, the following muſt be mentioned, as highly finiſhed, and worked up with peculiar elegance and force. In book i. the Chaos of Abſurd Writings, v. 55, to v. 78. In book ii. v. 35, the Phantom of a Poet, to v. 50. The Deſcription of the Tapeſtry, v. 143, to v. 156. The Adventures of Smedley, and what he ſaw in the ſhades below, v. 331, to v. 350. The Effects of hearing two dull Authors read, v. 387, to the end of that book. In book iii. the Ghoſt of *Settle*, v. 35, to v. 66. View of Learning, v. 83, to v. 102. The Deſcription of Pantomimes, Farces, and their monſtrous Abſurdities, v. 235, to v. 264.

In

quent * parodies in
gil, Milton, and
which nothing has
roi-comic poems,
pleaſantry, happineſ

But juſt criticiſm
out ſome of thoſe

* Many of the ancients w
known how many *Ariſtoph*
and other tragedians. *Ath*
Deipnos, p. 406, informs us,
that *Hegemon* was the firſt auth
was called, φακη (*Lenticula.*)
and the Athenians were ſo fo
news was brought of their
not quit the theatre, but inſ
the piece. He was a great fav
and Hegemon

ceptionable in the Dunciad. Such, in book i. v. 163, is the hero's firſt ſpeech; in which, contrary to all decorum and probability, he addreſſes the Goddeſs Dulneſs, without diſguiſing her, as a deſpicable being; and even calls himſelf Fool and Blockhead;

Me emptineſs and dulneſs could inſpire,
And were my elaſticity and fire.——
Did on the ſtage my fops appear confin'd?
My life gave ampler leſſons to mankind.——
What then remains? Ourſelf ſtill, ſtill remain,
Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain.——

For a perſon to be introduced, ſpeaking thus of himſelf, is in truth outrageouſly unnatural and out of character.

At v. 300, in this book, alſo, is a ſtroke of profaneneſs that cannot paſs unblamed:

Lift up your gates, ye princes, ſee him come!
Sound, ſound, ye viols; be the catcall dumb!

So alſo, book iii. v. 126. (and book iv. v. 562.)

Dove-like, ſhe gathers to her wings again.

And in the arguments he talks of giving a *Piſgah-ſight* of the future *fulneſs* of *her glory*, and of ſending prieſts and *comforters*. In book ii. the filthineſs of the images, v. 93, and v. 160, is extremely offenſive and diſguſting. In book iii. the ridicule on the uſeful and curious publications of *Hearne*, was very undeſerved. In book iv. the Genius of the ſchools is made to declare, v. 148, that,

> Words are man's province, words we teach alone;
> Confine the thought, to exerciſe the breath,
> And keep them in the pale of words till death.

Surely our author, when he paſſed this cenſure, was ill-informed of what was taught and expected in our great ſchools; namely, beſides reading, interpreting, and tranſlating the beſt writers of the beſt ages, to be able to compoſe Eſſays, Declamations, and Verſes, in *Greek*, in *Latin*, and in *Engliſh*; and in ſome, to write critical remarks on Homer, Sophocles, Demoſthenes, *Ariſtotle*'s Poetics,

or

or *Longinus*; an exercise not of the memory, but judgment. And as to *plying* the *memory*, and *loading* the *brain* (see verse 157) it was the opinion of Milton, and is a practice in our great schools, "that if passages from the heroic poems, orations, and tragedies of the ancients were solemnly pronounced, with right accent and grace, as might be taught, (*and is*) they would endue the scholars even with the spirit and vigour of *Demosthenes* or *Cicero*, *Euripides* or *Sophocles*." The illustrious names of *Wyndham*, *Talbot*, *Murray*, and *Pulteney*, which our author himself immediately adds, and which catalogue might be much enlarged, with the names of many great statesmen, lawyers, and divines, are a strong confutation of this opprobrious opinion. In book iv. v. 210. is just such another breach of truth and decorum as was remarked above, in making *Aristarchus (Bentley)* abuse *himself*, and laugh at *his own* labours:

Thy mighty scholiast, whose unweary'd pains
Made Horace dull, and humbled Maro's strains.

Turn what they will to verſe, their toil is vain,
Critics like *Me*, ſhall make it proſe again.
For attic phraſe in Plato let them ſeek,
I poach in Suidas for unlicens'd Greek.—
For thee we dim the eyes, and ſtuff the head,
With all ſuch reading, as was never read;
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, Goddeſs! and about it.

LASTLY, in this 4th book, the ſudden appearance of Annius, v. 347, of Mummius, 371, and of a gloomy clerk, v. 459, make this part of the poem obſcure, as we know not who theſe perſonages are, nor whence they came. After all, the chief fault of the Dunciad is the * violence and vehemence of its

* Which ſour the temper of the reader; inſomuch that I know a perſon, whoſe name would be an ornament to theſe papers, if I was ſuffered to inſert it, who, after reading a book of the Dunciad, always *ſoothes* himſelf, as he calls it, by turning to a canto in the Fairy Queen. This is not the caſe in that very delightful and beautiful poem, *Mac Flecnoe*, from which Pope has borrowed ſo many hints, and images, and ideas. But Dryden's poem was the offspring of *contempt*, and Pope's of *indignation*: one is full of *mirth*, and the other of *malignity*. A vein of pleaſantry is uniformly preſerved through the whole of Mac Flecnoe, and the piece begins and ends in the

its ſatire, and the exceſſive heighth to which it is carried; and which therefore I have heard compared to that marvellous column of boiling water, near mount *Hecla*, thrown upwards, above ninety feet, by the force of a ſubterraneous fire *.

ſame key. It is natural and obvious to borrow a metapher from muſic, when we are ſpeaking of a poem whoſe verſification is particularly and exquiſitely ſweet and harmonious. The numbers of the Dunciad, by being much laboured, and encumbered with epithets, have ſomething in them of ſtiffneſs and harſhneſs. Since the total decay of learning was foretold in the Dunciad, how many very excellent pieces of *Criticiſm*, *Poetry*, *Hiſtory*, *Philoſophy*, and *Divinity*, have appeared in this country, and to what a degree of perfection has almoſt every art, either uſeful or elegant, been carried!

* It is in a valley in Iceland, about ſixty miles from the ſea; it is called the fountain of *Geiſer*. Sir Joſeph Banks, our great philoſophical traveller, had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing this wonderful phænomenon.

SECT.

SECT. XIV. AND LAST.

Of ſome IMITATIONS of HORACE, the MISCELLANIES, EPITAPHS, and PROSE WORKS.

THE ſeventh epiſtle of the firſt book of Horace, and the ſixth ſatire of the ſecond, are here imitated in a ſtyle and manner different from the former imitations, in the burleſque and colloquial ſtyle and meaſure of Swift*; in which our author

* The following is written in the firſt leaf of a copy of Stevens's Herodotus, now in the library of Wincheſter college, in Swift's *own hand-writing*, and is a literary curioſity, being a ſpecimen of his Latin. — "*Judicium de Herodoto poſt longum tempus relecto. Cteſias* mendaciſſimus *Herodotum* mendaciorum arguit, exceptis pauciſſimis, (ut mea fert

thor has not ſucceeded, but falls back, as was natural, from the familiar, into a more high and pompous manner; as in the following lines, v. 125, Perditur hæc inter, &c.

Thus in a ſea of folly toſt,
My choiceſt hours of life are loſt;
Yet always wiſhing to retreat,
Oh, could I ſee my country ſeat!

And again at line 189; in the fable of the Mice;

fert ſententia) omni modo excuſandum. Cæterum diverticulis abundans hic pater hiſtoricorum, filum narrationis ad tædium abrumpit. Unde oritur (ut par eſt) legentibus confuſio, et exinde oblivio. Quin et forſan ipſæ narrationes circumſtantiis nimium pro re ſcatent. Quod ad cætera, hunc ſcriptorem inter apprimè laudandos cenſeo, neque Græcis neque barbaris plus æquo faventem aut iniquum; in orationibus fere brevem, ſimplicem, nec nimis frequentem. Neque abſunt dogmata e quibus eruditus lector prudentiam tam moralem quam civilem haurire poterit."——— Swift, in his diſcourſe on the *Conteſts*, &c. appears to be well acquainted with *Thucydides*, *Polybius*, and *Dionyſ. Halicar.* and to have had a conſiderable knowledge of ancient hiſtory. Of all our poets, perhaps *Akenſide* was the beſt Greek ſcholar ſince *Milton*.

Tell

Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,
And tips with ſilver all the walls;
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Groteſco roofs, and ſtucco floors.

The difference of ſtyles is more perceivable, from the circumſtance of their being immediately ſubjoined to the lighter and leſs ornamental verſes of Swift.

THE firſt ode of the fourth book of Horace, is an elegant compliment to Mr. *Murray*, now *Lord Mansfield*. And it may be worth obſerving, that the meaſure POPE has choſen, is preciſely the ſame that *Ben Johnſon* uſed in a tranſlation of this very ode, in which are ſome lines ſmoother than our old bard's uſual ſtrains; p. 268,

Then twice a day, in ſacred lays,
The youths and tender maids ſhall ſing thy praiſe;
And in the Salian manner meet
Thrice round thy altar with their ivory feet.

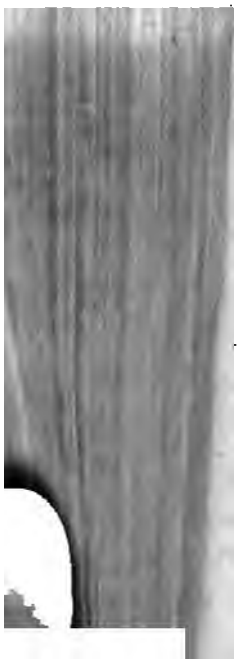
I cannot

I cannot forbear adding, that there is much harmony and eaſe of verſification in Ben Johnſon's ten *lyric pieces* addreſſed to *Charis*, in page 165 of his works.

THE ſecond ſtanza of the imitation of part of the ninth ode of Horace, book iv, is well expreſſed;

Tho' daring Milton ſits ſublime,
In Spencer native Muſes play;
Nor yet ſhall Waller yield to time;
Nor penſive Cowley's moral lay.

POPE ſeems to ſpeak of Spencer with particular complacency. How much this author was his favourite, will appear from what he ſaid to Mr. Spence; from whoſe anecdotes this paſſage is tranſcribed:—"There is ſomething in Spencer that pleaſes one as ſtrongly in one's old-age, as it did in one's youth; I read the Fairy Queen when I was about *twelve*, with a vaſt deal of delight; and I think it gave me as much, when I read it over about a year or two ago."



Vixere
Multi;
Urgentu
Nocte, c

Vain was the
They had no
In vain they
They had no

But he has m
epiſtle addreſſed
he preſented to
his old friend F
there is a weigh
of diction, whic

* He was a writer th

ſurpaſſed. His * genius ſeems to have been invigorated and exalted by the high opinion he had juſtly conceived of the perſon to whom he was writing; who muſt be confeſſed, now that party-prejudices † are worn away, to have had great genius, learning, and honeſty. Strength of mind appears to have been his predominant characteriſtic; of which he gave the moſt ſtriking proofs, when he was *ſtabbed, diſplaced, impriſoned.* Theſe circumſtances are alluded to in thoſe noble and nervous verſes;

And ſure, if aught below the ſeats divine,
Can touch immortals, 'tis a ſoul like thine!

* I am well informed that Lord Bolingbroke was greatly mortified at Pope's beſtowing ſuch praiſes on his old antagoniſt, whom he mortally hated. Yet I have ſeen two original letters of Lord Bolingbroke to Lord Orford, full of the moſt fulſome flattery, and profane applications of ſcripture.

† At the time when the Secret Committee was held to examine the conduct of the Earl of Orford, who was the perſon that impeached the Earl of Oxford, Mr. Harley made an admirable ſpeech in the Houſe of Commons, declaring, that he would not treat Walpole, as he had treated his relation; and immediately left the Houſe without giving his vote againſt him. Sir Robert Walpole ſeemed much affected with this generous behaviour of Mr. Harley.

ſtriking proof ſtill
the Earl wrote fr
who adviſed him t
which is worthy o
tiquity. This ext
pleaſure of reading
cellent grand-daugl
Dowager of Portla
of literature and f
anceſtors and famil

JERVAS owed m
tion to the epiſtle
Dryden's tranſlatio

* This didactic poem of

his ſkill as a painter. He was defective, ſays Mr. Walpole, in drawing, colouring, and compoſition; and even in that moſt neceſſary, and perhaps moſt eaſy talent of a portrait-painter, likeneſs. In general, his pictures are a light flimſy kind of fan-painting, as large as the life. His vanity was exceſſive. The reaſon why Lady *Bridgewater's* name is ſo frequently repeated in this epiſtle, is, becauſe he affected to be violently in love with her. Yet his * vanity was greater than his paſſion. One day, as ſhe was ſitting to him, he ran over the beauties of her face with rapture; but, ſaid he, I cannot help telling your ladyſhip that you have not a handſome ear. "No! ſaid Lady

cauſe they are little known, and not inſerted in the works of *Fenelon*, and are worthy to be read even after the admirable tenth chapter of the twelfth book of *Quintilian*.

* He tranſlated Don Quixote, without underſtanding Spaniſh, as his friend Pope uſed to ſay. Warburton added a ſupplement to the preface of this tranſlation, concerning the origin and nature of romances of chivalry; which ſupplement Pope extols, in his Letters, vol. ix. p. 352, in the higheſt terms; but the opinions in it are thoroughly confuted by Mr. *Tyrwhitt*, in vol. xi. of *Supplemental* Obſervations on Shakeſpeare, p. 373.

Bridgewater;

As our author was
in this his favourit
there is a warmth ai
throughout this epiſtl

Together o'er the Alps
Fir'd with ideas of fair *I*
With thee, on *Raphaël*'s
Or wait inſpiring dreams

* In a curious and unpubli
uncle, he tells him, that his perſ
to 3000 ducats of gold that is
has 50 crowns of gold per ann
that is, 14l. 7s. 6d.; and a ye
ducats of gold, that is, 86l. 5
place; that the church of St. P
million of gold, 287,500l.; that
it 60,000 ducats a year, that is,
anecdotes, taken from *Richara*
modeſty conſulted his friend *A*

With thee repoſe where *Tully* once was laid,
Or ſeek ſome ruin's formidable ſhade!

Though the laſt line, by the way, is inferior to the reſt, becauſe it paſſes from *particular* images to ſomething *general*. Yet however elegant and finiſhed this epiſtle muſt be allowed to be, it does not excel that of *Dryden*, addreſſed to Sir Godfrey Kneller *; and the following lines, both in point of ſcience and taſte, may be compared to any of Pope's;

Thence roſe the Roman, and the Lombard line:
One colour'd beſt, and one did beſt deſign.
Raphael's, like Homer's, was the nobler part,
But Titian's painting look'd like Virgil's art.
Thy genius gives thee both; where true deſign,
Poſtures unforc'd, and lively colours join.
Likeneſs is ever there; but ſtill the beſt,
Like proper thoughts in lofty language dreſt:

* To make an experiment what groſs flattery Sir Godfrey was capable of ſwallowing, Pope one day ſaid to him, "God, we are told, made man in his *own* image; if this figure of *your's* had exiſted, man would have been made *by it*." Par D. je le crois auſſi, Monſ. Pope, replied Kneller.

Where

Where light, to ſhades deſcending, plays, not
ſtrives,
Dies by degrees, and by degrees revives.
Of various parts a perfect whole is wrought:
Thy pictures think, and we divine their thought.

ONE cannot forbear reflecting on the great progreſs the art of painting has * made in this country, ſince the time that Jervas was thought worthy of this panegyric: a progreſs, that, we truſt, will daily encreaſe, if due attention be paid to the incomparable diſcourſes that have been delivered at the Royal Academy: which diſcourſes contain more ſolid inſtruction on that ſubject than, I verily think, can be found in any language. The precepts are philoſophically founded on truth and nature, and illuſtrated with the moſt proper and pertinent examples. The characters are drawn with a *preciſion* and *diſtinctneſs*, that we look for in vain in *Felibien*, *De Piles*, and even *Vaſari*, or *Pliny*

* See Mr. Hayley's fine epiſtle to Mr. Romney.

himſelf.

himſelf. Nothing, for example, can be more juſt and elegant, as well as profound and ſcientific, than the compariſon betwixt *Michael Angelo* and *Raffaëlle*, page 169 of theſe Diſcourſes. *Michael Angelo* is plainly the hero of Sir *Joſhua Reynolds*, for the ſame reaſons that *Homer*, by every great mind, is preferred to Virgil.

THE epiſtle to Miſs Blount, accompained with the works of *Voiture* *, is full of gaiety and gallantry. Our author's attachment

* Some curious particulars in the life of Voiture are mentioned in vol. ii. p. 409, of the entertaining Miſcellanies of *Vigneul* MARVILLE. An elegant epitaph, to which Pope alludes, was made on him, copied from Martial, and worth peruſal:

Etruſcæ *Veneres*, *Camœnæ* Iberæ;
Hermes Gallicus, & Latina *Siren*;
Riſus, *Deliciæ*, & *Dicacitates*,
Luſus, *Ingenium*, *Joci*, *Lepores*,
Et quicquid fuit elegantiarum,
Quo *Voiturius* hoc jacent ſepulcro.

Corneille was invited to read his *Polyeucte*, at the hotel *de Rambouillet*; where the principal wits of the time uſually aſſembled, and where *Voiture* preſided. It was very coldly received; and in a few days, Voiture came to Corneille, and

ment to this lady, ended but with his life. Her affectation and ill-temper gave him, however, many hours of uneaſineſs and diſquiet. When ſhe viſited him in his very laſt illneſs, and her company ſeemed to give him freſh ſpirits, the antiquated prude could not be prevailed on to ſtay and paſs the night at Twickenham, becauſe *of her reputation*. She occaſioned an unhappy breach betwixt him and his old friend *Allen*. The works of *Voiture*, on which much of this epiſtle turns, after having been idolized in France, are now ſunk into neglect, and oblivion. The characteriſtical difference betwixt *Voiture* and *Balſac* *, is well expreſſed by *Boileau*, in two letters written under their names, from the Elyſian fields, to the *Duc de Vivonne*, in p. 155 of

in gentle terms told him, it was the opinion of his friends that the piece would not ſucceed. Such ill judges were then the moſt faſhionable wits of France.

* *Deſcartes*, who, as well as *Leibnitz*, was an elegant ſcholar, wrote a judicious cenſure of *Balſac*, in admirable Latin. *Balſac* was, however, much ſuperior to Voiture. But he was affectedly turgid, pompous, and bloated on all ſubjects, and on all occaſions alike. Yet was he the firſt that gave form and harmony to the French proſe.

vol. iii. of his works. And *Boileau*, ſpeaking often of abſurd readers and critics, loved to relate, that one of his relations, to whom he had preſented his works, ſaid to him; "Pray, Couſin, how came you to inſert any other perſon's writings among your own? I find in your works two letters, one from Balſac, and the other from Voiture." In the other epiſtle to the ſame perſon, the calamitous ſtate of an unfortunate lady, baniſhed from town to

Old-faſhion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks;

and the coarſe compliments of a rural ſquire,

Who with his hound comes hollowing from the ſtable,

are painted with humour.

THE *Town Eclogue* was written in concert with Lady Wortley Montague, who publiſhed five more of this ſort. Gay wrote a *Quaker*'s eclogue, and *Swift* a Footman's

eclogue; and ſaid to Pope, I think the *paſtoral* ridicule is not exhauſted: what think you of a Newgate paſtoral, among the whores and thieves there? When Lady M. W. Montague would ſometimes ſhew a copy of her verſes to Pope, and he would make ſome little alterations, "No," ſaid ſhe, "Pope; no touching; for then, whatever is good for any thing will paſs for yours, and the reſt for mine."

NEXT follows a cloſe tranſlation of a fable from *Boileau*; which fable *Boileau* removed from the end of his Epiſtle to the King, as unſuited to the ſubject, and finiſhed with it an epiſtle to L'Abbé des Roches, tom. i. p. 285. It will be no unuſeful or perhaps unpleaſing amuſement to compare theſe two pieces. And I will not think of making any apology for ſo frequently quoting a writer ſo pure, ſenſible, and claſſical, as *Boileau*.

Once

Once (ſays an author, where I need not ſay)
Two trav'lers found an oyſter in their way;*
Both fierce, both hungry; the diſpute grew ſtrong,
While, ſcale in hand, dame Juſtice paſt along.
Before her each with clamour pleads the laws,
Explain'd the matter, and would win the cauſe.
Dame Juſtice, weighing long the doubtful right,
Takes, opens, ſwallows it, before their ſight.
The cauſe of ſtrife remov'd ſo rarely well,
There take (ſays Juſtice) take ye each a ſhell.
We thrive at Weſtminſter on fools like you!
'Twas a fat oyſter—live in peace.—Adieu.

Un jour, dit un Auteur, n'importe en quel chapitre,
Deux voyageurs à jeun rencontrerent une huître,
Tous deux la conteſtoient, lorſque dans leur chemin,
La Juſtice paſſa, la balance à la main,
Devant elle à grand bruit ils expliquent la choſe.
Tous deux avec depens veulent gagner leur cauſe.

* I cannot forbear mentioning a work, not ſo well known as it deſerves to be, the Latin Fables of J. Deſbillons, a Jeſuit, printed at Manheim, 8vo. 1768. in a moſt chaſte and unaffected ſtyle. To ſpeak in his own words;

Me Fabularum ſuavis indoles capit,
Capit venuſta munditie latinitas
Simplex, & arti prænitens facilis color
Laborioſæ ———

The fables in your *Eſop*, ſaid Pope to Vanbrugh, have the very ſpirit of *La Fontaine*! It may be ſo, replied Vanbrugh; but I proteſt to you I never have read *La Fontaine*'s Fables.

La

La Juſtice peſant ce droit litigieux,
Demande l'huître, l'ouvre, & l'avale à leur yeux;
Et par ce bel arreſt terminant la bataille:
Tenez voilà, dit elle, à chacun une écaille.
Des ſottiſes d'autrui, nous vivons au Palais;
Meſſieurs, l'huître étoit bonne. Adieu. Vivez en paix.

We will paſs over the next ten little pieces, ſtopping only to commend the verſes on the Grotto, and the lines addreſſed to *Southerne*, when he was eighty years old. In the former, is a paſſage of a ſtriking and awakening ſolemnity.

Approach! great Nature, ſtudiouſly behold
And eye the mine, without a wiſh for gold!
Approach, but aweful! Lo, th' Ægerian grot,
Where nobly penſive *St. John* ſate and thought;
Where Britiſh ſighs from dying *Wyndham** ſtole,
And the bright flame was ſhot thro' *Marchmont*'s ſoul.

* Who was one of the moſt able and eloquent of that reſpectable body of patriots, that leagued together againſt Sir Robert Walpole. Indeed almoſt all the men of wit and genius in the kingdom oppoſed this miniſter, who in vain paid the enormous ſum of above fifty thouſand pounds, to paltry ſcribblers in his defence.

In

In the latter, the venerable father of *Iſabella* and *Imoinda*, is ſaid to have raiſed by his eminence,

The price of prologues and of plays.

For Southerne was the firſt author that had two benefit-nights, the third and ſixth, at the exhibition of his comedy, entitled, Sir Anthony Love, 1691. By the cuſtom, which had ſomething illiberal in it, and was firſt dropt by *Addiſon*, of diſtributing tickets, Southerne gained 700l. for one play. In the year 1722, he received of a bookſeller 120l. for copy-money; when, the year before, Dr. Young could get no more than fifty pounds. But to drive a bargain, was not the talent of this generous and diſintereſted man.

THE fifteen *Epitaphs*, which conclude our author's poetical works, do not ſeem to merit a particular diſcuſſion. The three beſt are that on Mrs. *Corbett*, *Fenton*, and the

the Duke of *Buckingham*. They are all in general over-run with point and antitheſis, and are a kind of panegyrical epigrams. They are, conſequently, very different from the *ſimple ſepulchral* inſcriptions of the ancients, of which that of *Meleager* on his wife, in the Greek Anthology, is a model and maſter-piece. And in which taſte a living author, that muſt be nameleſs, has written the following hendecaſyllables;

O dulcis puer, O venuſte Marce,
O multi puer et meri leporis,
Feſtivi puer ingenî, valeto!
Ergo cum, virideis vigens per annos,
Aevi ver ageres novum tenelli,
Vidiſti Stygias peremptus undas?
Tuum, moëſtus avus, tuum propinqui
Os plenum lepida loquacitate,
Et riſus facileis tuos requirunt.
Te luſus, puer, in ſuos ſuètos
Aequales vocitant tui frequenter.
At ſurdus recubas, trahiſque ſomnos
Cunctis denique, Marce, dormiundos.

As it was the profeſſed intention of theſe papers to conſider POPE *as a poet*, the obſervations on his * *proſe-works*, will not be long.

THE rich vein of humour that runs through the Memoirs of *Scriblerus*, is heightened by the variety of learning they contain; and it may be worth obſerving, that the chief of thoſe who have excelled in works of wit and humour, have been men of extenſive *learning*. We may inſtance in *Lucian*, *Cervantes*, *Quevedo*, *Rabelais*, and *Butler*; for no work in our language contains more *learning* than *Hudibras*. This life of the ſolemn and abſurd pedant, Dr. Scriblerus, is the only imitation we have of the *ſerious* manner of *Cervantes* †; for it is not eaſy to ſay,

* The ſtyle of which is certainly not ſo melodious and voluble as that of Dryden's enchanting proſe.

† Don Quixote is the moſt original and unrivalled work of modern times. The great art of Cervantes conſiſts in having painted his mad hero with ſuch a quantity of amiable

ſay, why Fielding ſhould call his *Joſeph Andrews*, excellent as it is, an imitation of *this* manner. Arbuthnot, whoſe humour was exquiſite, had a very large ſhare in theſe Memoirs; and I ſhould gueſs that the fifth, ſixth, ſeventh, eighth, tenth, and twelfth chapters are by his hand; as they contain alluſions to parts of learning and ſcience, with which POPE was little acquainted.

THERE are few of the many faults and abſurdities, of which modern writers are guilty, but what are well expoſed in the *Bathos*; particularly in chapters eleventh and twelfth; and in the Project for advancement of the Stage, in c. 16. It is rather ſingular, that ſome of the moſt uſeful criticiſm in our language, ſhould be delivered in two *ludicrous* pieces; the *Rehearſal* and the *Bathos*.

qualities, as to make it impoſſible for us totally to deſpiſe him. This light and ſhade in drawing characters, ſhews the maſter. It is thus Addiſon has repreſented his Sir Roger, and Shakeſpeare his Falſtaff.

THE

THE familiar, *goſſiping*, ſtyle of *Burnet* in his hiſtory, is ridiculed in the Memoirs of a Pariſh Clerk. The Diſcourſe on the office and creation of the Poet *Laureat*, might be much enriched by the curious particulars, which our author's own tranſlator, the ingenious Abbé *Du Reſnel*, has given us in the 15th vol. of the Memoirs of Literature, in his learned reſearches on poets *Laureat*. The eight papers in the *Guardian* are elegantly written, particularly number 61, on cruelty to animals, and number 91, on a club of little men.

THE *Preface* to his tranſlation of the Iliad, is a declamatory piece of criticiſm, in the way of Longinus; it is written with force and ſpirit, but deals too much in *generals*. The moſt exceptionable paſſage in it, is where he compares the different great Epic poets to different ſorts of *fire*. The *Poſtſcript* to the Odyſſey is better written, and more inſtructive. So alſo is the *Preface* to

his Shakeſpeare; though it appears, by what later authors and editors have done, that he was not ſufficiently acquainted with the hiſtory of our poetry, nor with the works of Shakeſpeare's predeceſſors and contemporaries. The *Letters* to various friends, occupy three volumes in that * collection of his works, which we profeſſedly made uſe of in drawing up theſe remarks. They appear to have been written with a deſign to have them one day publiſhed. They contain, it muſt be allowed, many intereſting particulars; but they are tinctured and blemiſhed with a great ſhare of vanity, and ſelf-importance, and with too many commendations of his own integrity, independency, and virtue. Pope, Swift, and Bolingbroke, appear by the letters, to have formed a

* His tranſlation of Homer is therefore not here included; the diſcuſſion of whoſe beauties and faults (for faults it has) well deſerve a ſeparate volume; a work, which if well executed, would be of the greateſt utility in forming a juſt taſte, by ſhewing readers, eſpecially of the younger ſort, how very inferior and unlike it is to the original, and how much overloaded with improper and unneceſſary ornaments.

kind

kind of haughty *triumvirate*, in order to iſſue forth *proſcriptions* againſt all who would not adopt their ſentiments and opinions. And by their *own account* of *themſelves*, they would have the reader believe that they had engroſſed and monopolized all the genius, and all the honeſty of the age, in which, according to their opinion, they had the *misfortune* to live.

THUS have we endeavoured to give a critical account, with freedom, but it is hoped with impartiality, of each of POPE's works; by which review it will appear, that the *largeſt* portion of them is of the *didactic*, *moral*, and *ſatyric* kind; and conſequently, not of the moſt *poetic* ſpecies *of poetry*; whence it is manifeſt, that *good ſenſe* and *judgment* were his characteriſtical excellencies, rather than *fancy* and *invention*; not that the author of the *Rape of the Lock*, and *Eloiſa*, can be thought to want *imagination*, but becauſe his *imagination* was not his predominant talent,

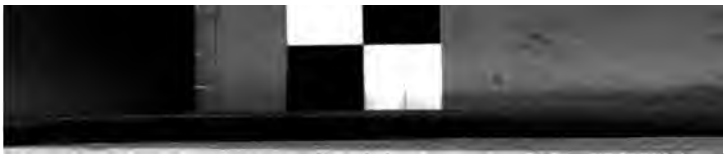
talent, becauſe he indulged it not, and becauſe he gave not ſo many proofs of *this* talent as of the *other*. This turn of mind led him to admire French models; he ſtudied *Boileau* attentively; formed himſelf upon *him*, as *Milton* formed himſelf upon the Grecian and Italian ſons of *Fancy*. He gradually became one of the moſt correct, even, and exact poets that ever wrote; poliſhing his pieces with a care and aſſiduity, that no buſineſs or avocation ever interrupted: ſo that if he does not frequently raviſh and tranſport his reader, yet he does not diſguſt him with unexpected inequalities, and abſurd improprieties. Whatever poetical enthuſiaſm he actually poſſeſſed, he withheld and ſtifled. The peruſal of him affects not our minds with ſuch ſtrong emotions as we feel from *Homer* and *Milton*; ſo that no man of a true poetical ſpirit, *is maſter of himſelf while he reads* them. Hence, he is a writer fit for univerſal peruſal; adapted to all ages and ſtations; for the old and for the young; the man

man of buſineſs and the ſcholar. He who would think *Palamon* and *Arcite*, the *Tempeſt* or *Comus*, childiſh and romantic, might reliſh POPE. Surely it is no narrow and niggardly encomium to ſay he is the great Poet of Reaſon, the *Firſt* of *Ethical* authors in verſe. And this ſpecies of writing is, after all, the ſureſt road to an extenſive reputation. It lies more level to the general capacities of men, than the higher flights of more genuine poetry. We all remember when even a *Churchill* was more in vogue than a *Gray*. He that treats of faſhionable follies, and the topics of the day, that deſcribes preſent perſons and recent events, finds many readers, whoſe underſtandings and whoſe paſſions he gratifies. The name of *Cheſterfield* on one hand, and of *Walpole* on the other, failed not to make a poem bought up and talked of. And it cannot be doubted, that the Odes of Horace which celebrated, and the ſatires which ridiculed, well-

known

known and real characters at Rome, were more eagerly read, and more frequently cited, than the Æneid and the Georgic of Virgil.

Where then, according to the queſtion propoſed at the *beginning of this Eſſay*, ſhall we with juſtice be authorized to place our admired POPE? Not, aſſuredly, in the ſame rank with *Spencer*, *Shakeſpeare*, and *Milton*; however juſtly we may applaud the *Eloiſa* and *Rape* of the *Lock*; but, conſidering the correctneſs, elegance, and utility of his works, the weight of ſentiment, and the knowledge of man they contain, we may venture to aſſign him a place, *next* to *Milton*, and *juſt* above *Dryden*. Yet, to bring our minds ſteadily to make this deciſion, we muſt forget, for a moment, the divine *Muſic Ode* of *Dryden*; and may perhaps then be compelled to confeſs, that though *Dryden* be the greater genius, yet *Pope* is the better artiſt.



THE preference here given to POPE, above other modern Engliſh poets, it muſt be remembered, is founded on the excellencies of his works *in general*, and *taken all together*; for there are *parts* and *paſſages* in other modern authors, in *Young* and in *Thomſon*, for inſtance, equal to any of POPE; and he has written nothing in a ſtrain ſo truly ſublime, as the *Bard* of *Gray*.

THE ALMA of Prior,
only compoſition of
played a knowledge of the w
For I have lately been permi
nuſcript, now in the hands
Dowager of Portland, contai
the Dead, on the following ſ

1. HEADS for a Treatiſe
Opinion. 3. A Dialogue b
and Clenard the Grammarian
Montaign. 5. The Vicar
More. 6. Oliver Cromwell
pieces were publiſhed, Prior w
a proſe-writer as poet. It ſe
faſhionable to decry his grea
who do this, ſeem not ſufficie
admirable Ode to Mr. Char

are many ſtrokes of true tenderneſs and pathos) and his Solomon: A poem, which however faulty in its plan, has very many noble and finiſhed paſſages: and which has been ſo elegantly and claſſically tranſlated by Dobſon, as to reflect honour on the college of Wincheſter, where he was educated, and where he tranſlated the firſt book as a ſchool-exerciſe. I once heard him lament, that he had not, at that time, read Lucretius, which would have given a richneſs, and variety, and force to his verſes; the only fault of which, ſeems to be a monotony, and want of different pauſes, occaſioned by tranſlating a poem in rhyme, which he avoided in his Milton.

The political conduct of Prior was blamed on account of the part he took in the famous Partition-treaty; but in ſome valuable *Memoirs* of his life, written by the Hon. Mr. Montague, his friend, which are alſo in the poſſeſſion of the Ducheſs Dowager of Portland, this conduct is clearly accounted for, and amply defended. In thoſe Memoirs are many curious and intereſting particulars of the hiſtory of that time.

APPENDIX N° II.

THE following is a ſummary of the arguments of each *Scene* and *Act*, in L'ADAMO of G. B. ANDREINI, mentioned above, page 242.

ATTO PRIMO.

Scena 1. Iddio di creta forma Adamo, quale incontanente forzasi di lodarlo ma divinamente addormentatosi, mentre in estasi scorge altissimi misteri della santissima Trinita, & Incarnatione del verbo eterno: dalla costa di lui ne viene formata Eva: la quale egli, dopò suegliato, caramente abbraccia, & accetta per compagna onde benedetti da Dio, e fecondati, acciò riempissero il mondo d'huomini, riceuono il precetto di non mangiare del albero, che suela il bene, & il male, e cominciano à contemplare la bellezza delle creature.

Scena 2. Lucifero uscito dall' Abisso contempla il Paradiso terrestre, biasmando tutte l'opre di Dio.

Scena 3. Lucifero essorta Sathan e Belzebu à forzarsi di far peccare Adamo, acciò macchiato di peccato, sia in odio à Dio, e non s'incarni il Verbo Eterno.

Scena 4. Lucifero manda Melecano, e Lurcone à tentar Eva, quelli di Superbia, & questi d'Invidia, acciò si dolga di Dio, perche non l'habbi creata prima di Adamo.

Scena 5. Si mandano Ruspicano, & Arsarat, à tentarla d'Ira, & di Avaritia.

Scena

Scena 6. Maltèa và à tentarla d'Accidia; Dulciato, di Luſſuria; & Guliar, di Gola.

ATTO SECONDO.

Scena 1. Quindeci angeli à gara lodono tutte l'opre divine.

Scena 2. Adamo pone il nome à tutti gli animali, & inſieme con Eva loda con molti encomii il ſommo Dio.

Scena 3. Serpe s'apparecchia per tentar Eva, e dice per qual cagione habbi preſo quella forma, & non altra.

Scena 4. Volàno narra a Sathan l'infernal conſiglio del modo di aſſaltar Eva.

Scena 5. Vana Gloria e Serpe congiunti d'accordo entrano nel Paradiſo terreſtre, e ſi naſcondono ſù l'albero della ſcienza del bene, e del male, per tentar Eva à guſtare i frutti di quello.

Scena 6. Eva gloriandoſi dei tanti favori, e gratie riceuute da Dio, rimira il Serpe ſopra l'albero, e con molte ragioni da quello perſuaſa, prende il pomo, lo guſta, e và cercando Adamo, per farlo fare l'iſteſſo.

ATTO TERZO.

Scena 1. Adamo dopo l'haver deſcritto leggiadramente la fonte che irrigava il Paradiſo terreſtre fù da Eva perſuaſo a guſtare il pomo, e lo mangiò per non contriſtarla; onde ambidue conobbero d'eſſer nudi, ſoggetti a morte & a mille altri mali & ſi naſcoſero.

Scena 2. Volano rallegrandoſi d'el peccato d'Adamo, col ſuono di roca tromba chiama tutti gli ſpirti Infernali.

Scena 3. Sathan certificato d'ella caduta d'Adamo, eſſorta gli altri ſpiriti a far feſta.

Scena 4. Serpe con Vana Gloria tornando trionfanti d'Adamo ſono da Sathan, e da gli altri ſpirti perciò adorati: e da Canoro vengono cantate le lodi loro.

Scena 5. Gli Folletti per allegrezza della caduta d'Adamo danzano inſieme: ma ſentendo trombe celeſti e ſcorgendo la divina luce tutti fuggono all' abiſſo.

Scena 6. Il Padre Eterno chiamando Adamo & Eva e da loro confeſſato l'errore, ad ambidue publica le pene nelle quali ſono incorſi, maledice il ſerpente & ſi naſconde da loro.

Scena

Scena 7. L'Angelo porta due veſti di pelle ad Adamo & Eva, e da quelli partendo à volo gli laſcia dolenti, a lagnarſi de gli errori loro.

Scena 8. L'Archangelo Michaele con ſpada di foco ſcaccia Adamo & Eva dal Paradiſo, & eſſortando gli altri Angioli, che ſolevano ſtare con loro, ad andar ſeco in Cielo, fa che reſti un Cherubino con la ſpada di foco a guardare la porta del Paradiſo.

Scena 9. Gli Angeli pria che partirſi, licentiatiſi d'Adamo, l'eſſortano a piangere il ſuo errore, promettendoli allegrezza, e canto.

ATTO QUARTO.

Scena 1. Volàno a ſuono di tromba chiamando tutti gli ſpiriti de gli elementi, che vengano ad incontrare Lucifero, eglino vengono tutti.

Scena 2. Lucifero chiamati tutti gli ſpiriti a conſeglio, dimanda a ciaſcuno il ſuo parere, ſi delle attioni d'Adamo, come delle Divine; ma non ſapendo quelli bene interpretarle, egli loro le dichiara.

Scena 3. Lucifero emulo di Dio, nella creatione del mondo, da una maſſa di terra confuſa fa uſcire quatro moſtri a danno dell'huomo, Mondo, Carne,

Morte, e Demonio, poi con tutti gli altri torna all' Inferno.

Scena 4. Adamo ſolingo narra come gli animali, e tutte l'altre coſe hanno cangiato forma, e coſtumi, per il ſuo peccato, & amaramente lo piange.

Scena 5. Le fere ſeguendoſi, & amazzandoſi tra loro, mettono gran terrore ad Adamo & Eva che perciò ſi naſcondono.

Scena 6. Appariſcono ad Adamo quattro moſtri cioè, Fame, Sete, Fatica, e Deſperatione, e la Fame gli dice, che mai queſti da lui partiranno.

Scena 7. La Morte minaccia di troncare la vita ad Eva, & Adamo, e ſubito il Ciel turbato con tuoni, ſaette, grandini, pioggie, e venti, gli ſpaventa.

ATTO QUINTO.

Scena 1. La Carne tenta Adamo, e trouandolo ritroſo, gli moſtra, come tutte le coſe ſentono amore.

Scena 2. Lucifero s'aggiunge, alla Carne, e tenta di perſuadere Adamo a congiungerſi con eſſa; fingendoſi Adamo celeſte.

Scena

Scena 3. Adamo con l'agiuto dell' Angelo ſuo cuſtode ſupera la Carne & Lucifero.

Scena 4. Il Mondo narra le ſue grandezze, e ciò che faranno gli huomini per l'oro, e s'apparecchia per tentar Eva.

Scena 5. Il Mondo propone ad Eva tutte le ſue pompe, e gli fa apparire un vago, e ricco palazzo d'oro.

Scena 6. Dal palazzo del Mondo uſcito un choro di Donzelle, con molti ornamenti vogliono ornarne Eva, ma alla voce & precetto d'Adamo reſtano confuſe, & il tutto ſpariſce: onde il Mondo minacciando ad Adamo, chiama contra di lui tutti gl'Infernali Moſtri.

Scena 7. Lucifero, Morte, Mondo, e chori di Diavoli, s'apparecchiano per far violenza ad Adamo, e combattere con Dio.

Scena 8. L'Archangelo Micaele, con chori d'Angeli, combatte con Lucifero, & i chori di Demonii, & ſuperati gli ſcacciano ſino all' Abiſſo.

Scena 9. Adamo & Eva riveriſcono l'Archangelo Micaele, e da lui ſono conſolati & aſſicurati, che per la penitenza loro, an dranno a goder in cielo: on de per allegrozza gli angeli cantano lodi a Dio, della vittoria, & felicità dell' huomo, per l'immenſa pieta & Amor divino.

THE lovers of Paradiſe Loſt will, we truſt, be entertained with having an opportunity of ſeeing how greatly and judiciouſly our ſublime and divine poet has heightened and improved any the leaſt hints or images, he has been ſuppoſed to have taken from this ancient drama, copies of which are extremely ſcarce and uncommon: and therefore a ſpecimen of the verſification is ſubjoined. Not that it can be imagined, that the copious, comprehenſive, and creative mind of Milton, ſo rich in the ſtores of *nature*, could condeſcend to be a meer *borrower*, as Voltaire would inſinuate: nor can we aſſent to the opinion of that critic who ſays, "that the poetical fire of Milton glows like a furnace, kept up to an uncommon ardour by the force of *Art*."

ATTO QUARTO, SCENA QUINTA.

ADAMO. Doue men fuggo ahi laſſa, oue m'aſcondo?
Corri ne le mie braccia,
E chi ha inſieme peccato
Sia da le fere inſieme anco ſbranato.

EVA. Ahi ch' ogni ſcampo è fatto
Varco di morte, a chi di vita è indegno.
Pur di quell' antro in ſeno
Sommergiamoci Adamo.

ADAMO. Laſſi partiro al fin, ma gia non partoro
Da l'Huomo le ruine, il duol mortale:

Strane

Strano caſo infelice, il riſo piange,
L'allegrezza ſta meſta,
Hoggi la vita more.

EVA. Quanto m'affligo Adamo,
Ahi quanto piango ò Cielo,
Quanto ſoſpiro ò Dio, quanto m'accoro,
Nè ſon viva, nè moro.

ADAMO. Ma quai ruggiti horrendi
L'aer fa rimbombar fremer le valli?

MORTE. Tù pur fuſti, o vil Donna,
Che prima mi chiamaſti
Con voce di peccato
Sin dal Tartareo oſcuro.
Tù tù putrida carne, e poca terra,
Queſto terribil moſtro
D'oſſa humane conteſto
A rimirar le ſtelle hoggi chiamaſti.
Hor, che vuoi? di? favella,
Stanca ſè de la vita?
Ecco la falciatrice, ecco la falce
Che la luce à laſciar hoggi t'invita.
Già con occhio lincèo
Scorgo mirando la futura etate
Ch'al mio nome, a queſt' armi à l'empietate
Trofei s'ergon funeſti.
Ma, che? non finiran qui le ruine
Chè tè minaccia il Cielo; alte ſventure

T'appreſt'anco l'Inferno,
Colme d'horror ſi grande;
Ch'io che la Morte ſono
Bramo morir, per non mirarle in volto:
Gia tu ſè reo di morte,
Già tua ſtanza è l'Inferno,
Fatto rubello al tuo Fattor ſuperno.

ADAMO. Ahi lagrime, ahi dolore
Ahi crudo peccatore.

EVA. Ahi dolente, infelice
Eva gran peccatrice.

ADAMO. Ahi, che s'annera il Cielo, ahi che ne toglie
Com' indegni di luce ogni ſua luce.
Ma qual toſto nel Ciel s'auuina, e more,
Fiamma, ch' abbaglia, e ſerpeggiando fugge
Fatta ſerpe di foco?

EVA. Ahi, che fin non hauran quì del Ciel l'ire
Ne conuien pria morire.

ADAMO. Deh qual rimbombo là ſù in alto aſcolto?
Forſe con ſimil voce
Ne diſcaccia dal Mondo, il Cielo irato,
E ne condanna de l'abiſſo al fondo?
Quante ſaette, ò quante
Atterran ſelue, e boſchi, ò quanti, ò quanti

Venti

Venti fremon per l'aria;
Quanto ſcende dal Cielo
Humor converſo in groſſe palle, in gielo.

EVA. Laſſi noi, che da l'alto
Diluviano tant'acque,
Che trabboccano i riui,
E'n ſuperbiti i fiumi
Van le belue fugando,
E di boſchi, e di ſelue
Gli humidi peſci habitator ſi fanno.

ADAMO. Fuggiamo, ohimè fuggiamo
Dé monti à quelle cime
Où il Ciel ſembra c'hoggi
Dal lungo fulminar ſtanco s'appoggi.

The names of the perſons repréſented, are as follows:

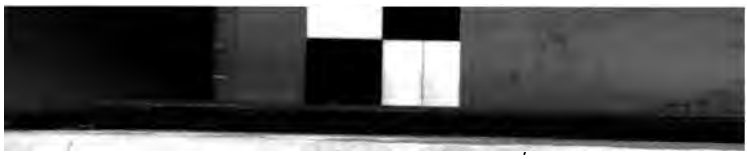
INTERLOCUTORI.

PADRE ETERNO.
CHORO di SERAFINI, CHERUBINI, & ANGELI.
ARCANGELO MICAELE.
ADAMO.
EVA.
CHERUBINO cuſtode d'ADAMO.
LUCIFERO.
SATHAN.

BELZEBÙ.

BELZEBU.
GLI SETTE PECCATI MORTALI.
MONDO.
CARNE.
FAME.
FATICA.
DISPERAZIONE.
MORTE.
VANAGLORIA.
SERPE.
VOLANO, meſſaggiero infernale.
CHORO di FOLETTI.
CHORO di SPIRITI IGNEI, AEREI, ACQUATICI, & INFERNALI.

Since page 6 was written, it has been clearly proved, that the Palamon and Arcite of Chaucer, is taken from the *Theſeida* of Boccace; a poem which has been, till within a few years paſt, ſtrangely neglected and unknown; and of which Mr. Tyrwhitt has given a curious and exact ſummary, in his diſ. on the Canterbury Tales, vol. iv. p. 135. I cannot forbear expreſſing my ſurpriſe, that the circumſtance of Chaucer's borrowing this tale ſhould have remained ſo long unknown, when it is ſo plainly and poſitively mentioned in a book ſo very common as the Memoirs of *Niceron*; who ſays, t. 33. p. 44, after giving an abſtract of the ſtory of Palamon and Arcite, *G. Chaucer*, l'Homere de ſon pays, a mis l'ouvrage de Boccace en *vers Anglois*. This book was publiſhed, 1736. He alſo mentions a French tranſlation of the Theſeida, publiſhed at Paris M.D.CC. 1597, in 12mo. The late Mr. Stanley, who was as accurately ſkilled in modern as in an-



cient Greek, for a long time was of opinion, that this poem, in modern political Greek verſes, was the original; in which opinion he was confirmed by the Abbé Barthelemy, at Paris, whoſe learned correſpondence with Mr. Stanley on this ſubject I have read. At laſt he candidly gave up this opinion, and was convinced that Boccace invented the tale. *Creſcembini* and *Muratori* have mentioned the Theſeida more than once. That very laborious and learned antiquary *Apoſtolo Zeno*, ſpeaks thus of it, in his notes to the Bibliotheca of *Fontanini*, p. 450. t. i. Queſta opera paſtorale (that is, the *Ameto*) che prende il nome dal paſtore Ameto, ha data l'origine all *Egloga* Italiana, non ſenza lode del *Boccacio*, cui pure la noſtra lingua du il ritrovamento della *ottava* rima (which was firſt uſed in the Theſeida) e del *poema eroico*. *Gravina* does not mention this poem. *Creſcembini* gives this opinion of it, p. 118, t. 1. Nel medeſimo ſecolo del Petrarca, il Boccacio diede *principio* all' *Epica*, colla ſua *Teſeide*, e col *Filoſtrato*; ma nello ſtile non eccedè la mediocrità, anzi ſovente cadde nell' umile. I muſt except out of the number of French writers, mentioned at the bottom of this page, William of Lorris, author of that beautiful old poem, *Le Roman de la Roſe*, who, *Fauchet* ſays, died 1260. The faſhion that has lately obtained, in all the nations of Europe, of republiſhing and illuſtrating their old poets, does honour to the good taſte and liberal curioſity of the preſent age. It is always pleaſing, and indeed uſeful, to look back to the rude beginnings of any art, brought to a greater degree of elegance and grace.

Aurea nunc, olim ſylveſtribus horrida dumis. VIRG.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page 5. line 16. for *this* read *his*.
6. l. 17. after *Chaucer*, add *except William de Loris*.
19. l. 4. for *arms* read *limbs*.
28. l. 10. for *reſource* read *ſource*.
33. l. 19. for *hiſtory and painting* read *hiſtory-painting*.
36. dele the whole note at the bottom.
38. l. 7. for *andante* read *andato*. Line 12. per aver.
42. for κατοσχαστος read κατασχοιστος.
l. 10. for *on the Druids* read *his other ede*.
54. l. 11. for *height* read *front*.
93. l. 14. for *held of* read *belong to*.
94. l. 11. for *have* read *has*,
113. l. 9. for *nous* read *leurs*
120. l. 13. for *had* read *h^d*
130. l. 13. for *diſtruſt* read *diſturb*.
138. l. 3. for αναιματον read αναιματυ, and for αχις read αχος.
140. l. 18. after *of gratitude*, read *of gratitude*.
141. l. 12. for ειςωσι read ειςωσι.
146. l. 18. for *had* read *has*.
149. l. 17. for *our* read *own*.
180. note. for 1747 read 1742.
181. l. 12. for *lettered* read *unlettered*.
187. l. 1. for *evening* read *eve*.
191. l. 5. for *honeur* read *honneur*.
195. l. 16. for RIGHT read EIGHT.
431. note. for *are* found read *is* found.
459. note. l. 4. for *Orford* read *Oxford*.
473. note. for *quantity* read *number*.

MAY 22 1936